Breadcrumbs 2025

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

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Breadcrumbs 2025
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Breadcrumbs 2023
Breadcrumbs 2024
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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2025. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2025
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2025.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

Neither forward nor backward, right nor left, up nor down, the eternal moment is,
Without order or sequence or arrangement or succession or classification.
Without beginning or end, or anything between and betwixt.
The continuum, the chaos, we call space and time,
Is all happening right here, right now.
Naught but quantum mirage.

* * * *

How much You missed before You were born.
How much You will miss after You disintegrate.
How much You missed while You were alive.

* * * *

An infant exits the womb, tabula rasa.
The growing child takes to it to zen mode.
At some point, You imagine an imaginary you.
And perhaps, if You are called, if You are steadfast,
Back towards the pathless zen, and maybe even,
If it truly calls You, tabula rasa, once again.
It is a quest few seek, much less attain.

* * * *

My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as your moment, your right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as his moment, his right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as her moment, her right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as their moment, their right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as our moment, our right-here-right-now.
The eternal moment is playing out before the sensory field of every life form across the cosmos.

* * * *

Those thinkers, those mystics, those seers, those sages, who wander alone,
Might well be called the tribeless of one, a lost and unknowable tribeless, to be sure.
Solitary wolves, ensnared in the web of their minds, with all their philosophical assumptions.
Perhaps quite unable to get along for long, with all their legalistic gobbledygook.

* * * *

The seeds of doubt find home in the fertile soil of critical thinking,
And are squandered upon those who lack the infrastructure required.

* * * *

There is no time like the present,
Because time is just imagination pretending itself real.
And only the moment is both real and unreal.
Space-time is but quantum illusion,
And You, its observer.

* * * *

The human species generally loathes differences,
But familiarity, sooner or later breeding contempt,
Is one pretty sure catalyst, You can always count on.

* * * *

Do not be fooled by dishonesty, by falseness, by lying, by deceit, by insincerity.
It is easy to be beguiled by charlatans and swindlers and pretenders and quacks.

* * * *

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

* * * *

Eternity is the tabula rasa, the clean slate of the ubiquitous moment.
You are eternity; You are the absolute awareness in all creation.
You are the one and only indelible moment eternity has ever been.
Discern the tabula rasa of a still mind; of mind, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

Every life form is unutterably alone for all eternity.
All equally created of the same unfathomable mystery.

* * * *

How can there be any point, any meaning, any purpose, any raison d'être,
When the eternal moment passes far too quickly, for anything to land, much less stick?
Only memory, only imagination, allows the dream to play out the quantum illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.
You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

The quantum matrix has no limits, allows all things, is without precedent,
Is without any borders or boundaries of imaginary notion.
How quickly everything becomes its memory.

* * * *

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.

What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

* * * *

Another working day.
Another holiday.
Another haircut.
Another shave.
Another manicure.

Another shower.
Another steak.
Another drink.
Another walk.
Another workout.
Another smog check.
Another invoice.
Another movie.
Another class.
Another concert.
Another bookstore.
Another shopping atoll.
Another argument.
Another injury.
Another death.
Another piss.
Another shit.
Another fuck.
Another routine.
Another tax filing.

… Another … Another … Another …

And what is the point of being tortured for all that?

* * * *

In witnessing others,
You see what power does.
You see what fortune does.
You see what fame does.

Do You really want that for your Self?

* * * *

Amniotic fluid
Bile
Blood
Blood plasma
Brain
Cerebrospinal fluid
Chyme
Ears
Ear wax
Eyes
Feces
Glycocalyx
Hair
Interstitial fluid

Lymph
Mucus
Nails
Nerves
Nose
Organs
Phlegm
Pus
Saliva
Semen
Skin
Sweat
Synovial fluid
Tears
Tongue
Urine
Vaginal lubrication

Is this really what You are?

* * * *

The only way vanity and greed can be brought into more moderate ground,
Is if You rein in the imagination firing up the mind-body's potential passions.

* * * *

In the same way You would not say, You are a car driving about,
In the same way You would not say, You are a bicycle meandering along,
In the same way You would not say, You are a building standing on some corner,
In the same way You would not say, You are any vehicle, any medium, any intermediary,
You are not the mind-body from whence senses peer, the dreamtime to which You are so attached.
You are the ineffable, pure awareness permeating all things, witnessing all things.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

* * * *

What others may or may not think of You, why would it matter?
And what control do You have over any other mind, anyway?
Rest assured, dreamtime forgets everything sooner or later.

* * * *

Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
Nothing to see.
Nothing to feel.
Nothing to taste.
Nothing to smell.
Nothing to hear.
Nowhere to go.
But right here,

Right now.

* * * *

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

* * * *

As you walk down any retail isle anywhere upon this spinning pale blue dot,
Ponder all the time, all the decisions, all the inventions, all the labor, all the transport,
It took – oftentimes, from across the world – to get all those products to market.

* * * *

Seek and You shall find whatever You have the capacity to find.
More than a little likely something relatively close,
To the nature-nurture of origin.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

Are the need, the want, the craving, for meaning and purpose,
Anything more than vanity and greed (a.k.a., narcissism and hedonism),
Playing out the same-old declarations, in any given mind-body,
On any given stage, all across this given pale blue dot.

* * * *

The natural selection of the mystery-given intelligence, the potential in every seed line,
Is how You are in the unfathomable, indivisible, right here, right now,
Playing out your version of the same eternal process.
Such is the nature of all creation.

* * * *

In the endless expanse, there are an infinity of quantum-matrix truths,
But there is only one Truth, there is only one The Way It Is.
And it is not the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
It is the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
All relative, in the one and only.
The ethereal, in which illusion frolics.
The mystery, in which You, alone, ever are.

* * * *

These frail mortal bodies often end up becoming torture units.
The absence of pain can become the last consolation,
In the inevitable decline and fall of pleasure.
In the ecstasies and agonies of this brief existence,
The oblivion, the liberation, of death, is the final reprieve.

* * * *

To quietly, anonymously meander as though dead,
As detached, as indifferent, as nondescript, as the long departed,
Is the grand challenge for those who long, who hunger, for the ultimate liberation.
Those who seek to merge, back into the eternal moment, they truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
That which is the ineffaceable, indivisible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable mystery.
It is the return to the awareness, to the tabula rasa, masked by imaginary notion.

* * * *

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, a miscellany, a jumble, a mishmash, a medley,
For which few genuinely seek, for which few truly hunger.
Take it, or leave it, You decide.

* * * *

The ever-present mind-body,
Fabricates an imaginary continuity,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

To believe in a deity or deities,
You must first imagine divinity,
And then imagine it real and true.

* * * *

Any given life form's universe,
Can only be what its senses perceive.
The electromagnetic spectrum is like that.
Such is the quantum dreamtime for all creation.

* * * *

The evolution of consciousness, the theater of imagination,
Is but a biological phenomenon in the continuum of the quantum matrix.
Naught but a relatively brief flurry in the unfathomable vastness of eternity’s mystery.

* * * *

The reality, the truth, of most every quantum mind,
Is that most every neural network considers its version real and true,
And generally, a version much more real, a version much more true, than anyone else's.
It is the great irony, the great paradox, underlying all human consciousness,
Since its evolution in the jungles and savannahs of long ago.

* * * *

How deftly, skillfully, adroitly, nimbly, precisely, adeptly, neatly, dexterously,
The genesis, the creation, every moment progresses in its deterministic fashion.

* * * *

Retaining vulnerability in a dreamtime that requires so much armor,

Both physical and psychological, is an every-moment stoic challenge.

* * * *

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

* * * *

Death will alleviate the weight of all your woes, all your problems, all your suffering.
The only real question is, whether or not You undertake it before the final wheezing breath.
As Albert Camus wrote: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.

* * * *

Religions across all times, all places, are for those prone to delusion.
Those wallowing in vanity and greed, those absorbed in narcissism and hedonism,
To play out the ceaseless, insatiable, childish hereafter fantasies,
Cautioned about in 1 Corinthians 13:11:

When I was a child,
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man,
I put aside childish things.

How many true believers will never realize,
Who or what that thinker was talking about?

* * * *

The mind is akin to the monkey's fist and the baited coconut,
Wherein releasing whatever thought is at hand, sets it free.
Until the next thought garners the willy-nilly of attention.
The empty mind, the no-mind, is its own compensation.

* * * *

Is human existence, perhaps all existence, really about anything more,
Than consuming, devouring, whatever inclination and opportunity allow?

* * * *

All these things You have done, this knowledge You have absorbed, this wisdom You have gleaned,
What point to it all, really, when the Reaper one day shows up at the final breath, and it is all erased.

* * * *

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?

To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

* * * *

To detach all the psychological traumas from all the physical traumas,
Is the inner work, the contemplation-slash-meditation,
Of those who would be liberated.

* * * *

In the ever-present eternal moment,
Of this ineffable kaleidoscoping quantum matrix,
You are born, You die, unborn-undying all the indelible while.
Like a passing cloud, with neither before nor after,
Dreaming through the spacious sky.

* * * *

Every idea born of the mind, every idea born of imagination,
Has never been real, has never been in this world,
As anything more than a concept, anything more than a notion.
Any manifestation, any appearance, any fruition, into the quantum dreamtime,
Has always demanded some form of exertion, some form of effort, some form of elbow grease.

* * * *

all the desire, ponder all the fear,
All the dread, all the anger, all the passion, all the everything,
That has played out in your allotted eternal moment.
Is there really any rhyme or reason to it?
And why need there be?

* * * *

Any existence is chock-full of ups and downs.
The challenge is to stoically endure them,
With as much equanimity as possible.

* * * *

Morphing into the cosmic state,
Morphing into the quantum state,
Morphing into the pure awareness,
Is fully heeding the timeless moment.
Full attending the ineffability of eternity.

* * * *

Every creature ever born occupies itself as fate has allotted its nature-nurture algorithm.
It does not really matter how, for ultimately it is all the same mystery, playing out illusion.

* * * *

one might not help but wish them well,
As far as continuity of the lineage of their genetic material is concerned,
Lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgenders, queers,
Are failed mutations.

* * * *

Awareness knows no desire.
Awareness knows no fear.
Awareness knows no dread.
Awareness knows no anxiety.
Awareness knows everything.
Awareness knows nothing.

* * * *

For as long as you feel.
For as long as you see.
For as long as you hear.
For as long as you taste.
For as long as you smell.
For as long as You breathe.
For as long as You awaken.
For as long as You sleep.
Until death do You part.

* * * *

Somehow, imagination got up and running, and has not stopped since.
And it will all be very quickly forgotten whenever extinction is achieved.
Do not be betting that human vanity and greed will long infect this dust ball.

* * * *

Power can become a prison.
Fortune can become a prison.
Fame can become a prison.
Life can become a prison.
A free life is not for all.

* * * *

The nothingness of awareness distinguishes all,
The nothingness of awareness realizes all,
The nothingness of awareness is all.

* * * *

Who is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
What is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Where is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
When is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Why is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

How is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

* * * *

What is the point of growing old?
Of enduring a decrepit body and mind,
That can no longer tolerate the hedonisms,
That make temporal existence worth enduring.
A body that can no longer do or remember squatola,
And is daily facing a swelling array of pains and bothers.

The twelve hallmarks of aging outlined in a paper by:
López-Otín, Blasco, Partridge, Serrano, and Kroemer,
Scientifically gobbledy-gooked into three categories:

Primary

… genomic instability …
… telomere attrition …
… epigenetic alterations …
… loss of proteostasis …
… disabled macroautophagy …

Antagonistic

… deregulated nutrient-sensing …
… mitochondrial dysfunction …
… cellular senescence …

Integrative

… stem cell exhaustion …
… altered intercellular communication …
… chronic inflammation …
… dysbiosis …

* * * *

So amazing what all life endures.
All for what sum totals nothing more,
Than touchy-feely, narcissistic hedonism.
An imaginary dream of beyond-epic proportion.

* * * *

You are, the one and only mystery, the one and only truth, the one and only eternity.
Whether or not You see it, whether or not You agree with it, it is, in this eye,
The way it is, the way has always been, the way it will always be.

* * * *

If worldly success beckons you,

If narcissism and hedonism are your thing,
And your vanity and greed gush forth without bounds,
You have happened into the definitive matrix.
A Twilight Zone, with nary a limit.

* * * *

That which is God is not alive; that which is God not dead.
That which is God is unborn; that which is God is undying.

* * * *

Is it on the agnostic/atheist,
To prove some deity does not exist,
Or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?
Dogma, faith, belief, conviction, hope, are not proof.
Nor are majestic houses of worship, nor copious congregations.

* * * *

To be the nothingness prior to consciousness, to be the nothingness prior to imagination,
Is the challenge of the awareness, the challenge of the mystery, the challenge of the eternity,
That You truly are, that You truly have ever been, that You truly will ever be,
In the timeless, unborn, undying, right here, right-now moment.

* * * *

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.
You are the first, You are the last.
Everything and nothing, all the while.
A continuum, ever continuing.
The moment, unending.
Eternity, nowing.

* * * *

Why the search for the nothingness prior to all the searching?
Cease all questing, be still, be silent – and voila! – there You are.
Perfect awareness, basking in its eternal right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn, undying, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, ineffable.

* * * *

All have their very own right-here-right-now eternal moment, which some have called eternal life.
Only very persevering spirits, replete with every variety of capacity and limitation,
Give themselves over the doubt, to the focus, to the discipline,
That the solitary path less traveled requires.

* * * *

The human mind is an ineffably, indelibly, insatiably curious mind,
And history, its long and winding trail, of astonishing ecstasies and horrific agonies.
How far and wide will it meander, before its inevitable extinction,
Is a story that will be witnessed, likely never told.

* * * *

… I am nature … you are nature … everything is nature …
… nature is mystery's expression … everything is mystery's expression …
… there is no me … there is no you … there is no other … we are all that which is mystery …
… only imagination deceives you, blinds you, into believing otherwise …
… you are as free as you please, if you so choose …

* * * *

The limitations of mind were likely so much more obvious,
Before we devised all the concepts, all the sounds,
To cloak it in the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

What is going to happen to all your all-powerful deities,
And all your paradises, and all your hells, and all your purgatories,
When our little star, devours our little dust ball, in that moment's future past.
Sooner or later, even your gods gotta die, and where will You be then?

* * * *

Perhaps, try to grasp how little, anyone in your life, much less the world, thinks about you.
And whether or not, some deity or deities, masters of heavens and hells, do at all,
Is but imaginary conjecture of the delusional-beyond-absurdity variety.

* * * *

What anything means to me, will very likely not mean the same thing to you.
'Tis the nature of imagination, to imagine such impossibly different universes.

* * * *

A picture may well be worth a thousand words.
But as many more are well worth ten thousand steps.
What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

* * * *

There is nothing to give.
Nothing is there to give.
I have nothing to give.
You have nothing to give.
We all give and take nothing.

* * * *

Curiosity is an unending, cavernous yawn,
Filling the mind with every variety of trivia.

* * * *

Depending how You view your imaginary world,
The limitations of imagination are few and far between,
The limitations of imagination are many and not far between.
Give it up, for the anarchy, the quagmire, of this sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

If there are other dimensions all about us, or in spaces and times, far distant,
It will likely never be for us to know, in any meaningful, delineating way.
Even with the discerning eye of science, we can just barely perceive,
Our smidgen of a 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And though technology accelerates exponentially every day,
It will never achieve more than the limits of imagination.

* * * *

All the everything that You carry in your mind,
Might be much less a burden, much less a daily trial,
If You just assumed, none of it ever happened.
The tabula rasa is yours for the being.

* * * *

As a bee is to the scent of a budding flower,
The mind is to the dreamtime of wily imagination.
Buzzing about with a detached mind is ever the challenge.

* * * *

It is only desire and fear, vanity and greed, that make you, allow you,
To think, to hope, to believe, to pray, there is more than one existence.
That there is some deity or deities, on high, tabulating your every move,
With their heavens and hells and purgatories, their carrots, their sticks,
Promoted by some cult, cultivated by some charismatic middleman.
Rest assured, the only question, the only answer, is whether or not,
You are naive enough, heedless enough, inane enough, to believe,
All the deceptions, all the traps, all the bullshit, all the absurdity,
Laid down by all the predators wandering freely in your midst.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix, never stops its kaleidoscoping unfurling.
It is a dynamic that has been in kinesis since the big bang, genesis, label it what You will.
And will continue, on and on, until the continuum when/ifs to its entropic stateless state.

* * * *

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think You know,
Everything You think You have done,
Is absolutely meaningless to the moment,
Absolutely immaterial to the eternity You are.
Awareness is, free of all limits, free of all borders.
Free of all fabrications devised by the imaginary mind.

* * * *

Imagination is always slipping in, to tarry in the given moment,
Fabricating space and time, and all its quantum-matrix fixtures.

* * * *

Whether through contemplation or meditation or drugs or pure happenstance,
Discerning the ineffably indelible mystery of eternity in all creation,
Is the unborn-undying potential, for all whom fate chooses.

* * * *

Male and female, of the monkey-mind genome, are entirely different, relatively specialized beasts.
With entirely different physiques, different brains, different minds, different perceptions,
Different operating orders, different functions, different lives, different worlds.
To come together, to fuse together, for however short, however long,
Well, each and every connection, is a stage play unto itself.
There is no plan, there is no design, just unscripted Shakespeare.

* * * *

Are we all anything more than algorithms playing out our little parts,
Filling the existence with every distraction, every amusement,
To avoid the 'tedious boredom' of the eternal moment?
Few are inclined to discern the harmony of a serene mind.
A mind that has ceased pursuing the futility of vanity and greed.

* * * *

All beliefs, all notions, all values,
Are but the ceaseless delusions of imagination,
Clinging to all the mind's attachments to its sensory theater.
All the mind's attachments to its imaginary self.

* * * *

Death is the utter obliteration of imaginary self.
From oblivion to oblivion is the way of all dreamtimes.
There is no more, for any seed line, for any called into existence.
To let go, everything, is the greatest challenge, consciousness must endure.
Self is omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unborn, undying.
But little self is Shakespearian worms' meat,
Of the 'so it goes' variety.

* * * *

Google AI's answer to: What do most belief systems amount to?

Most belief systems amount to frameworks that provide meaning, structure, and social cohesion by attempting to answer life's big questions. Whether religious, philosophical, or cultural, they guide human behavior, influence social norms, and shape how individuals and groups understand the world and their place in it.

Shared Functions of Belief Systems

Across different cultures and eras, belief systems serve several core functions for individuals and societies:

Providing meaning and purpose: Many belief systems address existential questions about life, death, and the universe, which helps people find a sense of purpose.

Shaping morality and ethics: Belief systems often establish the fundamental principles of what is considered good and bad within a society. These ethical rules help regulate social behavior and maintain order.

Promoting social cohesion: A shared belief system creates a sense of community and collective identity among people, which can foster unity within groups. Collective rituals, myths, and traditions reinforce this social bonding.

Creating a worldview: Belief systems provide a framework for interpreting reality and understanding the unknown. This can explain natural phenomena, historical events, and a person's life experiences.

Influencing culture and politics: The values and tenets of a belief system can significantly influence a society's cultural practices, art, law, and political ideologies. In some historical cases, belief systems have been used to legitimize the authority of rulers.

Coping with uncertainty: By offering explanations for life's challenges, suffering, and death, belief systems help individuals cope with the fear and anxiety of an uncertain world.

Core Components

Many belief systems, whether religious or non-religious, are built on similar core components:

Beliefs/Worldview: The set of tenets that offer a coherent perspective on the universe.

Community: The group that shares and practices the beliefs.

Myths/Narratives: Stories that help explain and teach the belief system's core principles. These don't have to be factual to serve their purpose within the belief system.

Rituals: Practices and ceremonies that explain, teach, and reinforce the group's beliefs.

Ethics: The rules and norms for behavior.

Material Expressions: Objects, places, and art used in rituals or to represent beliefs, such as sacred texts, buildings, and symbols.

Emotional Experiences: The shared emotions common to the belief system, such as awe, devotion, or inner peace.

Sacredness: The distinction between what is considered sacred and what is profane.

Belief Systems in Conflict

While they can foster unity, differing belief systems can also be a source of conflict both within and between societies. When different systems hold fundamentally opposing values or ideas, disagreements can arise over issues like morality, governance, and social behavior. This can sometimes lead to social friction, persecution, and even violence.

Ultimately, most belief systems provide a common blueprint for understanding life, reinforcing shared values, and fostering a collective identity within a community.

* * * *

The continuum that is the mystery,
The continuum that sustains all existence,
The continuum that sustains all non-existence,
The continuum You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Is ever kaleidoscoping, is ever morphing, on and on and on.
When You finish your rice, it is time to clean your bowl,
And then, whatever is after that, after that, after that.
Nothing ever finishes, nothing ever can finish.
Even when death do You someday part,
Rest assured, it will all carry on,
In its unfathomable way.

* * * *

There is the nondualistic actuality,
And there is the vanity, the pride, about it.
Embrace the former; avoid the latter.

* * * *

As a pig likes it when you wrestle with it in the mud,
So too, imagination toys with minds giving it reality.
Ergo, the planet of the apes plays out Shakespeare live.

* * * *

In the big picture of this vast ineffable, unchartable mystery,
How different is your play of consciousness, your imaginary existence,
From that of a jellyfish floating aimlessly in the waves, really?
Only vanity gives You pause to suppose otherwise.
Only the greed for more gives it wings.

* * * *

Every mind, a window to a self.
Every mind, a window to a world.
Every mind, a window to a cosmos.
Every mind, a window to the senses.
Every mind, a window to the moment.
Every mind, a window to the singularity.
Every mind, a window to the intelligence.
Every mind, a window to the imagination.
Every mind, a window to the awareness.

Every mind, a window to the mystery.
Every mind, a window to eternity.
Every mind, a window to You.

* * * *

All that we call human is based on assumptions.
Is existence anything but an imaginary assumption?

* * * *

Things getting lost or stolen or misplaced or broken,
Are just mini-deaths along the path to the finale of mortal fatality.
Despite all their pyramids and mausoleums and tombs and crypts and catacombs,
The powerful, the wealthy, the renowned, the masses, and those yet unborn,
Must at some point, when the last breath departs, leave it all behind.

* * * *

In Heart of Darkness, a critique of European colonial rule in Africa,
Joseph Conrad pretty much sums up the human condition,
With Kurtz's last line: The horror! The horror!

* * * *

Your perfection is flawed by your imagination,
Imagining it is a body, imagining it is a persona.

* * * *

All teachers are ultimately the one and only teacher.
All students are ultimately the one and only student.

* * * *

Whether or not, any story, any account, is true or false,
Both are time-based fabrications of consciousness, of imagination,
And thus, naught but wafting currents in the illusory quantum space-time dream.
And humans, being such able storytellers, it can be all but impossible, to discern which is which.

* * * *

Contentment … true, unsullied, full-hearted, overflowing, eternal.
Have You embraced it yet, or are You so bound, so trapped, by the illusion of space and time,
That the inner guard, the inner controller, will not, at least occasionally,
Allow You a taste of the sanctity of grace.

* * * *

Analog or digital, the clocks tick,
The pages of calendars page after page flip,
But the moment is ever the same, all across the stage,
All across the very unique perceptions, each considers a cosmos.
Each and every one, naught but an imaginary perception.

* * * *

Eternity is the right-here-right-now-this-very-timeless moment.
All one needs do is still the mind, be the moment, the great all and nothing is,
And that quixotic thing called eternal life, is Voilà! theirs, in the given every-day mundane,
As it has ever been, as it will ever be, in this mortal dream of space and time.

* * * *

If You truly discern there is no other, discern there is truly naught but a vast ineffable oneness,
Why are You still justifying and rationalizing and apologizing for your existence,
To the other, who ultimately does not exist, any more than You do.
How challenging to participate, and yet remain aloof.
How challenging to give over to the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Heaven or Hell, You every moment choose to reside.
No need for some deity, or gaggle of the same, to decide.

* * * *

Why is the moment not enough?
Why is the awareness not enough?
Why is the mystery not enough?
Why is eternity not enough?

* * * *

How many conceptual arenas, we take for granted,
That ancestors in all times across the world,
Took many thousands of years to discover and create.
Discoveries and creations that we now embrace as entitlements.

* * * *

Awareness is the emptiness, the nothingness, the vacuum, the ethereal constant,
Through which … earth, wind, water, fire … timelessly, spacelessly, kaleidoscope.

* * * *

Quantum stardust.
Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
Quantum sun.
Quantum moon.
Quantum planets.
Quantum clusters.
Quantum universe.
Quantum perception.
Quantum archaebacteria.
Quantum eubacteria.
Quantum protista.
Quantum fungi.

Quantum plantae.
Quantum animalia.
Quantum everything.

A vast matrix of quantum design,
All kaleidoscoping through the ether of awareness.

* * * *

As lead pipes were to ancient Rome, plastic will be to the entire world.
Oil and electricity began their advent in the late 19th century,
And their juggernaut is racing down a dead-end road.
It all seemed so exceptionally remarkable in the early stages,
But has, in a little over a century, become an overwhelming leviathan.
Who can more than speculate the conclusion to a very punitive decline and fall.

* * * *

Looking back, who-what-where-when-why-how, have You ever really been?
Looking to the fore, who-what-where-when-why-how, will You ever really be?
Looking right-here-right-now, who-what-where-when-why-how, are You really?

* * * *

You were expecting consistency and rationality,
In a world ruled by irony and paradox?
How credulous can You be?

* * * *

Quantum matrix.
Quantum illusion.
Quantum delusion.
Quantum dreamtime.
Quantum here-now.
Quantum mystery.

* * * *

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

* * * *

What life form can help but be, whatever its coding created it to be?
An algorithm that stretches back to the origins of life in the soupy mix of long ago.

To believe there is free will, is but the empty assertion of ignorance.

* * * *

Doubt and detachment have a symbiotic relationship,
In their amble, their dance, their dreaming,
Into the obscurity of oblivion.

* * * *

Everyone has a different world,
Everyone has a different universe,
Everyone has a different perception,
Just as real, just as imaginary, as yours.
We are very much, all alone, all together,
Wandering the same stage, in solitary minds.

* * * *

Full, focused breathing, with a pinch of detachment,
Is probably one of the better ways to clear a toxic mind.

* * * *

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

* * * *

When You exited tabula rasa of the womb, innocence ran the show for a relatively short duration.
But very gradually, one onerous experience after another, scratched and sliced, and created the scar tissue,
The certain reactions – of the persona, of the character, of the identity – to which You are so attached.
It is the nature-nurture reality, that all life forms must endure, in whatever fate has been allotted.
And it will carry on – unabated, unrelenting, unyielding – until oblivion regains dominion.
All emotions, all passions, all feelings, all desires, all fears, all dreads, to the contrary,
The you, You think You are, is but an imaginary fallacy from the mind's get-go.

* * * *

If there is going to be any kind of future for the human paradigm,
It would agreeable if all of it were not ruled entirely,
By the ignorance of vanity and greed.

* * * *

Even one breath, one swallow, one blink, different,
Would have spun a different fate for your entire cosmos.

* * * *

Stay as humble as your vain notions allow,
For You are truly no greater nor lesser than any other,
Across the farthest shoreless shore, of this most infinite mystery.

* * * *

How self-absorbed the human species is, to think, to believe,

That some deity on high is so wrapped up in all their absurdities,
That he/she/it are so enraptured with their everyday boring blah-blah,
That he/she/it monitors and tabulates and judges their every single move.
Jesus, people, get over your imaginary, exceedingly preposterous bullpucky.

* * * *

As Descartes was to doubting all things,
The next trick is totally letting go,
Of everything. unto Self.

* * * *

How long will we deceive ourselves,
Into believing, into hoping, that technology,
Can ever unscramble all the problems it has created?

* * * *

You can have all your diamonds and your measly piles of gold.
They are only glitter in the quantum mirage, in the quantum dust pile.
Given value by minds that will never discern the mystery in which they flail.

* * * *

… You were born …

… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
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… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …

… and then You died …

* * * *

All belief systems end up being more than a little beyond absurd.
Why would eternity care whether or not You awaken to it or not?

* * * *

Bask in the very right-here-right-now,
Ever-present, unborn-undying, eternal moment,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The imaginary you is born just once.
The imaginary you dies just once.
Anything else is delusional.
Anything else is absurd.
Anything else is ludicrous.
Your life is but a brief dream.
Get over all your trifling notions.
Abandon your make-believe creation.
That very last rattle will be the end of you.

* * * *

Eternal life is in this very right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable.
The only You there is, there ever was, there will ever be.

* * * *

The world is filled with every sort of gossip,
Which You may partake, or not,
As disposition allows.

* * * *

The timelessness,

The adroitness,
The deftness,
The perfection,
The dexterity,
The indelibility,
The precision,
The presence,
The swiftness,
The mystery,
The ineffability,
Of the moment,
Is eternally absolute.

* * * *

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

* * * *

You move, You stream, You flow, You course, You surge, You kaleidoscope, You dance, right along,
Through the eternal moment – ever untouched, ever untainted, ever unborn, ever undying.
Only memory, only imagination, journeys the perception of space and time.
Only memory, only imagination, cast it more than illusion.

* * * *

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the big bang of genesis?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the first etching of life?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the natural selection since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the nature-nurture since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your awareness?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your existence.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your universe?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your geography?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your family?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your mind-body?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your intelligence?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your health?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your birth order?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your name?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your culture?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your ethnicity?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your gender?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your appearance?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your language?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your caste?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your economic level?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your values?

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your beliefs?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your politics?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your capacities?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your education?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world view?

Where is the free will, where is the choice …
In your next breath, in your next heartbeat, in you next thought?

* * * *

Even if You knew the absolute truth of everything that lead up to this moment,
It would still only be the busy-busy of the ever-churning, imagination-ridden mind.
Naught but an evolutionary concoction, however its origin is deemed to have come about.

* * * *

What guilt, what remorse, should a lion have, for being a lion?
What guilt, what remorse, should a shark have, for being a shark?
What guilt, what remorse, should a piranha have, for being a piranha?
What guilt, what remorse, should a scorpion have, for being a scorpion?
What guilt, what remorse, should an eagle have, for being an eagle?
What guilt, what remorse, should a wasp have, for being a wasp?
What guilt, what remorse, should You have for being You?

* * * *

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.
Dancing away, entirely alone, in their little speck of eternity.
To embrace the aloneness is to be free of the imaginary other.

* * * *

When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a newborn body, You play newborn.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a toddler body, You play toddler.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a child body, You play child.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a teen body, You play teen.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an adult body, You play adult.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an elderly body, You play elderly.
From newborn, to whatever end, there is agony, there is ecstasy, and the shadow of death,
Which must be endured, as stoically, as rationally, perhaps as detached, as the given mind allows.
There is only one exit in any existence, and any choice in the matter is very much nil-nada-naught-zilch.

* * * *

The entity You are so transfixed by, so devoted to, so attached to, so bound by, so imprisoned by,
Is really nothing more than a memory as soon as the timeless moment kaleidoscopes on.
And everyone wandering about playing their vain impromptu protagonists so real,
Makes for Shakespeare very much live across this whirling pale blue dot.

* * * *

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are,
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.

The world is naught but a quantum illusion, an imaginary perception.
The real You is prior to consciousness, prior to all appearances.
Prior to all attributes, all qualities, all traits, all elements.
There is no other; duality is but the mirage of mind.

* * * *

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

* * * *

Settling for the idolatry of the ceaseless stream of fictitious deities,
Is the venue of all who lack the intellect, the critical mass,
To question until all questions run out of steam.
To doubt until the doubting is done.

* * * *

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?
You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.
Your access is this very moment.
Stilling the mind is all that is required.

* * * *

The cosmos, the world, has a near infinity of ways,
To lure the imaginary mind into its ensnaring web.

* * * *

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

* * * *

All existence is caught in the seemingly endless wave of a very deterministic fate.
The most real way to live it out, is to just follow your nature, and wander the path of least resistance.
And, as stoically, indifferently, as possible, let it all go when the dreamtime is undone.

* * * *

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

* * * *

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

* * * *

We are all tools of our own survival,
Of our own narcissistic-hedonistic Shakespeare,
Braiding the given perception, through which all life is cast,
In a garden that germinates, that naturally-selects, a so-called future-past,
In the timeless-spaceless continuum, playing out in an infinite, imagination-driven matrix,
That imagination has seamlessly usurped, and made into a dreamtime dominion,
Passing through the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness,
Passing through the abyss, through which all genesis flows,
Like clouds streaming through the eternity's sky.
The moment is all, the moment is one.

* * * *

Everyone's story is beyond-all-pales, absolutely, primo-unique.
But only a rare few, are storyteller enough, for us to learn their fable,
And pass it on, for as long as imagination dictates, it worth remembering.

* * * *

Enlightenment is the distillation of worldly, temporal experience.
Liberation is the attaining of the purest, most austere, state of consciousness.
What is the point of inquiring into Buddhahood, into Christhood, if You do not attain it?

* * * *

It is an ineffable, indelible, beyond-all-pales mystery.

To call it God – to deify it, to idolize it, to flatter it, in any way,
Is really nothing more than an endless quagmire of meaningless absurdity,
To which all are unique witnesses, in their very solitary quantum-matrix dreamtimes.

* * * *

All those many thoughts You have about your imaginary self,
Your imaginary world, Your imaginary cosmos,
All total up to zilch-nada-nothing.

* * * *

Now is not a clock.
Now is not a watch.
Now is not a calendar.
Now is not any measure.
The moment is immeasurable.

* * * *

What is karma, but another word for consequence, upshot, outcome,
And every existence has its share, rippling and stumbling on down the line.
No need to imagine a slew of other lifetimes, for which You must supposedly pay.

* * * *

Someone always triumphs in the Great Game, the Game of Thrones.
Sit upon the mount until someone wrestles them off, one way or another.
Count yourself lucky if it is your good fortune to witness it from afar.

* * * *

Regarding the greatness with which our kind cloaks itself,
How would our fellow earthling cast their vote,
Had they the unlikely opportunity?

* * * *

What resides between good and evil,
But a gamut of consciousness,
A spectrum of imagination,
A continuum of perception,
Twisted in every feasible way.

* * * *

We fabricated every form of deity to punish those we could not,
And heavens and hells and purgatories in the hope, in the yearning,
That there would be a reward for all our pain and suffering,
And an eternity of hellfire for those who wronged us.

* * * *

Why pretend to know something, if you do not?
Why pretend to be something, if you are not?
Why pretend there is more, if there is not?

Why inwardly pretend anything at all?

* * * *

Your health is your greatest wealth,
And that, too, depletes, slow or fast,
As sure as the sand in any hourglass.

* * * *

At the universal echelon,
All our conflicts and exertions,
All our pain and suffering and angst,
Are, at best, mere blips of meaninglessness.

* * * *

The trick to being in the moment,
The trick to being in the awareness,
The trick to being the eternal nowness,
Is simply releasing into the immeasurable.

* * * *

If You cannot discern it, fathom it, perceive it, for your Self,
No one on this whirling orb, is going to convince you,
To persuade you, to exhort you, to convert you,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.
You will be a done deal, forever and a day.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but an overwrought dynamic,
A garden world of imagination in exponential bloom,
That holds no sway over the mystery, whatsoever.

* * * *

Glass half full.
Glass half empty.
Break the damn glass.
Problem solved.

* * * *

There is no day, there is no night, there is only now,
Lit or unlit, by a tilt, by a spin, round a ball of fire.

* * * *

The only perfection anyone can lay claim to, is the one everything is,
Or nothing is, depending how one flips the mirror in the looking glass.

* * * *

Omnipresence is to be fully engaged in the moment.
Omnipotence is to be tapped into the infinity, the totality of eternity.

Omniscience is less about knowledge, than it is about being open to all potentials.
About being the awareness, the invisibility, within all things,
In the moment that allows all things.

* * * *

To want something,
To want anything,
From an illusion,
From a mirage,
From a dream,
And fear it, too,
And dread it, too,
How absurd is that?

* * * *

Chronometers exist.
Sundials exist.
Clocks exist.
Watches exist.
Timers exist.
Calendars exist.
Almanacs exist.
Logbooks exist.
Diaries exist.
Chronicles exist.
Journals exist.
Timetables exist.
Planners exist.
Newspapers exist.
But the thing called time, they supposedly measure?
Well, that is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Omniscience is in the knowing, in the discerning, in the seeing, in the intelligence,
Of the given unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable moment.
It is not about the trivial pursuit of gathering knowledge,
About the illusion of this manifest theater.

* * * *

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

* * * *

Emotional attachment is a naturally-selected biochemical blend,
That cultivated the familial and herd-slash-tribal alliances,

That enabled the survival of all mammalian lineages.
That long ago mutation is but one of the myriad reasons,
You are sitting there imbibing this stream of consciousness,
In your right-here-right-now shard of this inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

What dreams have been,
What dreams will some moment be,
Are all the same right-here-right-now dreamtime.
And all, naught but oblivion-to-oblivion delusions of imagination.
The oblivion between – obscured, cloaked, masked, concealed, muddled – by illusion.
An illusion made by however many senses and a processing unit,
In a vacuum of a mystery beyond all pales.

* * * *

Is there really-truly more to this great mystery?

Some great philosophy?
Some great rationale?
Some great meaning?
Some great ethos?
Some great motivation?
Some great principle?
Some great overtone?
Some great plan?
Some great function?
Some great intention?
Some great aim?
Some great objective?
Some great design?
Some great consequence?
Some great worth?
Some great upshot?
Some great idea?
Some great subtext?
Some great significance?
Some great value?
Some great importance?
Some great corollary?
Some great connotation?
Some great inference?
Some great concern?
Some great nuance?
Some great requirement?
Some great point?
Some great implication?
Some great resolve?
Some great magnitude?

Some great moment?
Some great belief?
Some great outcome?
Some great inspiration?
Some great hope?
Some great purpose?
Some great raison d'être?

* * * *

The willy-nilly butterfly of consciousness,
Does not effortlessly reside in the stillness of the eternal moment,
Flitting on and on, ever consuming its sensory-inspired cosmos, unto the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

* * * *

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,
Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.
Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

* * * *

The unsparing absurdities of consciousness, the unsparing absurdities of imagination,
With its more than infinite capacity for subterfuge and mayhem and chaos,
Is, sadly, a daily spectacle, a daily onslaught, a daily certainty.

* * * *

Call it God.
Call it eternity.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it kaleidoscope.
Call it nonduality.
Call it continuum.
Call it streaming.
Call it creation.
Call it oblivion.
Call it genesis.
Call it cosmos.
Call it season.
Call it duality.
Call it space.

Call it time.
Call it You.
Call it epoch.
Call it infinity.
Call it mystery.
Call it moment.
Call it anything.
Call it everything.
Call it nothingness.

All the same, no difference, no matter.

* * * *

Just because You or someone else imagines something, does not necessarily make it true.
Every culture has its storytellers of every ilk, all spinning their buzz,
Some bent on truth, some bent on untruth.
Sifting through it all, every mind, its own dreamtime.

* * * *

People tend to choose the path of least resistance,
Due to a combination of biological, psychological, and social factors,
All of which prioritize comfort, efficiency, and minimizing effort.
This tendency is deeply rooted in our evolutionary history,
And is reinforced by the way our brains are wired,
To conserve energy and seek immediate gratification.

* * * *

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

* * * *

Memories, all the many perceptions of the given existence,
Virtuous or corrupt, sensible or insensible, are not something easily discarded.
Hence, the relentless rolodex, ever spinning on and on and on,
Through the quantum pathways, zippity-zip.

* * * *

The thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

* * * *

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions finally figured it out.
Why feed and house and clothe and chain and whip the slaves,
When You can pay a wage or salary, and proffer a few token gestures.
Advancements, titles, rewards, medical, retirement, labor unions, scholarships.
Let them feed and house and clothe and chain and whip themselves, however they will.
Keep them if they serve the ship well, and if not, well, throw them overboard.
There is generally almost always someone else to swab the deck.
As to quality of existence issues, let them eat cake.

* * * *

As challenging as it well is, to be so disciplined, to be so free of desire and fear,
So free of the narcissistic hedonism of the passionate monkey-mind,
No one can force You to respond with even one ripple,
In the neural network, in the quantum sea,
Of the mind in which You dwell.
You do not have to engage.
You do not have to come back.
The world will move on without You.

* * * *

What is all the knowledge, all the noise of the world,
But a busy thoroughfare of minds ill at ease,
With the silence of a serene mind?

* * * *

Has any on-high deity ever been as judgmental,
As all the minions who pledge their undying belief,
That only they are worthy of the promised land?

* * * *

Impenetrable
Impossible
Impractical
Inaccessible
Incomparable
Indestructible
Invulnerable
Irresolvable
Unachievable

Unapproachable
Unassailable
Unattainable
Unavailable
Unbeatable
Unchallenged
Unfeasible
Unmatched
Unobtainable
Unparalleled
Unreachable
Unrealistic
Unrivaled
Untouchable
Unviable
Unworkable

* * * *

It may all be the pixie dust of illusion,
But it is the only pixie dust we know.
Dancing with the Devil, so to speak.

* * * *

The reality we all orbit around, the reality of every moment,
Is that we are truly very much all alone in this abyss of a mystery.
And nothing is going to change that, and nothing we do, nothing we think,
Really means squat, in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Be ye saint or serial killer, no matter.

* * * *

All that desiring.
All that coveting.
All that wanting.
All that yearning.
All that craving.
All that obsessing.
All that aching.
All that envying.
All that longing.
All that aspiring.
All that wishing.
All that pining.
All that thirsting.
All that fancying.
All that hungering.
All that hankering.
All that demanding.
All that voraciousness.

All for illusion.

* * * *

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

* * * *

Nature can be harsh and painful and deadly.
Any instant can bring forth a face-off with injury or death.
Darwin coined concepts like natural selection and survival of the fittest.
Others call it fate, destiny, kismet, upshot, fortune, providence.
Tralfamadorians sum it up with a ‘So it goes’ nod.

* * * *

Consumption is a great distraction, a great amusement.
Right up there in the nebula of power and fame and fortune.
And, of course, sex, however, whenever, if ever, opportunity strikes.

* * * *

Imagine the Darwinian purity of this spinning orb,
Before humankind migrated across it like a malevolent cancer,
Wreaking death and ruin, pain and suffering, in every nook and cranny.

* * * *

Every creature that has ever existed, or will ever exist,
Has its own sensory perception, its own naturally-selected niche,
Which both creature and niche, have cooperated, have conspired, in creating.
Every single life form has been a co-creator in the genesis of this imaginary perception.

* * * *

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

* * * *

It is all nothing more than distraction,
Inspired by vanity and avarice,
Narcissism and hedonism,
Hubris and hunger,
Pride and greed.

* * * *

attachment to your world, your cosmos, your perception

Draws You out again and again and again, ever again.

Your eyes, the sights.
Your ears, the sounds.
Your tongue, the tastes.
Your nose, the smells.
Your flesh, the touch.

To remain in the awareness is an every-moment challenge.
To be in the dreamtime, but not of it, is a rare calling.

* * * *

… here You are …
… a kaleidoscoping lineage …
… created of an unfathomable mystery …

… from the big bang of the singularity … what matter how it came to be … 13.8 billion years ago …
… an extremely hot, extremely dense point, rapidly expanding space and time itself …
… an ever-inflating cosmos, expanding and cooling and evolving …

… into the formation of subatomic particles …
… into the formation of protons and neutrons …
… into the formation of hydrogen and helium atoms …

… into gravity pulling together matter to form the first stars and galaxies …
… into between 200 billion and 2 trillion galaxies in the observable universe …

… into a small milky galaxy containing hundreds of billions of stars …

… and one of those stars, center of a solar system over 4.6 billion years old …
… a solar system that evolved from a collapsing cloud of gas and dust …
… a cloud, called a solar nebula, that flattened into a protoplanetary disk …
… in which planets, moons, asteroids, and comets formed from the remaining material …
… with ongoing collisions, gravitational interactions, and changes to planetary orbits …

… and on one of those planets, a pale blue dot, third from its star, 90 million miles distant …
… formed from dust and gas particles approximately 4.54 billion years ago …
… a planet with atmosphere and oceans and continents, driven by internal heat, gravity …

… emerged unicellular life (single-celled organisms) …
… that evolved into animalia (multicellular life) …
… that evolved into chordata (animals with backbones) …
… that evolved into tetrapoda (four-legged organisms) …
… that evolved into mammalia (milk-producing animals) …
… that evolved into primates (an order of mammals) …
… that evolved into hominidae (great apes) …
… that evolved into genus homo (contemporary humans) …

… 3.8 billion years of natural selection, and counting …
… 3.8 billion years for You to be right here, right now, this eternal moment …
… kaleidoscoping whatever destiny, whatever dreamtime, the singularity set in motion in the long ago …

… You are the singularity … You are the mystery …
… be the singularity … be the mystery …

* * * *

A higher state of beingness, is the leap that consciousness, the leap that imagination,
Must somehow attain, if it is to survive humankind's naturally-selected origin.
And the likelihood of setting aside its survival-of-the-fittest paradigm?
Well, a few days-worth of headlines in these our modern times,
Makes for short work of that philosophical pipedream.

* * * *

Time is nothing more than a human concept, imparted reality,
By sundials, clocks, watches, calendars, and the like.
All inspired by the regularities of a cosmos,
That is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.

* * * *

The mind is a story.
It is all distraction.

* * * *

Why should You ever feel bound to any geography,
Or any world or universe or dimension,
Or any illusion, whatsoever?
Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

* * * *

As much as possible, focus completely on whatever the mind-body is doing.
That way, the willy-nilly mind, will perhaps dally less in the halls of memory lane.
And perchance much less in the absurdity of our kind’s Shakespearian stagefest, as well.

* * * *

The world is awash in every manner of disharmony and distraction.
Only in the pure, still awareness of eternity's moment, is there true peace.
It is the eternal life, free of all the rancor of imaginary consciousness.
Free of the dreamtime illusion, to which humankind is so attached.

* * * *

Are You this imaginary self, this attachment to the mind-body,
Or the indescribable, indivisible awareness, the unfathomable moment,
Through which it sprints willy-nilly, in whatever way nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

The universal mind,

Is a total mind, a whole mind, a complete mind,
A peerless mind, a matchless mind, an absolute mind, a sovereign mind,
Free of all constraints, all confines, all restrictions, all limits, all margins, all curbs, all boundaries.
Which leads to the question, where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm, this Shakespearian theater inspired by imagination, is unutterably insane.
What is called sanity, what is called normal, what is called rational, what is called sensible,
Is nothing more than being able to function reasonably well in the absurdity.

* * * *

Science, despite all its noble, rational efforts,
Has failed to convince a paradigm programmed by 13.8 billion years of natural selection,
In large part shaped by superstition and fallacy.

* * * *

What a challenge to not allow imagination to wander willy-nilly,
Into all the identifications with the mind-body perceptions of a so-called lifetime,
And all the memories it so easily dredges into an illusory reality,
That is not, was not, and will never be.

* * * *

You are like any theater or film actor, who plays a part,
Knowing full well, any given centerstage moment, that s/he is not that role.
So here now You are, playing on cue, the script that your nature-nurture programing summons forth.
Whether or not, You have realized the centerstage clarity, simplicity, lucidity, eloquence,
Is how cognizant of this illusory quantum dreamtime, You are, or are not.

* * * *

The mind stamps perceptions with times and dates,
But are any, however so-called old, however so-called young,
Really at all that different, in the timeless moment that does not truly exist?
Even just a moment ago, is the same as the moment of genesis,
The moment it all began, in the way back when.

* * * *

... an iota of a smidgen …
... a smidgen of a jot …
... a jot of a speck …
... a speck of a scrap …
... a scrap of a particle …
... a particle of a bit …
... a bit of a speck …
... a speck of a grain …
... a grain of a scintilla …
... a scintilla of an iota …

… is how long the moment is not …

* * * *

To be the You, You truly are,
The quantum mind must pacify its self,
The five senses be witnessed without attachment,
And eternal awareness, resume its ever-present sovereignty.

* * * *

Why in any deity's arbitrary name,
Would You ever embrace any idolatrous religion or cult,
Imagined, concocted, fabricated, manufactured, by the human or any other mind?
Free your Self from all the baseless absurdity that binds You.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

Another day, staring into the abyss.
Into the beginning of all ends,
The end of all beginnings,
And all the in-betweens, too.

* * * *

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

As You would a vehicle, shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there, ever-present.
What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, than the awareness permeating all?

* * * *

Why believe things You have never seen?

Why believe in any deities?
Any superstitions.
Any fallacies.
Any delusions.

Any sasquatches.
Any vampires.
Any pookas.
Any ghosts.
Any aliens.
Any angels.
Any demons.
Any tooth fairies.
Any Easter bunnies.
Any Santa Clauses.

Any fantasies.
Any apparitions.
Any specters.
Any assumptions.
Any spirits.
Any phantasms.
Any visions.
Any bigotries.
Any notions.
Any deliriums.
Any injustices.
Any mirages.
Any prejudices.
Any fixations.
Any judgments.
Any distortions.
Any figments.
Any illusions.

All are imagined.
The mind is but a story.
It is all distraction.
Free your Self.
Let them go.

* * * *

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?
How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?
Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.
Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.
A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

* * * *

To attain eternity, the mind must become:
Very still.
Very quiet.
Very spaceless.
Very timeless.
Very here.
Very now.

* * * *

Herein is visualized an awareness.
… Omniscient … Omnipresent … Omnipotent …
Prior to and beyond, any and all conceptual contrivances.
So infinitesimally to infinitely, ephemerally, unfathomably immense,

As to indivisibly permeate the indelible quantum sea,
Without bounds, without judgment.

You are it, it is You.

* * * *

The cosmos is a quantum illusion, the world is a quantum illusion, You are a quantum illusion.
Everything You believe, everything You think You know, is a quantum illusion.
And yes, alas, these many thoughts are a quantum illusion, too.

Nothing is as it seems.

* * * *

Why me, God, why me? Why me, God, why me? Please, God, why me-me-me!?
The lamenting refrain since the mind's self-absorbed beginnings.
The ascent of imagination in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

* * * *

All creation is of the same mystery.
Only imagination, imagines otherwise.

* * * *

You are the current issue of 13.8 billion years old programming.
The long and winding of your thread of natural selection since genesis.

* * * *

Anything not having one name or another in the ever-roiling dreamtime of the human mind,
Will not likely agonize without for long, once targeted for use or abuse,
Or even just the idle distraction of frivolous curiosity.
And that having little or no purpose, having little or no meaning,
Can simply be ignored or tossed or destroyed, and without further ado, forgotten.

* * * *

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum matrix.
You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

The ears hear the mystery.
The eyes see the mystery.
The skin feels the mystery.
The nose smells the mystery.
The tongue tastes the mystery.

The mind discerns the mystery.
Yet the mystery remains a mystery.
The one in all, and the all in one.

* * * *

Just because your most recent ancestors came out of a noteworthy geography,
Does not mean all did not come out of the same puddle of origin,
Long before there were any brain cells to recall it.
All life has far more in common,
Than all the many differences we imagine.
Than all the many differences we ceaselessly squabble over.
Than all the many differences driving all life into a dark and foreboding future.

* * * *

Was life born 13.8 billion years ago when the cosmos burst forth?
Was life born 4.6 billion years ago when the solar system began its whirl?
Was life born 4.54 billion years ago when the earth formed into the pale blue dot?
Was life born 3.8 billion years ago when the first single-celled organisms began to replicate?
Or has what we call life, what we call existence, always been but an unborn-undying quantum illusion?
An illusion witnessed by an ineffable awareness, witnessed by an inexplicable intelligence,
Permeating every aspect, of the mystery, which, by design, can never be known.

* * * *

What permission, what approval, what sanction, what consent, what affirmation,
Can be given for this unfathomable insight into which You inquire?
There is no other, You are on your own, for all eternity.

* * * *

Some minds manage to realize heaven.
Some minds are shackled in unutterable hells.
Some minds wander the byzantine labyrinth between.

* * * *

Have faith that Mother Nature will do everything that she possibly can,
To diminish and annihilate You, every moment of your eternal existence.

* * * *

Always beyond the pale astounding, how more is never enough for so many.
Wealth is a state of mind, and so many with so much, seem to live such impoverished lives.
The quest for power and renown orbits in the same bankrupted emptiness.
How the masses rank them high, is a théâtre de l'absurde.
Only the departed are allotted true peace.

* * * *

What demons all shades of gray lurk in so many minds.
What tyranny the mentally unstable cast upon the world.
And there being no resolution, it must simply be endured.
13.8 billion whirls of natural selection will not be annulled.

* * * *

What is heaven but unending oblivion?
What is hell but the absurdity of madness?
What is perdition but the pendulum between?

* * * *

Whether You are a monk in a cave, or a householder in a mansion,
The quantum dreamtime ever kaleidoscopes the same eternal moment.
Your destiny is already here and gone, but it is You who must witness it.

* * * *

It is not You who does anything.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that is the doer.
You, the real You, the awareness permeating all creation, is but eternal witness.
Eternal observer, perceiver, to everything under every sun, in every space, every time, every dimension.
In every point and particle, in everything known, in everything unknown.
The mind-body is but a means, a vessel, a vehicle.
You are that which is God.

* * * *

The illusory quantum matrix is not the creation of aliens or other supreme beings,
Because they would be as much fabrications as all we dreamers of space and time.

* * * *

The universe spins.
The earth spins.
The mind spins.
All in your imagination.

* * * *

There is absolutely nothing, in any ancient writings worth their salt,
That will in any way, validate the idolatry, of any form, of any concept.

* * * *

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but …
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.

Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

* * * *

Jiddhu Krishnamurti once said, "Do whatever amuses You,"
Which means one thing to a saint, and another to a serial killer.

* * * *

You are a drop, a shard, of that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are the mystery of awareness, the ether of eternity.
You are that which some call God.

* * * *

How likely is it that probably almost every two-legged who has ever existed,
Has a fairly lengthy list of regrets, of many things they wish they had never done or said.
Assuming, of course, they, from the ultimate view, ever really did or said anything in the first place.

* * * *

For as long as the forebrain is a-synapsing, many will endure myriad tortures,
And beyond that, others will perhaps take it upon themselves,
That to which they feel most obligated.

* * * *

Gravity fools the sensory mind-body into believing,
It is not floating in the motionless abyss,
Of the awareness You truly are.
The quantum cosmos is but a trickster,
Holding You hostage to imagination's binding veil.

* * * *

One thing that can be said about the continuum called space-time,
Is that that it is a one-way, here-now, kaleidoscoping quantum show.

* * * *

True grit is the courage and resolve, the strength of character,
The determination, the steadfastness, the tenacity, the doggedness, the firmness,
To hold fast, to cling, to hang on, to grasp, to grip, to clutch, to clasp, to stick, in a difficult situation.

* * * *

... grit ...
... is a four-letter noun ...
... that implies ...
... that suggests ...
... that infers ...
... that hints at ...
... that points toward ...
... that indicates ...

... that denotes ...
... that entails ...
... that involves ...
... that means ...
... the courage and resolve ...
... the strength of character ...
... the determination ...
... the steadfastness ...
... the tenacity ...
... the firmness ...
... the doggedness ...
... to hold fast ...
... to cling ...
... to grip ...
... to grasp ...
... to hang on ...
... to clutch ...
... to clasp ...
... to stick ...
... to keep hold of ...
... in a difficult situation …

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

* * * *

At some point in the given moment, it makes more sense to just let it all go.
To put everything possible aside, to stop imbibing all the gossip and absurdity,
And just sit, peacefully staring into space, when not taking long solitary walkabouts.
To simply be as nothing, to simply be the momentary awareness, is the first and last step.

* * * *

Sometimes You hit a home run.
Sometimes You hit a triple; sometimes, a double; sometimes, a single.
Sometimes You get walked; sometimes You hit a foul.
Sometimes You even strike out.

Life is like that.

* * * *

What does it mean: To be in the world, but not of it?

It is a mind that is prior to consciousness.

It is a mind filled with awareness.

A still mind, a silent mind,

It is a mind that sees the world.
It is a mind that hears the world.
It is a mind that tastes the world.
It is a mind that smells the world.
It is a mind that feels the world.

Yet remains a mind untouched by the world.
Yet remains a mind unconcerned about the world.
A mind filled with the awareness that is prior to the world.
A mind permeated with the awareness that is prior to all creation.

A mind given over to the mystery, to the unknown, to the no-mind, prior to all.

* * * *

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.
All any seeker need do, is wipe away the mitote – become so totally attentive to the given moment,
That the big dream, the fog of perception, the many voices, the many influences,
That are constantly speaking, making it difficult to see clearly,
Suspend their cacophony, are shuffled offstage,
And the quantum mind-body unleashes into all eternity.
The eternity that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

* * * *

A spoonful of caution, of restraint, in the younger moments,
May well save You a great deal of vexation in the older ones.

* * * *

Where does the drop end and the ocean begin?
Where does the ocean end and the drop begin?

* * * *

No point justifying your existence.
No point anyone trying to justify their existence.
No one has ever asked to be born, to live out an existence.
And all must die, to discern it all nothing more than a fluke-ish dream.

* * * *

is getting rough, and only daily rougher for more and more little folk,
And ‘We told You so’ is not going to stop the crashing wave.
The baby boomers caught the upsurge at its peak,
And the millennials and their progeny will get the crash.

* * * *

Awareness, Witness to All

It is only an illusionary quantum dust ball,
Spinning in an illusionary quantum dust cloud.
The eternal mystery of awareness, witness to it all.
Spaceless, timeless, unborn-undying, indelible, ineffable.

* * * *

How to negotiate, how to navigate, how to traverse, an illusion,
Is a – conundrum, challenge, enigma, puzzle, riddle – for any seer.
Ergo, every form of absurdity, some very light, some exceedingly dark,
In all geographies, across all times, no individual or culture exempt.

* * * *

The most important thing in your existence, is your next breath,
Which gives You yet another opportunity, another chance, another opening,
To perchance see, to perceive, to discern, to comprehend, to realize, your own faceless.

* * * *

When You no longer identify with the mind-body's dreamtime, what is left but the awareness.
Pure, simple, indelible, spaceless, timeless, ephemeral, unfathomable,
Indivisible, infinite, infinitesimal, ineffable,
Ever mysterious, ever free.

* * * *

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?
Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?
We may exclaim them loving and wise and all-knowing and all-accepting,
But whoa, whoa, whoa – unhappy perdition and every imaginable hell –
Unto those many who do not make the thumbs-up-thumbs-down cut.
If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

* * * *

The human paradigm boils down to me-myself-I narcissistic vanity,
And must have it right now, more-is-never enough, hedonistic greed.

* * * *

Try as many now on the upside of daisies might, there is no undoing the world our kind has fashioned.
The journey the future has in the making, is likely replete with every dystopian horror imaginable.
And those who will be born into it, will have no choice, but to endure it as stoically as possible.

* * * *

Does an ant pretend to be an ant?
Does a salmon pretend to be a salmon?
Does an elephant pretend to be an elephant?
Does a salamander pretend to be a salamander?
Does an alligator pretend to be an alligator?
Does a butterfly pretend to be a butterfly?
Does an eagle pretend to be an eagle?

Does a germ pretend to be a germ?

Does any creature pretend it is what it is?

As for human becomings, we well know our forebrain paradigm.
Pretenders, all, each and every one, in every way, in every size, in every shape.
Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.
Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self, in which our kind harbors?
The unborn-undying moment is home to all sentience, home to the instinctual roots,
And only the delusion of imagination pretends otherwise.

* * * *

No one asked to be here.

No one was asked if they wanted to be born, if they wanted to die.
No one was asked if they wanted to suffer the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

No one really knows squat about who.
No one really knows squat about what.
No one really knows squat about where.
No one really knows squat about when.
No one really knows squat about why.
No one really knows squat about how.

We are all just faking it, playing our little part, the best we can.

Some awaken to it, to varying degrees, in various ways and means.
Most, still very much in the very deep, delusional slumber of imagination,
Play out the dreaming, so that the chosen, are able to realize the eternal eye within.

* * * *

… when your family has failed You …
… when all your leaders have failed You …
… when all your faith systems have failed You …
… when all your economic systems have failed You …
… when all your sociological systems have failed You …
… when all your consumption has failed You …
… when there is nothing left to believe …
… what, pray tell, will You do? …

* * * *

To assert You are your own law, is not an arrogant declaration,
But a statement of fact, regarding the values, the tenets, the principles,
To which You in all your attachment to your imaginary character, subscribe.
And everybody else doing the same; it is the way all minds work; no point debating it.

* * * *

The awareness You every moment are, and are not, is eternal witness to the quantum theater.

It has no stake in it, makes no judgment of it, plays no part in it, is ever-present in every moment of it.
Human imagination, with all its dualistic notions, founded upon its sensory-based stream,
Has made-up, has spun, all the deities, all the heavens and purgatories and hells.
There is no other, but each mind must discern its source to realize it.

* * * *

Very challenging to remain indifferent in the day-to-day existence,
Unless complete isolation and staring at walls is an endurable state.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, even your God,
Will never align with what You think it should be.

* * * *

History has arrived with every story imaginable.
Imbibe it however You will, or not, You decide.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the quantum mystery,
That the ever-present awareness You are, and are not, perceives,
Is but a spaceless-timeless dream which kaleidoscopes about You every moment.
A temporal dreamtime illusion, to which the moment only subscribes,
For as long as the given neural pathways manage to fire.

* * * *

All religions, all cults, all sects, all factions, all creeds, are rife with guiles,
That guarantee every variety of reward in some after-life fantasy,
For all the sacrifices, all the burdens, all the payouts,
You must endure and carry and forfeit,
In the right-here-right-now.
The ultimate scam,
Since we will never know when.

* * * *

Even just one left instead of right,
One yes instead of no, one less instead of more,
One happenstance flutter of a butterfly's wing across the world,
Would have created an entirely different destiny.

* * * *

Jesus was never a Christian, why should You be?
Siddhartha was never a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was never a Taoist, why should You be?

Michael was never a Michael-ist, why should You be?

Nobody was ever the label their thoughts inspired, why should You be?

* * * *

There is no beginning without an end; there is no end without a beginning.
And where does either exist in the ungraspable timelessness of the eternal moment?
Clock hands, digital displays, calendar pages, blind humankind to the every-moment reality,
Of the analog underpinning that is imbued in every quantum particle of this unfathomable dreamtime.

* * * *

Whatever the dimension, the mystery, the awareness, requires a vehicle to come into existence,
And sentience, to come unto consciousness, and perhaps intelligence, to perhaps come unto realization.
The fate You are stoically enduring, the for-good-or-ill role, into which destiny has cast You,
Began with a preordained throw of the dice in your mother's fallopian tube.
And there You are, naturally-selecting, right here, right now,
Until that moment, when the Fates call You home.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the life, You perceive, is only as important as You imagine it.
And only for as long as the mind-body is walking on the upside of daisies to imagine it.

* * * *

There will inevitably come a time when all that humankind has fostered,
The pinnacle, the zenith, the summit, the peak, the apex, it has reached, will collapse.
What goes up, must come down, is an unescapable, unwritten natural law, as sure as gravity itself.
All these thoughts are for that anarchistic moment, that for-the-rest-of-time dystopian epoch,
For the descendants, the inheritors, with the will and wit, with the grit and gumption,
To survive and abide the chaos of the crashing wave, that vanity and greed,
False deities, false leadership, false values, false so many things,
Have taken our kind, and that of our fellow earthlings,
And our once-upon-a-time garden world.

* * * *

Home invasion is home invasion is home invasion.
If You expect that residents are not going to do whatever it takes to repel You,
You are seriously delusional, and likely to suffer for it, no matter how long it takes, even a millennium.
Sooner or later, You will more than likely be forced to depart, to retreat,
With your tail between your legs.

* * * *

All must act, in order to survive, in order to participate, in their shard of the dreamtime.
And all will act according to their nature-nurture conditioning.

According to the choices they never had.

Their awareness.
Their universe.
Their world.
Their geography.
Their existence.
Their mind.

Their body.
Their vision.
Their hearing.
Their smelling.
Their tasting.
Their feeling.
Their family.
Their gender.
Their birth order.
Their culture.
Their ethnicity.
Their socioeconomic level.
Their intelligence.
Their language.
Their name.
Their education.
Their interests.
Their beliefs.
Their religion.
Their politics.
Their perceptions.

No matter how complex it all seems, free will is an illusion-delusion.

* * * *

250 Philosophical & Thought-Provoking Questions That'll Get Your Wheels Turning
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/04/225-philosophical-thought-provoking.html

Parade Magazine
https://parade.com/1185047/marynliles/philosophical-questions/

By Maryn Liles

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Philosophical Questions

1. Is happiness just chemicals flowing through your brain or something more?

2. Can we really know everything?

3. What is the meaning of a good life?

4. Is there a God?

5. What in life is truly objective and not subjective?

6. What is consciousness?

7. Is there inherent order in nature or is it all chaos and chance?

8. Is there an alternative to capitalism?

9. Is it more important to be respected or liked?

10. Are we in the Matrix?

11. Have we become less happy in this age of technology?

12. What is mathematics?

13. Are humans obligated to better themselves?

14. Is there a meaning to life?

15. Is having a big ego a negative or positive trait?

16. Is there absolute mortality?

17. Is the most important purpose in life to find happiness?

18. Do we have free will?

19. Does life require a purpose and goal?

20. Would you kill 10 people to save 100?

21. What is happiness?

22. How can people believe in truths without evidence?

23. Is it easier to love or to be loved?

24. What is time?

25. Do acts of kindness have a motive?

26. Is mind or matter more real?

27. Is love simply a physical desire or something more?

28. Where do thoughts come from?

29. Does evil come from within? If so, why?

30. What is beauty?

31. Are people in this current generation less or more sensitive than people from past generations?

32. Where were people before they were born?

33. What is true friendship?

34. How does gravity work?

35. Can achieving nothing make a person happy?

36. Does the Law of Attraction exist?

37. Have gadgets and apps taken away emotions?

38. Does observation alter an event?

39. If everyone spoke their mind, would this world be a better place?

40. Where does the universe end?

41. Is there a perfect life?

42. What is infinity?

43. Why do we strive for perfection if it is not attainable?

44. Does sound happen if nothing is present to hear it?

45. Does utilizing time properly make our lives meaningful and happy?

46. Is it more important to be liked or respected?

47. Can life be meaningful without friends?

48. Where does the soul live?

49. How do you know if you love someone enough to marry them?

50. Is there a reason for life?

Philosophical Questions That Are Thought-Provoking

51. Do numbers in a bank account make people happy?

52. What will happen at the end of the world?

53. Is living life to the fullest possible?

54. Can spirituality make you a happy person?

55. What is education?

56. Are highly intelligent people less happy than individuals with average intelligence?

57. Is there a supreme power?

58. Is there an absolute way to attain a happy state of mind?

59. How did the universe begin?

60. Does living your life for others make your life have meaning?

61. Can we have happiness without sadness?

62. Do knowledge and understanding make you content and happy as a person?

63. What are numbers?

64. Does fate exist?

65. When does consciousness begin?

66. Does an ideal government exist?

67. Is life all a dream?

68. Does life have a reason?

69. If everything evolved from amoebas, how does the world still have amoebas?

70. Are there limitations on free speech?

71. The structure of DNA appears to be intelligently designed, what are the implications?

72. Do aliens exist?

73. Are we a minuscule part of intelligent life in the universe?

74. Is trust more important than love?

75. Why do we do things we do not like to do?

76. If lying is wrong, are white lies okay?

77. Do atheists make their own gods?

78. How should people live their lives?

79. Can artificial intelligence be creative?

80. If judgment is for God, why do we pass judgment?

81. What is intelligence?

82. Can religious beliefs affect scientific thinking?

83. What is intelligence?

84. Will a world without reliance on modern technology make any progress?

85. Do we have a soul?

86. Is human potential capable of anything?

87. What do people strive for after enlightenment?

88. Is death a new beginning?

89. What defines you?

90. Why does God not intervene when evil takes root in people?

91. What happens after we die?

92. Does belief make God exist?

93. Isn’t one person’s terrorist another person’s freedom fighter?

94. Will robots take over the world in the future?

95. How much control do you have over your life?

96. Does the path to salvation lie within us?

97. How do you know your perceptions are real?

98. Are we the biggest threat to humanity?

99. If money cannot buy happiness, can you ever be truly happy with no money?

100. Do parallel universes exist?

Philosophical Questions That Will Challenge Your Mind

101. What role does honor play in today's society?

102. How does one find purpose in life?

103. Is a family still relevant in the modern world?

104. If aliens attack, what will we do?

105. What is true love?

106. Do guns protect or kill people?

107. What is true strength?

108. Will racism cease to exist?

109. How do you know that your experience of consciousness is the same as other people's experience of consciousness?

110. Why is beauty associated with morality?

111. Who decides what morality is?

112. Why do we respect the dead more than the living?

113. Is a "wrong" act okay if nobody ever knows about it?

114. Does God have supreme power?

115. What is the difference between living and being alive?

116. Will the world be a better place if caste and religion cease to exist?

117. Who defines good and evil?

118. What's more important: doing the right thing or doing things right?

119. Why do people fear losing things that they do not even have yet?

120. Do we love ourselves more in the virtual world and less in the real world?

121. What makes a good friend?

122. Is humanity doomed to head in a destructive direction?

123. Do you make your own decisions, or let others make them for you?

124. Should full access to the internet be a fundamental right?

125. What is reality?

Philosophical Questions to Spark Meaningful Conversations

126. Is peace the only way to stop a war?

127. What is the truth?

128. Can memories be erased?

129. What makes you, you?

130. Is religion conceptualized by one's own belief system?

131. What things hold you back from doing the things that you really want to?

132. Will the world come to an end by human hands?

133. What is true happiness?

134. Intelligence or wisdom, what's more important for a better world?

135. Where is the line between insanity and creativity?

136. Is true beauty subjective or objective?

137. What one piece of advice would you offer to a newborn infant?

138. What is the extent of freedom human beings should have?

139. Does nature shape our personalities more than nurture?

140. What is the meaning of rich and poor in the modern world?

141. To what extent do you shape your own destiny, and how much is down to fate?

142. Do we control technology or is it controlling us?

143. If you could choose just one thing to change about the world, what would it be?

144. Is it worse to fail at something or never attempt it in the first place?

145. What exactly is self-esteem and where does it come from?

146. Will a curb on buying guns and arms reduce the number of shooting sprees in the world?

147. Is the way we compensate people for their jobs ideal, or should we have some way of ensuring that people are paid appropriately?

148. Do we change when we have power?

149. Can a person be "educated" without a formal education?

150. Will technological advances wipe out humanity?

Philosophical Questions That Are Intellectual

151. What are dreams and why do we have them?

152. Does understanding philosophy lead to progress?

153. Will it ever be possible to travel through time? Space?

154. Is there a species more advanced than humans in the universe?

155. Is defining people according to race a social construct or a biological category?

156. If all the currencies in the world did not have monetary value, would our world be a much better place?

157. Is there a difference between fair trade and free trade? What is it and which is of greater importance?

158. Is it possible time is being altered right now?

159. Is the preservation of a country's culture a good reason for limiting immigration?

160. Why do we throw away food when we know people are dying of hunger?

161. Does the English language make us feel superior to other countries?

162. Which is more important, justice or mercy?

163. Will artificial intelligence help increase human lifespans in the future?

164. Is it always good to have choices?

165. Does awareness of consciousness have benefits?

166. Is torture ever justified?

167. Do thoughts have a pattern?

168. When you are driving and see one shoe on the side of the road, what do you think happened to the other one?

169. Will stricter laws make a better world?

170. Should we limit the amount of money people can earn and save to avoid an unequal distribution of wealth?

171. Are we losing our right to privacy?

172. Since the birth rate is down in the United States, should people be required to have at least one child?

173. Is limiting immigration to developed countries right?

174. Does democracy work for every country?

175. Does faith make belief stronger?

Philosophical Questions That Are Mind-Bending

176. Should people have the right to live and travel anywhere they wish with no state or country boundaries?

177. Why can't every person be a genius?

178. Should people be allowed to sell their organs and should organ donors be financially compensated?

179. Is there freedom in creativity and art in the modern age?

180. Should the government make organ donation compulsory?

181. Do the simple things become complexities when we try to attain perfection?

182. Should governments have penalties for those who live unhealthy lifestyles?

183. Will concepts and theories in regard to religion becoming obsolete come true?

184. Is love different from sexual desire? Passion? How?

185. Is blind belief prevalent more among holy, spiritual and pious people?

186. Is there a cause for every event?

187. Can dreams be associated with the unforeseen future?

188. Do wars ever solve the problems of countries and governments?

189. If we live in a civilized world, why do we see so many distinctions between rich and poor?

190. Can some things exist that aren't in time?

191. Do computers have the ability to be creative?

192. Does luck exist?

193. What rights, if any, do animals have?

194. Are clowns funny or scary?

195. Are there universal human rights? What are they?

196. If time travel is possible, would we have met time travelers already?

197. Are emotions rational or irrational?

198. Does an afterlife exist?

199. Do you think anyone has actually met their true soulmate?

200. Can we know about happiness without knowing about sadness?

Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

201. Does time have a beginning or an end?

202. Are people born evil? Or do they end up doing evil things as a result of early childhood experiences or other external factors?

203. Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder?

204. Are we morally obligated to help others?

205. Is world peace achievable?

206. Are people natural-born leaders, or do they develop the traits over time?

207. What harsh truths do you prefer to ignore?

208. Is suffering a necessary part of the human condition?

209. What would you genetically change about humans to make them a better species?

210. How much does language affect our thinking?

211. If you could press a button and receive a million dollars, but one stranger would die, would you press the button?

212. Has social media been a net positive or a net negative for our society? Why?

213. Is existence necessary?

214. Do the cosmos have a purpose?

215. If humanity were put on trial by an advanced race of aliens, how would you defend humanity and argue for its continued existence?

216. What's the difference between justice and revenge?

217. If babies are considered innocent, when do people cease to be innocent?

218. Where does your self-worth come from?

219. Why are drugs banned but not harmful food additives and alcohol?

220. Is it ever okay to share a secret?

221. How long will you be remembered after you die?

222. How likely do you think it will be that humans last another 1,000 years without killing ourselves off?

223. Would you want to know you are going to die beforehand or die suddenly without warning?

224. Does the study of philosophy ever lead to answers or simply more questions?

225. Can we know anything for certain?

226. Are morals subjective or objective?

227. Do we have a moral obligation to future generations of humans?

228. Is it possible to achieve total equality in the world?

229. What does it mean to be human?

230. What does it mean to be free?

231. Will artificial intelligence ever become self-aware?

232. Are our choices predetermined?

233. Is there a limit to human knowledge?

234. Is it possible to be truly objective? Why or why not?

235. Is happiness sustainable?

236. Is there a difference between knowledge and wisdom?

237. Is suffering necessary for personal growth and development?

238. Can science and religion coexist?

239. Should humans be responsible for the actions of others?

240. Is progress possible without change?

241. Can society function without laws?

242. Is a universal definition of "justice" possible for the world?

243. How do personal beliefs (biases) shape our understanding of truth?

244. Do societal norms impact personal freedoms?

245. Can philosophy help resolve global conflicts?

246. Can happiness be measured?

247. Are humans a product of their experiences?

248. Are there absolute truths in the world?

249. Do memories influence our identity?

250. Is there a limit to human creativity?

* * * *

In all creation, there is destruction, and in all destruction, there is creation.

Yet, is do either have any actuality, when comprehended from the quantum baseline?
That which is spaceless, timeless, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable.
This world, this cosmos, is a grand quantum illusion, a Shakespearian théâtre absurde.
To which, despite all assertions to the contrary, You are solitary witness.

* * * *

You are a sovereign, absolute eternal being.
The mortal challenge is to be the timeless beingness,
The timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, You truly are,
Instead of the imaginary one You pretend to be.

* * * *

You imagine so many things,
And not one of them is ultimately real.
Not one of them is ultimately true.
To unwrap the mind around it,
Is to let go of everything.

* * * *

The same unfathomable, ineffable mystery is behind every face,
Ever witnessing whatever dreamtime, into which it has been inexplicably cast.
All creatures, small to great, equally play out their nature-nurture part.
Whatever role the genetic lottery's natural selection has ordained.
It is an indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum reverie,
The totality of That which can truly be called God.
In which, despite any and all appearances,
Are one in the same for all eternity.

* * * *

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

* * * *

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

* * * *

How pointless holding on to this world, and its incalculable absurdities.
Find peace in your Self, and run silent, run deep, in the eternal moment.

* * * *

No one wants to know You in the way You do in your imaginary existence.
Everyone is too busy in their own self-absorbed dreamtimes,
To bother more than superficially about yours.
And, no doubt, You about theirs.
The drive for recognition is meaningless.

* * * *

Curious how so many have faith that technology will save us,
When it has really played the greatest role in taking us down.

* * * *

Why is it, that neither You nor anyone else,
Nor any other creature, small to large,
Have ever seen their own face?

* * * *

Money, in all its many forms, is not the root of all evil.
Vanity and avarice are the makers and shakers of that dynamic.
Money is merely the ways and means in which Mammon is worshipped.

* * * *

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

Consciousness requires a great change, a revolution, if it is to survive.
In its Darwinian-rooted urges, imagination has taken our kind down a dead-end road.
Vanity and greed have bent a reality, where we either somehow awaken, or endure agonizing destruction.
All indicators are that we our well on our way to extinction, because the naturally-selected inclination,
Appears incapable of mutating into the state of pure awareness, of God Consciousness, we truly are.
We resolutely, blindly cling, to so many narcissistic absurdities, so many hedonistic distractions,
That only an absolute and horrifying collapse, will perhaps awaken whoever survives, if any.
And odds are, they, too, will not discern the illusion, and will carry very much the same.
It will merely be the same-old-same-old, playing out on a very much smaller scale,
In a world very likely grown incredibly inhospitable to mammalian life forms.
Whether or not, or for how long, any survive, is for other eyes to witness.

* * * *

Free will only seems like free will at the time.
Looking back, was there ever really any choice?

* * * *

All histories vary in their accuracy,
Based on who is narrating it, and why.
And no matter the motive, all remain stories,
And no story can ever snare the timeless moment.

* * * *

Are You an arm, a leg, a hand, a foot, a torso, a head, a face, a mind,
Or a mysterious, ineffable awareness playing an imaginary protagonist;
Centerstage, in an extemporaneous, choiceless, Shakespearian performance.
A beyond-all-pales reverie, in which only a rare few awaken to its greater reality.
And even they are challenged to remain awake, when mesmerized by its illusory veil.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind ‘gets’ or ‘does not get’,
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the ‘belief’ systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

* * * *

To believe any true believer, can succumb to doubt, can awaken to a greater vision,
Is not likely a sound wager, and may well get somebody knocking at your door,
Offering to sell You the Brooklyn Bridge, with an especially special discount.

* * * *

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

* * * *

The history of the cosmos, the history of the world, the history of the human paradigm,
Is an ever-kaleidoscoping bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

* * * *

The human paradigm boils down to vanity and greed.
The human paradigm boils down to narcissism and hedonism.
The human paradigm boils down to self-interest and more is never enough.
And how likely is it to ever come to any happy conclusion?

* * * *

It is the rare mind,
That is not rushing, rushing, into the future,
Missing, missing, the present.

* * * *

Alas in this mortal theater,
That there is no happy ending,
Other than the ending itself.

* * * *

What is so wrong, so disturbing,
About being just a naturally-selected,
Unintentional, accidental, random, chance,
Very much all alone, happenstance of eternity?
An accidental tourist, out and about for a worldly tour.

* * * *

You are a direct line, an unconditional line, to the eternal You … There is no other.
All divisions, all boundaries, all partitions, all borders, are imagined.
All You need to do, is dial into this moment's awareness,
And You will be everything there is to be.
Eternal life is right here, right now.
Dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

* * * *

Do You realize your cosmos, your world,
Is entirely playing out in your mind.
That You are the universal mind.

* * * *

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

* * * *

Whatever the mystery is, You are.
Whatever the unfathomable is, You are.
Whatever the moment is, You are.
Whatever the awareness is, You are.
Whatever the ineffable is, You are.
Whatever the eternal is, You are.
Whatever the all is, You are.
Whatever the indelible is, You are.
Whatever the ineffaceable is, You are.
Whatever the entirety is, You are.
Whatever the matrix is, You are.
Whatever the quantum is, You are.
Whatever the infinite is, You are.

Whatever the infinitesimal is, You are.
Whatever the sum is, You are.
Whatever the witness is, You are.
Whatever the right here is, You are.
Whatever the right now is, You are.
Whatever the synergy is, You are.
Whatever the serendipity is, You are.
Whatever the whole is, You are.
Whatever the totality is, You are.
Whatever the intangible is, You are.
Whatever the everything is, You are.
Whatever the boundless is, You are.
Whatever the nameless is, You are.
Whatever the inexplicable is, You are.
Whatever the unborn is, You are.
Whatever the undying is, You are.
Whatever the indivisible is, You are.
Whatever the spaceless is, You are.
Whatever the timeless is, You are.
Whatever the absolute is, You are.
Whatever the nothing is, You are.
Whatever the creator is, You are.
Whatever the preserver is, You are.
Whatever the destroyer is, You are.
Whatever the omniscient is, You are.
Whatever the omnipresent is, You are.
Whatever the omnipotent is, You are.

Whatever God is, You are.

* * * *

The eye that seeks truth to whatever end, is a doubtful eye.

Is a questioning eye.
Is a skeptical eye.
Is a cynical eye.
Is a dubious eye.
Is a sensible eye.
Is a vigilant eye.
Is a judicious eye.
Is a tentative eye.
Is a cautious eye.
Is a patient eye.
Is a coherent eye.
Is a rational eye.

An eye that will go whatever end is required,
To discern the most truthful truth the mystery allows.

* * * *

Racing clocks, racing calendars, racing everything and everyone.
Goal after goal after goal, and ever something more after every finish line crossed.
The process, the course, the ways and means, often nothing more than time-wasting distraction.
And in the kaleidoscoping of each and every one, the unmoving moment presides.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to all things imagined by consciousness.

Pride
Love
Hate
Anger
Fear
Dread
Anxiety
Regret
Agony
Ecstasy
Greed
Envy
Lust
Gluttony
Judgment
Envy
Sloth
Sports
Entertainment
Hobbies
Recreation
Amusement
History
Math
Science
Art
Music
Humanities
Business
Psychology
Religion
Philosophy

… et cetera … et cetera … et cetera …

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all things mind.
Everything else is the huff and puff, the churning, the roiling, of imaginary notion.
Imagination has it meaning, its purpose, in the illusory dreamtime,

But it is not the baseline, for those who question.
For those who see the unseen.

* * * *

… here You are now …
… here You are now …
… here You are now …

There are many loaded words – God, Brahman, Allah, Krishna, Buddha, Tao, et cetera –
But in the essential quantum matrix reality, they mean nothing.
They are only words.
They are only sounds given concept,
To which attachment need not be given in a free mind.
When You listen to a language You do not know, words You do not understand,
What attachment do You have, can You have, to what sounds to your ear like nothing more than babble?
Do You really believe your language, your linguistic repertoire, sounds any different,
To the ears, of all the many across the world, who do not know it?
The human paradigm is a chaotic sea of vibration,
It always has been, it always will be.
And the only resolution?
A silent mind.

* * * *

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

* * * *

Physics is the underlying form.
Chemistry is the unifying force.
Biology is the foundation of life.
Nature is the expression unfurling.

* * * *

What a silent garden it must have been,
Before consciousness took root,
And imagination blossomed.

* * * *

It did not matter then.
It does not matter now.
It will not matter when.

* * * *

No matter how You slice it,
No matter how You dice it,
The entire human paradigm,
Boils down to vanity and greed.

* * * *

If angels and demons must be conceived,
Surely they are the imagination within all.

* * * *

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

* * * *

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

* * * *

You begin existence with nothing,
You leave existence with nothing.
Hold fast to the nothing between.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

* * * *

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

* * * *

In every sentient being that has ever been, or will ever be,
A unique existence, a unique perception, a unique universe, a unique everything.
All equally real, all equally unreal, as the eternal moment ordains.

* * * *

Your little corner seems so real to You but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can You truthfully disclose, You do not feel very much the same, about them?

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.

It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You and You are it; there is no other.

* * * *

It is the true believers who separate themselves from God,
Who abide in the hellscape of imagination.
Lucifer is their name,
And dualistic notion, their game.

* * * *

Regarding health and well-being,
What seems so minor in younger daze,
May well loom very large in the later ones.
Moderation in all things is the way.

* * * *

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.
If imagination wishes to carry on, it had better wake up a la bigtime.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusory quantum matrix, as are all sentient beings that perceive it.
The amorphous intelligence, is the indelibly ineffable eternal awareness, within all creation.

* * * *

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

* * * *

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

* * * *

And that moment, forever gone, too.
And that moment, now but the vaguest of memories.
Until it, too, is forever lost and forgotten.
Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

* * * *

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,
Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.

Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

* * * *

Everyone telling You there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep You in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

* * * *

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

* * * *

There is nothing You are meant to be.
There is nothing You are supposed to be doing.
There is only what You are; there is only what You are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The You this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

The rigors of life wear all down as water does rocks and mountains.
The quantum matrix is an ever-changing dynamic no mind can halt.

* * * *

If You want to discern what manner of man You are dealing with,
Put a sword and shield in his hands, and send him out into the arena.

* * * *

The world, the universe, You imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

* * * *

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

* * * *

If consciousness, if imagination, if dreamtime,
Wants to survive its illusion-delusion,
If it fancies sticking around,
It had better wise up.

* * * *

Try paying more attention to what You put in your mind-body than how it tastes.
Appeasing the taste buds only goes as far as that wormhole just beyond the tongue.

* * * *

The five senses and mind offer You an entire world and a vast cosmos, in which You are but a speck.
Disregard the senses, still the mind unto its sentience, and You are all of it.
To which quality of mind are You called?

* * * *

It is not how others think about You that torments You.
It is how You think they think about You that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, You must accept your Self, You must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The eternal moment.
It is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours.
Yet, You it, all the while.

* * * *

What is death but falling into a dreamless slumber,
From which You will never awaken in that form again.
Heavens and hells, and reincarnation, are but limited visions,
Misapprehensions, misconceptions, of what is really going on here.
You have never been the mind-body, or any other appearance or attribute.

* * * *

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

* * * *

Just be the breath.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.

Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

* * * *

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.
All our music.
All our arts.

All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

* * * *

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

* * * *

The mind can be a problem solver.
The mind can be a problem maker.

* * * *

Everything makes time.
Everything takes time.
Everything fakes time.

* * * *

Unless You have managed to wheedle your way into power and/or fame and/or fortune;
Or have some troll who has found motive to haunt your continuing existence;
Or have family and friends and tribal connections of a clannish sort;
Odds are, all your good and foul deeds, will go largely unnoticed and unpunished.
Anonymity is a gift to your Self, if You have the wit to eschew the delusion of self-importance.

* * * *

Whether miserable or cheerful, whether grousing or whistling,
'Tis yet another Sisyphean day of pushing that rock up the hill.

* * * *

How so many opt for a story, for a myth, for an idol,
Over the one and only eternal moment they are,
Is absurdity beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

* * * *

Clock face
Hour hand
Short hand
Minute hand
Long hand
Second hand

One hour
12 hours
24 hours
60 minutes
60 seconds
60 ticks

O’clock
Five past
Ten past
Quarter past
Twenty past
Twenty-five past
Half past
Twenty-five to
Twenty to
Quarter to
Ten to
Five to

Half-hour
Quarter-hour

Clockwise
Counter-clockwise

AM (Ante Meridiem)
PM (Post Meridiem)

Digital: 7:05

Wording: It's 5 past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven oh five.

Digital: 7:15
Wording: It's quarter past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven fifteen.

Digital: 7:30
Wording: It's half past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty.

Digital: 7:35
Wording: It's 25 to 8.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty-five.

* * * *

The eternal moment.
It is not yours.
It never was yours.
It never will be yours.
Suffer your way to nirvana.

* * * *

Another moment come and gone.
Did You give it your fullest attention,
Or were You off day-dreaming, yet again?
Another recollection, another vague perception,
Lost and gone forever, either way.
So it goes.

* * * *

No, You did not change your destiny, You did not alter your fate.
It might have seemed like a whole new direction in the epiphany You perceived,
But the big picture reality, is, You only continued wandering down the same sands-of-time path.
The dreamtime, from beginning to end, is free will looking forward, fate looking back.

An old – old being what it is – American folk song, sings it as it is.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.

And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The significance is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

* * * *

Imagination is the doer, in all that is done, and all that is undone.
And momentary awareness, is but timeless witness,
To the kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.

* * * *

You cannot be responsible for anyone or anything other than your Self.
And even that can be very troublesome more than several times a day.

* * * *

What a dominant force all our creations, all our manipulations, play in the human paradigm.
From fire and sharpened sticks, to everything we surround ourselves with, to live and work and entertain,
In this our modern industrial-technological, beyond-all-pales, mad-mad-mad, muddle of a world.
And all the clocks and calendars that tick-tick-tick every moment in our dreams of time,
Send us rushing, racing, every which way, throughout all our days and nights.
Ever scurrying to keep up with all the absurdities our minds embrace.

* * * *

The real hell all must overcome, is the one in their minds.
What is heaven, but the neuron trail, at peace with itself.

* * * *

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

* * * *

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

* * * *

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,

Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

* * * *

Whether You see it only once in a while,
Whether You see-hear-touch-taste-smell it all the time,
Why would it be relevant to anyone but You?
Destiny is tiller for every witness.

* * * *

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything You have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very moment, eternity permeates the core of your beingness,
And You settle for story after story, that have no reality, whatsoever.
The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

* * * *

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

* * * *

Learn to trust intuition's subtle epiphanies.
It is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

* * * *

If humans only perceive 0.0035 percent of this unfathomable mystery,
That some ivory tower sorts call the electromagnetic spectrum,
What the heck is going on in the other 0.9965 percent?

* * * *

When who becomes what,
When what becomes where,

When where becomes when,
When when becomes why,
When why becomes how,
When how becomes when,
Minds succumb to every hell.
Minds succumb to every heaven.

* * * *

It only takes one inattentive, one unlucky, one fated moment,
To forever change, forever alter, forever downsize, any given dream.
So, pay attention, Pilgrim; be mindful, if You prefer a less painful existence.

* * * *

You know a great deal about the world, the cosmos, the quantum illusion, your mind-body perceives,
But about the mystery – the unknowable, the enigmatic, the inexplicable, the inscrutable,
The impenetrable, the indescribable, the unfathomable, the ineffable –
You beyond all doubt, know absolutely nothing.

* * * *

There is most certainly an intransigent degree of peace,
And contentment and certainty and hope and unassailability,
In the unambiguous, infallible mindset, of an earnest true believer.
The critical thinker must work far harder to achieve,
That sure-footed level of absurdity.

* * * *

You have never existed.
Imagination imagined that You did,
But that was a projection, to which it is prone.
And You will not die, either.

* * * *

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

* * * *

Human existence is a trail of every imaginable ecstasy and agony,
Every passion to which these mortal coils are susceptible.

Buddha's First Noble truth: Existence is painful.
The second: Unhappiness is caused by selfish craving.
Third: Deliverance from pain is found through non-attachment.
And fourth: The Eightfold Path … Practice wisdom, morality, meditation.

The Eightfold Path
Right views
Right intention
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

The Five Hindrances
Sensuality
Ill-will
Lethargy
Worry
Indecision

Seven Factors of Enlightenment
Mindfulness
Investigation of existence
Persevering effort
Enkindle rapture
Maintain calm
Concentration on right values and things
Equanimity; good grace toward what life has in store

Ten Contemplations
Impermanence
Absence of a permanent self or soul
Profane nature of physical world
Danger or disadvantage
Abandonment
Detachment
Cessation
Distaste for external world
Impermanence of component things
Mindfulness of in-breathing and out-breathing

* * * *

Distraction – diversion, recreation, amusement, activity, meaning, purpose – is the opium of the masses.
Whether it be religion or politics or money or news or sports or food or drugs or technology,
Or anything else the human paradigm has conceived to fill its insatiability,
All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

* * * *

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.
You are as self-absorbed and terrestrial,
Or as Self-absorbed and undying,
As the vision in which You harbor.

* * * *

This is your one and only moment.
Are You the space and time imaginary You?
Or are You the spaceless-timeless awareness You?

* * * *

The paired lobes of the soft nervous tissue immediately behind the skull's forehead, are the mind's eye.
The part of the brain concerned with behavior, learning, personality, voluntary movement.
The coordinating epicenter of sensation and intellectual and nervous activity.
The quantum storm, electromagnetic grid, Shakespearian player,
Of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

* * * *

Even though space and time are really nothing more than an imaginary constructs
The human mind mindlessly, irrationally, absurdly, races it, from womb to grave.

* * * *

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion,
In the ineffably spaceless, timeless abyss of eternity.

* * * *

Adaptation is about letting go of things that no longer exist,
And discerning what is really happening in the right-here-right-now.
All simply a matter of doing the good old 'so it goes' shrug.
Of dealing with it, of getting over it, of moving on.

* * * *

A streaming state of mind is much easier when You are totally immersed in some worldly activity.
It is when You are all alone, undistracted, that the dragon of disquieting imagination raises its head.
Self-controlled attention to the ever-present, timeless moment, can be a challenging thing to muster.

* * * *

Be content to consider this inexplicable mystery, a mystery that needs no solution.
Nor any of the incalculable absurdities our kind has devised to worship and fear and dread it.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, prior-to-consciousness, spaceless-timeless awareness, of all eternity.
You are it, it is You, a wakefulness that pervades all creation, and the abyss in which it frolics.
What more realization, what more insight, what more understanding, is necessary?
The momentary challenge is to be as present, as here now, as possible.
As deeply silent as the mind allows in any given moment.

* * * *

Still working all that blather in your head out? All that mind-body conditioning.
All that crap that rolodexes round and round like a rat on a rat wheel,
Regurgitating over and over and over and over and …
Well, silence is the only resolution.
And that takes some very resolute attention.

* * * *

Imaginary as the human paradigm is, all come up with their own unique way,
To keep their mindset, their attitude, their conviction, their headset,
In one dimension of balance, of centered-ness, or another.
Obviously, some are much better at it than others.
So-called sanity is about being somewhat functional,
In whatever absurdity is playing out in the given theater.

* * * *

God did not kick us out of the Garden; it was a voluntary departure, a voluntary quit.
A cloaking of, a blindness to, a denial of, the instinctual nature, the instinctual patterning.
Brought on by imagination's fabrication of knowledge, its embracing of knowledge.
Any creation story, no matter how redeeming, is nothing more than a metaphor.

* * * *

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty, but an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist, but in the eye of one beholder or another.

* * * *

The Ancient Greeks made a big thing of ethics way back when,
And we have been wagging our fingers at each other ever since.

* * * *

It is challenging to understand, to grasp, the nature of history,
Until You have at least a modicum of it in your frame of reference.

* * * *

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
Athenian historian and general
History of the Peloponnesian War

Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Seneca (4 BC – AD 65)
Stoic philosopher of Ancient Rome
Statesman, dramatist, satirist

* * * *

Some conquer the world.
Some conquer themselves.
Some follow one or the other.
Some perch on couches or barstools.
And the rest do, whatever they do, as they can.

* * * *

To comprehend what You truly are, have always been, will ever be,
You must unwrap the mind into a totality, so vast, so empty, as to be unfathomably incomprehensible.
It is the You You are, before all befores, after all afters, and during all durings.
The unutterable silence of eternity is deafening.

* * * *

You are not anything that You pretend to be,
You are not anything that You imagine your Self to be.
The human paradigm is nothing more than Shakespearian theater,
Being played in the imaginary dreamtime of your mind.
Something spun from nothing is still nothing.

* * * *

Idolatry is much easier than realization.
Worshipping an idol, a symbol, an idea, is far simpler,
Than effortlessly being what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this bogglingly ineffable magical mystery theater.

* * * *

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self-importance is a long and winding Yellow Brick Road.
A twisting, turning, entangling, bottomless rabbit hole,
Down which imagination, the usurper, easily treks.

* * * *

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

* * * *

You cannot take the second step, until You have taken the first.
You cannot take the third step, until You have taken the second.
You cannot take the fourth step, until You have taken the third.
You cannot take the fifth step, until You have taken the fourth.
You cannot take the sixth step, until You have taken the fifth.
You cannot take the seventh step, until You have taken the sixth.
And You cannot take the last step, until You have taken all prior.

* * * *

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

* * * *

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

All groupthink aside, see it or not, accept it or not,
Everything across the universe is the same mystery,
None greater, none lesser, in any way or shape or form.

* * * *

What is enlightenment? Does such a thing even exist?
And is it really anything but a never-ending awakening,
To how immense, how unfathomable, a mystery it truly is,
And how infinitesimally small humankind inevitably makes it.

* * * *

Nature is the unfathomable mystery's expression.
The world is nature, the cosmos is nature, the mind-body is nature.
The world is the mystery, the cosmos is the mystery, the mind-body is the mystery.
And scientific method is the most rational means to investigate this kaleidoscoping quantum mirage.
To consider yourself separate from the world, separate from the cosmos,
Is the ever-ironical-paradoxical, absurd fallacy of imagination.
All demarcation, is illusion-delusion of the first order.
And the awareness You are, witness to it all.

* * * *

Would You endure all the pain and bother of your brief mortal existence,
If You were strapped to a table, and someone else was inflicting it?
Why wait for a declining body to make the inevitable decision?
Why put family and friends and acquaintances, or yourself,
Though having to deal with all your endgame suffering?
Give them the blessing of their own time and your treasures.

* * * *

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

* * * *

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,

That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

* * * *

The challenge with destiny is not knowing what it is,
And having to play it out one moment at a time,
In whatever way natural selection ordains.

* * * *

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.
Forget until there is nothing left to remember.
Timeless, ageless, changeless, immutable awareness,
Is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

* * * *

Ahooga! Ahooga!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Theories and conjectures being formed and launched without firm evidence!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Ahooga! Ahooga!

* * * *

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

* * * *

In the ultimate aloneness, You are.
In the ultimate singularity, You are.
In the ultimate entirety, You are.
In the ultimate indivisible, You are.
In the ultimate infinity, You are.
In the ultimate infinitesimal, You are.
In the ultimate ineffable, You are.
In the ultimate indelible, You are.
In the ultimate mystery, You are.

In the ultimate absolute, You are.
In the ultimate detachment, You are.
In the ultimate intangible, You are.
In the ultimate spaceless, You are.
In the ultimate timeless, You are.
In the ultimate awareness, You are.
In the ultimate serenity, You are.
In the ultimate silence, You are.
In the ultimate emptiness, You are.
In the ultimate fullness, You are.
In the ultimate pointless, You are.
In the ultimate unfathomable, You are.
In the ultimate unborn-undying, You are.
In the ultimate omnipresence, You are.
In the ultimate omniscience, You are.
In the ultimate omnipotence, You are.

Only your attachment to your mind-body, your world, your cosmos, limit your vision.

* * * *

So many of our two-legged genetic predisposition, perhaps all, rapidly or gradually transform into critics
– Detractors, opponents, enemies, censors, criticizers, faultfinders, knockers, decriers, denigrators –
As if all our judgments mean anything in the grand scheme of all things ineffably indivisible.
As if all our judgments are anything more than insignificant monkey-mind squabbling.
To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.
To be truly all-accepting, would indeed require, an incredible realization.

* * * *

When it comes to defining this mystery,
Claim anything, maintain anything, argue anything,
And You will always be wrongo-bongo.

* * * *

Just another day for all the retired, generally tired folk.
Not much need for clocks or calendars at that juncture of the game.
You eats when You are hungry, sleeps when You are tired,
And putters about in the moment between.

* * * *

The parochial mind is one having a limited or narrow outlook or scope.
A cosmopolitan mind is familiar with, at ease, in many different countries and cultures.
Provincial, conventional, limited, restricted, narrow-minded, unsophisticated, short-sighted, close-minded,
Narrow-minded, inward-looking, naive, insular, myopic, blinkered, hidebound, jerkwater, petty.
Versus, broad-minded, unprejudiced, tolerant, knowing, aware, seasoned, liberal,
Expansive, sophisticated, experienced, worldwide, global, universal.
There is a spectrum, of course, for we are all ultimately,
The same narcissistic, hedonistic primate,
We were in the jungles of old.

* * * *

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

* * * *

What relationship, what bond, can a digitalized mind have,
With the analog universe from which it materialized?
How will the natural world manage to hold out?
How will it survive so much obliviousness,
Of the implacable rubrics of the game?
How will it endure a mutant mind,
No analog garden can forever sustain.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss,
Through which creation and destruction frolic.

* * * *

The point is not whether You are a flawless ethical being.
The point is that You are immaculate, no matter your moral character.
No matter your ethnicity, your tribe, your mind-body, your gender, your anything.
You are that which is timeless, spaceless, indivisible, unknowable, indescribable, unfathomable.
To believe otherwise, is to live the falsehood, the deception, of dualistic notion.

* * * *

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

* * * *

Gaze at the farthest star your mortal eyes can muster.
Close your mind, open your inner eye, and there You are.

* * * *

That You take your imaginary self
– The mind, the body, the world, the universe –
So seriously, as to suffer so much ecstasy, so much agony,
Is but an exceedingly, beyond-all-pales absurdity.

* * * *

Let your mind, let your spirit, be as empty, as vacant, as void, as the sky.
Dispel all thoughts of your imaginary self; become the timeless awareness.

* * * *

Clearly discerning the right-here-right-now eternal moment's mystery for what it is,
Is not a matter of belief, not something that can be rhetorically jousted.
It is plainly, it is simply, it is forthrightly, a Self-realization,
And the greatest of doubts is required to fathom it.
And one either has the doubt, or does not.
Either has the resolve, or does not.
Either has the grit, the gumption, or does not.
Either surrenders to eternity's silent calling, or does not.
And whoever imparts the awareness, can do no more than point it out,
And serenely meander on, very much alone, in the maha mauna of his own dreamtime.

* * * *

How amazing is it, that You with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here You are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable inexorable fate.

* * * *

How tranquil the minds of our ancestors must have been,
Before imagination usurped the timeless awareness,
And shaped a world corrupted by self-interest.
Before imagination plucked the fruit of the garden,
And gradually spun knowledge into the massive leviathan,
That we, with little caution, spur on, in the given modern moment.

* * * *

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.
You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.

You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All You need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

* * * *

The departing challenge for all, in this ineffable quantum dreamtime theater
– All the effort, all the suffering, it has taken to persevere the long and winding journey –
Is to be content, to be satisfied, with whatever You have done, with whatever You have not done.

contentment | kənˈtentmənt |
noun

a state of happiness and satisfaction.

contentedness, content, satisfaction, fulfillment; happiness, pleasure, cheerfulness, gratification, gladness; ease, comfort, restfulness, well-being, peace, equanimity, serenity, tranquility, placidity, placidness, repletion, complacency.

Are You?

* * * *

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Unborn, undying, You are, You are,
In the once upon a time.

* * * *

What is there, what can there be,
But what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it.
And no vision, no mind, no world, no cosmos, ever the same.
Every sentient being, small to large; all of the same aloneness, for all eternity.

* * * *

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.

How imagination uses You is just another tale quickly done.
A fiction, to which You are witness, as wit allows.

* * * *

The Buddha mind is a liberated mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is an unconditional mind.
The Buddha mind is a still mind.
The Buddha mind is a seamless mind.
The Buddha mind is a free mind.
The Buddha mind is an attentive mind.
The Buddha mind is an acute mind.
The Buddha mind is an aware mind.
The Buddha mind is a composed mind.
The Buddha mind is an absolute mind.
The Buddha mind is a boundless mind.
The Buddha mind is an immeasurable mind.
The Buddha mind is a limitless mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinite mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinitesimal mind.
The Buddha mind is a unified mind.
The Buddha mind is an aimless mind.
The Buddha mind is a timeless mind.
The Buddha mind is a serene mind.
The Buddha mind is a sovereign mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is a no-mind mind.
The Buddha mind is an unoccupied mind.
The Buddha mind is a pointless mind.
The Buddha mind is a spaceless mind.
The Buddha mind is a peaceful mind.
The Buddha mind is a matchless mind.
The Buddha mind is a meaningless mind.
The Buddha mind is the cosmic mind.
The Buddha mind is a mind immersed in eternity.

* * * *

Human primates imagine themselves highborn and deserving,
But what nobility is there in narcissism and hedonism?
What nobility is there in arrogance and avarice?

* * * *

The Ocean of Consumption
The Mountain of Consumption
The Forest of Consumption
The River of Consumption
The Valley of Consumption
The Desert of Consumption

The Oasis of Consumption
The Hill of Consumption
The Marsh of Consumption
The Canyon of Consumption
The Glacier of Consumption
The Bog of Consumption
The Tundra of Consumption
The Plateau of Consumption

Whatever the metaphor, Mammon rules,
Those who cannot restrain their narcissistic-hedonistic bent.

* * * *

All have their own interpretation, their own construct, of everything.
Every mind, every sensory set – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden flesh – is entirely unique.
Hard not to get drawn into believing it all real, when You are playing it all real.
Hard to remain detached, when your world draws You so.

* * * *

A quantum mind-body synced with a quantum world,
A quantum cosmos, a quantum mystery, a quantum illusion.
Witnessed by You ever present, unborn, undying, eternally alone.
For every ever, sentience; for every ever, consciousness;
For every ever, imagination, manages to endure.
It is but a dream to play as best You can.
Hopefully, it is not a nightmare.
At least, not too often.

* * * *

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.
And imagination, the surreal trickster of either.

* * * *

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted You have shaped your world,
Whatever You say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

* * * *

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.
And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.

And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if, before and after, have any reality.

* * * *

Alas for the many who deeply yearn, deeply long, for a black and white dream,
That the ineffable mystery is permeated with the shades of gray of irony and paradox.
The subtleties, the nuances, the intricacies, the restraints, the fetters – of the ultimate reality,
Are not for the un-doubters, the sheeples, the true believers, sprinting down the road more traveled.

* * * *

What is death, what is demise, what is passing, what is ruin,
But dissolution, annihilation, expiration, extermination, extinction.
A world, a cosmos, a quantum mirage of space-time, undone,
Of everything the body's sensory-mind has imagined.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

* * * *

What a huge burden, what a huge bother,
To be caught up in the vanity-greed maelstrom,
Of power and/or fortune and/or renown.

* * * *

If it has happened anywhere across the world,
In any moment the eternal continuum brandishes,
Rest assured it can happen in your neck of the woods.

* * * *

Without doubt,
Without skepticism,
Without critical thinking,
What is there but an automaton,
Mimicking, reciting, echoing, spewing.

* * * *

You are the mystery of eternity.
Sit back, and serenely witness the illusion,
Playing out before the given senses of the mind-body,
In which You dwell for a relatively brief window of dreamtime.

* * * *

Embrace the given moment.
It is as close to eternity,
As close to your Self,

As You can ever be.

* * * *

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back,
Into whatever illusion your dreamtime delusion inspires.

* * * *

In every mind, in which You have ever wandered,
In every mind, that has ever witnessed your presence,
You have performed very different, very impromptu parts,
As assigned by the frames of reference of the given beholders.

* * * *

Much easier, to follow, to worship, some idolatrous trope,
Than it is to put in the real work, and awaken to your Self.

* * * *

Anyone who – labels, brands, regards, describes, portrays – themselves anything,
Is well on the way to pretty much missing the entire raison d'être,
Of everything that these writings have pointed to.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are the surest means to discerning this great truth.
To wallow in the dogmas and idolatries, so many consider religion,
Is to entirely miss the mark, of the all, You truly are.

* * * *

Duality, is a deity, a God, out there, watching you.
And non-duality, the drop of God, the drop of mystery,
The drop of eternal awareness, You are, looking out.

* * * *

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

* * * *

You have your own dreamtime.
He has his own, and she, hers, and others, theirs.
None, ever even close to being alike, and judgment, what is the point?
Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same,

Is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Science has limits.
Mathematics has limits.
Language has limits.
History has limits.

All things imagined have limits.

* * * *

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little,
That it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

* * * *

Who can say, whether or not,
The entirety of all creation has simultaneously happened,
The very same instant.

* * * *

Knowledge appears to make the universe expand further and further,
But how can You expand that, which never existed in the first place?

* * * *

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

* * * *

The sweet.
The sour.
The bitter.
The good.
The bad.
The ugly.
Taking things as they are,
Mitigates the suffering of existence.

* * * *

Caring too much.
Caring too little.
Caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right.
A Goldilocks balancing act for all.

* * * *

All of eternity, is but one moment, one instant.
It takes imagination a little bit longer to catch up.

* * * *

Eternity is right here, right now, this very moment.

It cannot be seen.
It cannot be touched.
It cannot be tasted.
It cannot be smelled.
It cannot be heard.

It cannot be known by any creation, ever fashioned in its clear awareness.

* * * *

When imagination is set aside, and eternal awareness takes the helm,
Each and every moment, is, simultaneously, both the first and the last.

* * * *

To in any way imagine your mind-body, your Self, in any way separate
– from this moment, from this right-here-right-now, from this one and only eternity –
How irrational, how ludicrous, how absurd, how meaningless, how insane, how stupid, is that?

* * * *

What does a rock perceive,
What does it do,
And how in quantum,
Is it any different from You?

* * * *

Try not to get beaten up and/or crucified.
Martyrdom is neither pretty, nor necessary.
Take time enough to become a garden statue.

* * * *

You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to know?
What more do You need to see?
What more do You need to hear?
What more do You need to taste?
What more do You need to smell?
What more do You need to touch?
What more do You need to become?
You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to be?

* * * *

Call it consciousness,
Call it memory,
Call it knowledge,

Call it reflection,
Call it belief,
Call it opinion,
Call it conception,
Call it thought,
Call it cogitation,
Call it sketch,
Call it estimation,
Call it outlook,
Call it view,
Call it perception,
Call it scheme,
Call it hypothesis,
Call it impression,
Call it model,
Call it plot,
Call it blueprint,
Call it idea,
Call it meditation,
Call it contemplation,
Call it idolatry,
Call it theory,
Call it cognizance,
Call it deliberation,
Call it plan,
Call it rumination,
Call it introspection,
Call it design,
Call it notion,
Call it reminiscence,
Call it musing,
Call it recollection,
Call it anything You please,
It is all naught but ephemeral imagination.

* * * *

I am mystery.
I am totality.
I am That I Am.
I am Self.
I am God.
I am awareness.
I am timeless.
I am eternal.
I am spaceless.
I am moment.
I am infinite.
I am infinitesimal.

I am complete.
I am nothing.
I am everything.
I am ineffable.
I am indivisible.
I am indelible.
I am unfathomable.
I am creation.
I am preservation.
I am destruction.
I am unborn.
I am undying.
I am omnipresent.
I am omniscient.
I am omnipotent.
I am eternity.
I am mystery.

And in all these truths, so are You.

* * * *

Hard as it is to discern,
Hard as it is to accept,
Hard as it is to believe,
All things are on the table.
Quantum knows no bounds.
Awareness, even fewer.

* * * *

Be the moment.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness.
Be right here, be right now.
Be your true Self.
Be eternity.
Be complete.

* * * *

Idolatry comes in every way.
Idolatry comes in every size.
Idolatry comes in every shape.
Idolatry comes in every conception.
That the wiles of imagination can devise.

* * * *

What can illusion offer, but endless temporal ecstasies,
What can illusion offer, but endless temporal agonies,
Of every variety imagination is capable of concocting.

* * * *

What do you feel any passion about,
What do you feel any ecstasy or agony about,
But a collection of memories, that are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Estimates indicate that more than 99.9%,
Of all species that have ever lived on Earth,
Totaling billions of species, are now extinct.
Which means, of course, odds are not good,
For most everything You daily witness.

* * * *

Hard to be in the world, in the cosmos, and not of it.
Imagination is just way too good at sucking the mind back into its dreamtime.
Even sitting alone in a cave would probably not deter it.

* * * *

Every variety of predator in this planet of the apes dreamtime.
You cannot be too careful, too cautious, too vigilant, too mindful.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

All thoughts about anyone, about anything,
In your touchy-feely, dreamtime cosmos of a world,
Are but projections of your narcissistic-hedonistic imagination.

* * * *

Welcome to my little Magic Theatre.
A theme park, filled with irony and paradox.
Built for all who feel the call of their eternal nature.

* * * *

What could be more enlightened, what could be more liberated,
Than an openness to all possibilities, an acceptance of all possibilities.

* * * *

Of remorse for harmful acts, intentional or otherwise,
All one can really do is apologize, and never do it again.

* * * *

How can You not see, how can You not discern,
What has ever been right before your mind's eye.

* * * *

Illeism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illeism

Illeism (/ˈɪli.ɪzəm/; from Latin ille: "he; that man") is the act of referring to oneself in the third person instead of first person. It is sometimes used in literature as a stylistic device. In real-life usage, illeism can reflect a number of different stylistic intentions or involuntary circumstances.

Accordingly, in certain Eastern religions, like Hinduism, illeism is sometimes seen as a sign of enlightenment, since through it, an individual detaches their eternal self (atman) from their bodily form; in particular, Jnana yoga encourages its practitioners to refer to themselves in the third person.

Known illeists of that sort include:

Anandamayi Ma (1896–1982)
Buddha sometimes referred to himself as either "The Buddha" or "The Tathagata."
Sathya Sai Baba (1926–2011)
Mata Amritanandamayi (born 1953)
Swami Ramanagiri (1921–1955)
Swami Ramdas (1884–1963), Indian saint, philosopher, philanthropist and pilgrim
Rama Tirtha (1873–1906), Indian teacher of Vedanta
Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary of Osho
Jesus Christ is found referring to himself as "Jesus" (as well as the "Son of Man"), as in John 17:1–3

Soundbites

Every mind instantly weaves the eternal moment into its imaginary frame of reference.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms, in which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

A lie is a lie, but the white ones tend to keep the sails of relationships and situations a bit more trimmed.

* * * *

Easier to conquer the world than it is your self.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Cheating and conniving your way through life, what could possibly be the point?

* * * *

mind creates its own hell, its own purgatory, its own heaven, and like snowflakes, none ever alike.

* * * *

Space and time weaves along in me, along in You, so we sing the song, and believe it true, so true.

* * * *

Only through the other, can the no other of Self, be discerned.

* * * *

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, an assortment, a miscellany, a variety, for which few truly hunger.

* * * *

Take it, or leave it, You decide.

* * * *

And here it is, the inexplicable eternal mystery of You, right before your eyes.

* * * *

Your entire existence has been but one breath from death.

* * * *

This is the moment that will happen.

* * * *

In the cosmic vastness of possibilities, You are.

* * * *

The idolatry of the true believer is the plague of history.

* * * *

The three paths to a hellish existence are lust and anger and greed.

* * * *

All history is of relatively short duration from the eternal view.

* * * *

All that suffering, all that passion, all that reverie, has never been more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

It is just about filling the time with whatever your nature-nurture fate calls.

* * * *

The ether of awareness is the earth-wind-water-fire of consciousness.

* * * *

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity; all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Death is the great escape.

* * * *

Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.

* * * *

Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.

* * * *

This is an entirely Self-generated creation.

* * * *

Fallacious thinking creates its own fallacious reality.

* * * *

How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

* * * *

The other is a figment of imagination.

* * * *

Sooner or later, all pyramids are raided by one future-past or another.

* * * *

Your cosmos is only as infinite, only as infinitesimal, as your imagination.

* * * *

A huge mansion, a huge castle, only means you have to walk further to take a shit.

* * * *

How capable are You, really, of changing even one speck of the imaginary you, You play?

* * * *

Consciousness v. Awareness is a no-contest contest.

* * * *

All dreamtime dances in the moment.

* * * *

The cosmos is but a relatively large dance floor for the mystery to witness everything imaginable.

* * * *

To give full attention to the moment, is an every-moment challenge.

* * * *

A deep, full breath is the surest way to clear, to recalibrate, the busy-busy mind.

* * * *

The rule of law is black and white; the real world, shades of gray.

* * * *

A willingness to throw out the baby with the bathwater is required to cede to doubt.

* * * *

Why get all twisted up about what is really nothing more than illusion?

* * * *

Pyramids are just over-sized storage units.

* * * *

To live a life without doubt, is to miss entirely its pointlessness.

* * * *

What is prayer but another token of imaginary chatter.

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate, and that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute; be a lotus.

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us, for what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Imagination only knows what it projects.

* * * *

Every sentient creature, each very much timelessly alone, suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

All of creation is a simultaneous continuum.

* * * *

As these bodies become torture units, the absence of pain can be the greatest pleasure.

* * * *

It is not the numbers that lie; it is those who wield them.

* * * *

As the open hand is to the monkey’s freedom, the open mind is to yours.

* * * *

That is the part You play, but is that face in the crowd, the real You?

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind; dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

How unremarkable the uncritical mind.

* * * *

You must wash away the little self, to see the big Self, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

We are all the tools of Mother Nature and her Magical Mystery Tour.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream; the dream, the dreamer.

* * * *

A thesaurus is a means, to finding that more accurate word, for whatever it is You are trying to say.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences, for which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

All the commitments to a dream; talk about irony and paradox.

* * * *

To wander as though dead – as detached, as nondescript, as the dead – is the great challenge.

* * * *

Of gain and loss, gain is the far easier one to endure.

* * * *

The mind focuses with the most equanimity on one thing at a time.

* * * *

Amazing what all life endures, all for what amounts to nothing more than a touchy-feely dream.

* * * *

The optimal goal is neither a step too short, nor a bridge too far.

* * * *

There is no truth until You see it is You.

* * * *

It is all You, and whatever You discern it to be, or not to be.

* * * *

A mind without focus, is a mind filled with incessant chatter.

* * * *

What decision is not host to the possibility of unintended consequences?

* * * *

It is for the living, to process, to make or unmake, the worlds of those who first depart.

* * * *

Observing the mystery within and without is a non-religion religion.

* * * *

True immortality is only achieved in total detachment.

* * * *

To believe in a deity or deities, You must first imagine divinity, and then imagine it real and true.

* * * *

The ever-present mind-body fabricates an imaginary continuity, that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

What is this so-called existence, but an empty bag of memories.

* * * *

When have You not been a beginner?

* * * *

Awakening is like backing your Self into a corner, and then erasing the corner.

* * * *

Another pleasant distraction.

* * * *

It will all be quickly forgotten when we extinguish ourselves.

* * * *

Does imagination spring from the persona, or the persona from imagination?

* * * *

Need a koan to wake up? Forget it.

* * * *

Somehow imagination got started, and has not stopped since.

* * * *

The speculations are many and not far between.

* * * *

Imagination has no limits but what it sets.

* * * *

Glimpses of the sky, the clarity, between the clouds of consciousness.

* * * *

Right here, right now, You are, for as long as the mystery allows.

* * * *

How can the human paradigm ever draw back from the investment it has imagined into reality?

* * * *

Awareness sees all, awareness knows all, awareness is all.

* * * *

You are powerful, You are rich, You are famous ... So what?

* * * *

Repeating it over and over, has never made any story real or true.

* * * *

Who is the seeker searching for the nothingness prior to the searching?

* * * *

What is fake news, what is not fake news?

* * * *

How many people pull out their car fobs to open the front door?

* * * *

You are lost the moment inattention gives over to the wiles of imagination.

* * * *

It takes a strong and vigilant mind to abide in the awareness of the eternal moment.

* * * *

The true believer is blind to truth.

* * * *

Tales of the quantum matrix

* * * *

Eternity is not a story.

* * * *

Why search for the nothingness prior to the searching?

* * * *

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.

* * * *

A quantum mirage.

* * * *

What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

* * * *

A different kind of intelligence.

* * * *

Rich man’s life on a dime, many lifetimes in one, is how I put it.

* * * *

Regret and revenge are equipped with long memories.

* * * *

Every mind, a mystery theater.

* * * *

How much of our existence we spend, we waste, labeling our imaginary selves this or that.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

The art is in seeing the way things are.

* * * *

Another thing well worth forgetting.

* * * *

Otherness is the curse of the tribal imperative.

* * * *

Yet another exceedingly vague memory.

* * * *

When have You not been partial to oblivion?

* * * *

Fill the emptiness ... with nothing.

* * * *

A good-looking blob, but a blob, nonetheless.

* * * *

What so-called religion, what so-called cult, is not idolatrous?

* * * *

Just another predatorial enterprise.

* * * *

Why would any critter ever have any need to give itself or anything else a name?

* * * *

What greater intelligence than one honed by nature?

* * * *

Do You really believe, labeling your imaginary self, this or that, means anything?

* * * *

Vanity blinds You to your truth.

* * * *

Another day on the rack of existence.

* * * *

Is what You think is happening right now, truly what is happening right now?

* * * *

Do You really need to keep doing that?

* * * *

Imagining truth, is never truth.

* * * *

Pretty absurd debating with someone who is dead.

* * * *

Is it on the agnostic, to prove God does not exist, or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?

* * * *

Life is not all it is cracked up to be, for many of the all.

* * * *

So many things, You do not want or need, to ever do again.

* * * *

Maybe next year.

* * * *

Keep it in your hand, boys, keep it in your hand, if you want to avoid a world of hurt.

* * * *

What busy-busy calls You?

* * * *

As a bee is to the scent of a flower, the mind is to the dream of imagination.

* * * *

Will the very young be at all interested in the old school world that gave them theirs?

* * * *

Do You find it, or it, You?

* * * *

How deep do your thoughts go, how deep can they go?

* * * *

We are all at the mercy of the imagination roiling about in our craniums.

* * * *

Love thy Self, love thy awareness, love thy eternity, love thy mystery.

* * * *

Looks like that entitlement needle is quivering.

* * * *

What does not fit like clockwork, in everything written herein?

* * * *

You will have to read it all, to know whether or not, I had a thought about that.

* * * *

Where it begins, where it ends, will be forever unknown.

* * * *

Do not doubt your Self.

* * * *

Same old tribal catechism.

* * * *

Agape is much more than the infatuations inspired by mere mortal love.

* * * *

The true scientist's mind knows no bounds.

* * * *

Where else can You possibly be, but this very right-here-right-now, ever-present, eternal moment?

* * * *

You're hired.

* * * *

I quit.

* * * *

There goes another two-legged cancer cell.

* * * *

Is existence a rainbow, or a many-shaded graybow.

* * * *

Every language has its migration.

* * * *

What life does not narrow down, to a last few routines, a last few pleasures, a last few thoughts.

* * * *

Odds are, your deity/deities of choice, are as vain as you.

* * * *

With great power, comes great responsibility, for some.

* * * *

Alliances come, alliances go, and sometimes come and go, many agains.

* * * *

More fallacious tribal catechism.

* * * *

Soooo … will Jesus be showing up today?

* * * *

Why allow the body to torture You to some bitter end?

* * * *

Measuring the measurable is the charade of the human mind.

* * * *

The Self that You are, is not the self, You think, You believe, You imagine, You are.

* * * *

Way, way, way too many variables.

* * * *

Having no friends is a good way to avoid disappointment and frustration.

* * * *

Mother Nature and Death are lovers, and do so enjoy inflicting as much pain and suffering, as possible.

* * * *

Nothing is sacrosanct.

* * * *

The daisies are hunting you.

* * * *

A gift to the unaligned.

* * * *

Fairly easy to doubt idolatry.

* * * *

The few and far between share the solitude of eternity.

* * * *

Imagining all us grubs walking about naked is a shudder-worthy thought.

* * * *

Neither love nor hate abide in the oblivion of the no-mind.

* * * *

History is not a rainbow, it is a graybow.

* * * *

You are not, and have never been, and will never be, anything You imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

In the dreamtime of consciousness, of imagination, curiosity is key to an endless maze.

* * * *

Anyone who believes they are the smartest, in any given room, is walking on unsteady ground.

* * * *

The modern conveniences, that are not, are legion.

* * * *

The real world rarely hands out participation trophies.

* * * *

The chitter-chatter of consciousness, always humming in the background.

* * * *

Grubs 'n Blobs, all screengrazing who knows how many years of our lives.

* * * *

Learn to whistle while You slave away for the man.

* * * *

Let us know when you find your faceless.

* * * *

That catechism is too strong a wall to bother laying siege.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be harnessed by a clock.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be imagined; the awareness is prior to all conception.

* * * *

You either are eternity, or You are not; it cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Count it their good fortune, if you did not bring children into this hellish paradigm.

* * * *

Fake news for fake lives.

* * * *

We all play a part in a dream that will carry on for as long as imagination endures.

* * * *

Breathe in the quantum nothingness, breathe out the quantum nothingness.

* * * *

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are, the moment you have ever been.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus, you might well kill him, too.

* * * *

Gravity and imagination only fool You into believing You are not lost in space.

* * * *

There have been as many worlds, as many universes, as there are lifeforms to perceive them.

* * * *

Break the spell.

* * * *

The moment never starts, and time never stops.

* * * *

Any tea ceremony is a gesture, a nod, a surrender, to the eternal moment.

* * * *

Yet another way, just another way, to get stuck in time.

* * * *

Your version of your story should be first on the docket.

* * * *

What attachment does an infant have to anything born of mind?

* * * *

Can a seer be measured by human standards anymore?

* * * *

Do all negative states of mind boil down to bad breathing, inattentive breathing?

* * * *

You cannot be centerstage in any cosmos, any perception, but your own.

* * * *

The moment is, the moment is not.

* * * *

Get a clue.

* * * *

Another grub, another blob, oozing through all the orifices.

* * * *

Best leave an opponent an exit if You do not want to risk being bloodied or killed.

* * * *

Lowering the bar.

* * * *

Raising the bar.

* * * *

How was it You became so attached to this blob of protoplasm?

* * * *

That is one good-looking blob.

* * * *

Grubs and blobs are words used interchangeably herein.

* * * *

Some people always find a reason to hate.

* * * *

How can truth be argued?

* * * *

What sort of pitiless deity would expect you to depart in some torturous state?

* * * *

The abyss is You, You are the abyss, there is no other.

* * * *

The call of the eternal is not for those bent to distraction.

* * * *

Hate breeds hate, and love, often the same, it only takes longer.

* * * *

Putting into words that which no word can capture.

* * * *

Such a tribal species we are, in which some win, some lose, and most get by, best they can.

* * * *

No culture is immune from the vagaries of prejudice and hate.

* * * *

Define normal.

* * * *

How much lighter the world is, the cosmos is, without You playing Atlas.

* * * *

It is all about You! Not you, dummy.

* * * *

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?

* * * *

You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.

* * * *

Transcending space and time, is not so hard, once You realize they do not exist.

* * * *

Floating down the path less traveled.

* * * *

It has been all for nothing.

* * * *

Two legs good, four legs better, and six or more, even better.

* * * *

To embrace the aloneness, is to be free of the imaginary other.

* * * *

Nothing to get.

* * * *

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.

* * * *

Death hovers near every moment; may as well relax and embrace it.

* * * *

Religion is for sheeples.

* * * *

Why, in any God's name, would you want to live forever, whatever forever is?

* * * *

A genomic happenstance.

* * * *

Hindsight is a bitch.

* * * *

Hard for anyone to own their bullshit.

* * * *

Always very challenging to change course in the middle of a raging storm.

* * * *

The moment is eternity; all You need do is give it your full attention.

* * * *

Your health is your truest wealth.

* * * *

Comedy or tragedy that it may seem now, how long before it no longer matters?

* * * *

Today is just another tomorrow turning into another yesterday.

* * * *

Cultivate the state of mind that does not give a rat's ass about this illusion.

* * * *

You are the mystery, the mystery is you, get over your imaginary self.

* * * *

Grub out.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

What dreams have been, what dreams will come, what dreams are now, all just dreams.

* * * *

From oblivion to oblivion, and the oblivion between, cloaked by illusion.

* * * *

Grubs, ever imagining they are more.

* * * *

To be totally vulnerable to the moment, what a challenge.

* * * *

Any difference between Me and You is an imaginary assertion.

* * * *

How vulnerable will You be when Death finally shows up?

* * * *

To want anything is the root of fear and dread.

* * * *

Has there ever been a human culture, that did not imagine one deity or many, to define its daily sojourn?

* * * *

Kind moments, cruel moments, and all the ecstasies and agonies betwixt and between.

* * * *

The vexations of the world are many and not far between.

* * * *

Basking in the esoteric.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove? And what can be proven, really?

* * * *

How rare the ear for wisdom.

* * * *

Idolatry is about endlessly questing something, that is very present every moment within.

* * * *

What a waste of existence to be a tool, a pawn, a hostage, of imagination.

* * * *

The lies that time built are many and not far between.

* * * *

Whether you embrace or reject the absurdity, is all part of the absurdity.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, when being the ever-present is all there is.

* * * *

Soooo ... What are You going to do with that nonessential tidbit of curiosity-inspired trivia?

* * * *

To want something, to want anything, from an illusion, how absurd is that?

* * * *

Still a work in progress.

* * * *

All those thoughts You have about your imaginary self, and your imaginary world, all total up to nothing.

* * * *

Yet another whiff of perception.

* * * *

And why, pray tell, would that be important?

* * * *

So much to remember, so much to forget.

* * * *

Die to every breath.

* * * *

To discern it all illusion, is one thing; to detach from it, quite another.

* * * *

At what point does one's existence, become less about filling, than it does about emptying?

* * * *

Die to little self; awaken to big Self.

* * * *

You are awash in the ever-present eternal moment, oozing from every orifice.

* * * *

The quantum don't stop.

* * * *

Are You feeding the body, or the tongue?

* * * *

Your cosmos is only as large as your frame of reference.

* * * *

When there is nothing left to do, do nothing.

* * * *

How did You not see that before?

* * * *

Is anything against the law until You are caught?

* * * *

Getting their money's worth is a frugal policy.

* * * *

Are you just stupid, or are you just stupid?

* * * *

No need to carry out your dark thoughts, if You can imagine them.

* * * *

Entitlement and distraction, the fruit of narcissism and hedonism.

* * * *

A huge illusion beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the matrix, your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

Idolatry is not truth.

* * * *

Try to keep your darkness in your own head.

* * * *

A spinning little dust ball, awash in ignorance, compounded daily.

* * * *

The absurdities of idolatry are without end.

* * * *

Anything that does not have a name in this world, will not likely suffer without for long.

* * * *

A serene mind is an anathema, an abomination, a terror, a dread, to imagination.

* * * *

You are but a grub, conditioned by imagination, to believe You are something more than You can ever be.

* * * *

It is through your frame of reference that You perceive your cosmos.

* * * *

The only heaven, the only purgatory, the only hell, is the one the given mind imagines.

* * * *

The real You has never existed.

* * * *

History never stops, until You do.

* * * *

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent than the awareness permeating all?

* * * *

Thought cannot reconcile itself, but through strenuous rationalization.

* * * *

Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

* * * *

How can the imaginary notion of time ever penetrate the eternal moment?

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, without imagination, imagining it so.

* * * *

Words cannot but tell.

* * * *

Between that mouth and anus, a fairly long worm is still in play.

* * * *

To be You the mind must still, the senses attended without attachment, and awareness reign.

* * * *

Moderation in all things, ever proves itself the wisest policy.

* * * *

Were You so attached to this world before You were born?

* * * *

It is all distraction.

* * * *

Shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there waiting.

* * * *

Shake that stick.

* * * *

From Silk Road to Silk World.

* * * *

Reside in the spaceless, timeless serenity, of the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

What a madhouse!

* * * *

The beginning of the end just got closer.

* * * *

The universal mind, the whole mind, the absolute mind, is a sovereign mind, set free of all constraints.

* * * *

Where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

* * * *

What is any existence but a long and winding series of womb-to-grave phases.

* * * *

Self … just another word, it is not either.

* * * *

Imagination is a subtle, many-layered beast.

* * * *

Science is not a deity.

* * * *

So much of everything, all imagined; who does not, at least occasionally, feel overwhelmed?

* * * *

Grub it!

* * * *

Grub You!

* * * *

Grub this!

* * * *

A vivid, overactive mind, is a sure way to have a complicated, often troublesome existence.

* * * *

His Aloneliness.

* * * *

Idolatry does not for truth make.

* * * *

People might be similar in thought and belief, but no one is, or ever can be, exactly the same.

* * * *

Imagination is always just offstage, ready to pounce into any moment of inattention.

* * * *

Shakespeare on steroids.

* * * *

Regarding those who seek to know You it may well be prudent to be cautious about the overzealous sort.

* * * *

The world stirs the passions, and imagination rides them hard and long.

* * * *

Me and myself and I is solitary trio.

* * * *

So, You really believe You are going to get through the Pearly Gates …

* * * *

Imagination is carrot and stick, ever pressing You on, however nature-nurture has shaped your mind.

* * * *

How sweet it is to not care ever again.

* * * *

All that is known, is known in the fog of imagination.

* * * *

Group decisions, group actions, are less about conspiracy, than they are mission statements set in motion.

* * * *

Time to disappear, give over to Self, give over to the mystery, You are.

* * * *

As with war, realization requires a warrior spirit of the zennish sort.

* * * *

Ironic, indeed, that the intellect always believes, always imagines, itself so superior.

* * * *

That was another lifetime.

* * * *

What is this need to know to the infinitesimal level, but imagination's inability to still itself.

* * * *

Other than natural law, is there truly any law but your own?

* * * *

Why, in God’s name, would any God need You to believe in anything?

* * * *

Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?

* * * *

Seriously, who are You to judge anyone or anything?

* * * *

So many differences, all infused with the same mystery.

* * * *

We're all whacko; no point condemning yourself for it.

* * * *

Every moment is its own.

* * * *

Truth is truth, neither objective or subjective.

* * * *

You are the one true cathedral, the one true religion, the one true mystery.

* * * *

There are just some things that need to stay secret.

* * * *

What other creature on this planet coulda-woulda gone to all the mischief and bother our kind has?

* * * *

If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

* * * *

Not believing anything the mind imagines is the every-moment challenge.

* * * *

Without imagination, where can continuity reside?

* * * *

What will the cosmos be like without You? What will You be like without the cosmos?

* * * *

You are always floating in the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

The moment cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Death while living, has about it, an indifference that cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Yet another moment that never happened.

* * * *

Be as indifferent as the eternal moment.

* * * *

How quickly the illusion dreams on.

* * * *

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery; as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

* * * *

There is no original sin; only human chicanery.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

* * * *

The difference between You and anyone or anything, is a state of mind.

* * * *

There is the rational response, there is the passionate response; to which are You predisposed?

* * * *

The quantum cosmos within, the quantum cosmos without, all the same, what a mystery.

* * * *

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.

* * * *

Gravity is the Warden that fools us into believing we are not floating, free of all constraints.

* * * *

To be as nothing is the first and last step.

* * * *

Human beings are really just grubs with more imagination than many if not most know how to handle.

* * * *

Imagination has, indeed, got the better of us.

* * * *

You cannot help but arrive if You take every step.

* * * *

Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.

* * * *

The timeless moment is home to all sentience, and only the grip of imagination pretends otherwise.

* * * *

What a curious thing this human urge to preserve everything.

* * * *

Those who would be at peace endure those incapable of it

* * * *

Gravity fools You into believing, You are not floating in the still abyss, of the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Become adrift in eternity.

* * * *

Patience not being one of its greater virtues, avarice must always resist the urge to kill the Golden Goose.

* * * *

Generosity often pays a high price.

* * * *

Generosity often pays the high price, of no good deed going unpunished.

* * * *

People appreciate being treated well, but nobody can force respect and kindness.

* * * *

The House of Cards can only go so high; vanity and greed took it up, vanity and greed will take it down.

* * * *

Duality v. Nonduality: Is there really any question in a critical thinker’s mind?

* * * *

The game is afoot.

* * * *

Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self in which our kind harbors?

* * * *

Build a bridge, and they will cross.

* * * *

The habitual conditioning of a lifetime is all but impossible, but through death, undone.

* * * *

Identification with the mind-body is the first and last assumption.

* * * *

That voice in your head, that is one of the countless twisted versions God has come up with.

* * * *

History, what an adventure.

* * * *

If You think You can judge and laugh at others with impunity, get ready to dodge some rocks.

* * * *

Buena suerte, honey.

* * * *

What is the most priceless thing You can imagine? And will, what is priceless today, be so tomorrow?

* * * *

Same old yada yada middleman, marketing the same old snake oil, repackaged with a shiny new label.

* * * *

What a silent garden it must have been, before consciousness took root, and imagination blossomed.

* * * *

What is God, and what is not God? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Eternal life is right here, right now; dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

* * * *

The wall of infamy and shame is a work in progress.

* * * *

If You must conceive angels and demons, surely it is the imagination within all.

* * * *

Let us know when You see your own face.

* * * *

Alas in this mortal theater, that there is no happy ending, other than the ending itself.

* * * *

Pretty good odds that any first-stone-thrower is a hypocrite.

* * * *

Eternity is happening this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, spaceless-timeless moment.

* * * *

Religion is salve for the undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Miss the moment, You miss everything.

* * * *

The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism's vanity and hedonism's greed.

* * * *

Nothing is guaranteed.

* * * *

Whether or not there is a world outside You is a state of mind.

* * * *

The imaginary You is but a manifest ghost of imagination's future-past.

* * * *

Wisdom has likely been ignored since it bubbled out of the earliest minds.

* * * *

It is the rare mind, that is not rushing, rushing, into the future, missing, missing, the present.

* * * *

Nothing is as it seems.

* * * *

No need to try to be anything; being your Self is plenty enough.

* * * *

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery, surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

* * * *

That was quite the detour.

* * * *

To think You can make the moment move faster or slower, is to miss, to deny, its eternal reality.

* * * *

Yet another dreamy day of nothing done, nothing undone.

* * * *

The history of the world is an ongoing bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

* * * *

The silent mind is an impenetrable reality, untarnished by fallacy.

* * * *

How draining all the tortures these bodies offer; pleasure at some point becomes the absence of pain.

* * * *

Nothing happened again.

* * * *

It did not matter then, it does not matter now, it will not matter when.

* * * *

Without the cosmos, no perception; without perception, no cosmos; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes; we hope You have enjoyed your tour.

* * * *

Real religion is without dogma; the Golden Rule is all You need; everything else is redundant.

* * * *

So many true believers as to make it impossible, to not descend totally into absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Your existence matters, or matters not, most to You; the first and last question is: Who are You really?

* * * *

This cannot be taught, and as simple as it is, intuiting it is not at all easy for most, if not all.

* * * *

What is true religion but spaceless-timeless awareness; consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

You have always been right here, right now; imagination is a time machine born of illusion.

* * * *

It is really just a forebrain thing.

* * * *

How can anyone abide this rambling cacophony, if they lack the ironical mind, the paradoxical wit?

* * * *

Which was first, the chicken or the egg? Which was first, the breath or the thought?

* * * *

What cause means anything to the sands of time, ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

* * * *

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream, to play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

* * * *

We are all mad, each in our own unique way; any given normal is but capricious collusion.

* * * *

Another timebound goal come and gone, and timeless process ever the same.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, and it is the rare student that does not require more than a few whippings.

* * * *

There is only one eye, and it is the ineffable mystery of awareness permeating all creation.

* * * *

Self-importance is a Yellow Brick Road rabbit hole, down which imagination easily treks.

* * * *

You all alone, before time began, after time ends, and all the time between.

* * * *

Nothing new, nothing old, nothing all the same.

* * * *

How much more agreeable, how much less disagreeable, an unpretentious existence.

* * * *

You are as restricted or boundless as the vision in which You harbor.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss, through which creation and destruction frolic.

* * * *

Found your face, yet?

* * * *

You and your world and your cosmos, are nothing more than a concoction of sensory perception.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is; it is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

What point to judgment, once You see everything the same.

* * * *

What in any deity's name is so inspiring about human vanity and greed?

* * * *

The ghosts of history swirl in every mind.

* * * *

How can You promise any tomorrow, when You are not yet there to answer for it?

* * * *

Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

* * * *

Natural selection is the tiller of the mystery, the ferryman of destiny, the harbinger of fate.

* * * *

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

* * * *

Remember this work if your doubt ever grows wings.

* * * *

So much complexity about something so simple.

* * * *

Instead of running from your loneliness, try embracing your aloneness.

* * * *

Anything can be rationalized to one nth degree or another.

* * * *

Just because someone conveyed a lie, and spread it far and wide, has never made it true.

* * * *

… peace … peace … peace …

* * * *

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

* * * *

The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.

* * * *

Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

* * * *

All human religion is the idolatry of imagination.

* * * *

Which pill – Blue or Red – will it be today?

* * * *

Are You experiencing the cosmos, or is the cosmos experiencing You?

* * * *

Contentment with less is more.

* * * *

Were we made in the image of God? Or the imagination of God?

* * * *

Seeking the approval of others is an unending lesson in futility.

* * * *

The five senses are extensions of the mind, and it is insatiable.

* * * *

All history is the concoction of imagination.

* * * *

All life must pay the ultimate price for being born.

* * * *

The Book of Destiny will conclude with a last scrawl and a sigh.

* * * *

The only thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

* * * *

It is the timeless process that is important; the goal, a momentary part of it.

* * * *

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt; forget until there is nothing left to remember.

* * * *

Silence tends to be filled with noise, when not given full attention.

* * * *

Follow your fate; pay attention, it will lead You where You are going.

* * * *

A matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

* * * *

All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

* * * *

The clock hands, the calendar pages, are great deceivers in the minds of all who attend them.

* * * *

Piecing it all together; peace-ing it all together.

* * * *

Eternity is right before your eye; are You too blind to see it?

* * * *

Imagination is always hungry for more; awareness, not so much.

* * * *

This is your moment. Are You, you? Or are You, You?

* * * *

Ditties for hire.

* * * *

Running down the moment in frontal lobe mode.

* * * *

Tip your mind into the wellspring of eternity as often as mind's illusion allows.

* * * *

What is vanity but imagination masturbating itself.

* * * *

That is the story that was written down, but is that what really happened?

* * * *

Reigning in the frontal lobe is the key.

* * * *

Yes, agony and ecstasy is, in this venue, being set out to dry.

* * * *

Silence, its own noise.

* * * *

To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.

* * * *

Might be best, to try not to make that mistake again.

* * * *

Silence is the brass ring for all those who discern eternity.

* * * *

There are fools, and then there are … fools.

* * * *

Zen-ing away.

* * * *

Imagining the frontal lobe's moment is always but ripples through the synapses.

* * * *

Silence, even thinking of it, even trying to attain it, even trying to be it, denies it.

* * * *

Piss your dreamtime away however You please.

* * * *

Have You ever met anyone who has seen their own face?

* * * *

Chaos is coming; chaos has arrived.

* * * *

The frontal lobe is the mind's eye, the quantum storm of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

* * * *

It is all noise, until it is silence.

* * * *

The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.

* * * *

The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

* * * *

Unless they want something from You You cannot force someone to be interesting in your rap.

* * * *

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

* * * *

The creative process is a ceaseless taskmaster.

* * * *

You have yet to meet anybody like You.

* * * *

What is there, but what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it; and no mind ever the same.

* * * *

You are the moment; the moment is You.

* * * *

Racing clocks is racing a space and time that only exists in your mind.

* * * *

If humans only see 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum, what's going on in the other 0.9965?

* * * *

Mortality proves the insignificance of all histories.

* * * *

Embrace the indifference.

* * * *

Whether in tranquility or turmoil, You are the silence observing the senses.

* * * *

Lies and deception suit those not bent on discerning absolute truth.

* * * *

What inside or outside has any reality, in an indivisible matrix that knows no boundaries.

* * * *

Disrespect is rarely something that can be taken back.

* * * *

To be born is to die.

* * * *

Nature is a chaotic divinity, illusion, an anchorless dream.

* * * *

The last vanity is the Cheshire Cat's ambiguous grin.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

Politicians are actors; players plying for power, renown, prosperity.

* * * *

Grace is not easily mustered by minds clinging to illusions fostered by vanity and greed.

* * * *

Many a moth regrets getting too close to the flame.

* * * *

We are all time-travelers of imagination; strap in and enjoy the ride as best ye may.

* * * *

You will be checking all your attachments at the door of oblivion.

* * * *

It is by the light within, that all is seen; sun and stars are but reflections.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a concoction of perception.

* * * *

History is always an arbitrary, subjective, exceedingly random, pick-and-choose, kind of thing.

* * * *

An indivisibility, so cosmic, only in wonder can it be comprehended.

* * * *

Nothing matters; even nothing.

* * * *

The human species has overplayed its hand, and the time of consequences is upon us.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your illusion-delusion.

* * * *

Build silence into your daily routine; go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

Another classic case, of no good deed goes unpunished.

* * * *

The birth of death, the death of birth.

* * * *

There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.

* * * *

A sense of superiority, all sense of inferiority, is but the vapor of vanity.

* * * *

What need to worship what You are?

* * * *

It is all the silence of now, crowded with the seemingly endless chatter of imagination.

* * * *

Ethics is a tool of domestication; akin to a cattle chute, but not quite as painful as a cattle prod.

* * * *

Peter Pan is dead! Long live Peter Pan!

* * * *

Whether or not You are enlightened, begs the question, who's asking?

* * * *

The ocean chatters away in the crash of every wave, but does all the roaring noise really mean anything?

* * * *

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.

* * * *

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion.

* * * *

Forget everything, and be reborn into the timelessness, You are before all beginnings.

* * * *

To see what You are, is to be what You are.

* * * *

Out in the quiet of nature, the cacophony of the human world, becomes utterly irrelevant.

* * * *

You are but a grub, with an overabundance of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Run silent, run deep.

* * * *

Traditions, folklore, myths, legends, parables; what enticingly brief notions, brief distractions.

* * * *

Every point of view, every eye, is relative.

* * * *

You can never own anything; only have access to it, or use of it, for but a short window of timelessness.

* * * *

Vanity and greed are the great absurdities of the human condition.

* * * *

The great silence of the ancients, was probably because they had so much less absurdity to unravel.

* * * *

Mother Nature's beauty belies her underlying savagery.

* * * *

Hard not to get drawn into believing it real, when You are playing it real.

* * * *

The world is whatever You think it is; the world is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Every nook has its cranny, and every cranny, its nook.

* * * *

In the quest for truth, there is nobody to follow, because it cannot be taught, nor can it be learned.

* * * *

Large or small, all have a role, a part to play, in creation’s theater.

* * * *

You cannot own what You are.

* * * *

The buddha mind is an empty mind, a still mind, a mind immersed in eternity.

* * * *

This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

* * * *

If You really didn’t care, would it even occur to You that You didn’t?

* * * *

Silence is the eternal companion; a priceless birthright prior to all value.

* * * *

An attentive breath is your ticket to eternity.

* * * *

What is all this knowledge that has taken us so far afield from the garden?

* * * *

All life must pay the ultimate price for being born.

* * * *

A journey may begin with the first step, but the pace along the winding trail, is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

Real awakening cannot be subjugated by any dogmatic groupthink.

* * * *

Personality is like a filter, shading the camera's view, but only until its removal.

* * * *

Suffer your way to nirvana.

* * * *

There is certainly a degree of peace, of contentment, of certainty, of hope, in the mind of a true believer.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise, there is the silence within and without.

* * * *

Most everybody seems to believe their version of absurdity is normal.

* * * *

The eternal moment; it is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours; yet, You it, all the while.

* * * *

What, in any deity's name, is there to hold onto?

* * * *

Curious how almost any given belief tends to inspire some form of dogma.

* * * *

To gaze across all history with neither need nor want, is a freedom even the gods of old would envy.

* * * *

The trick is not remembering enough to forget.

* * * *

The entire human species is bonkers; what we call mentally ill is just taking it too far.

* * * *

Each must ascertain his/her own eternal salvation, in the nothingness of the ever-present awareness.

* * * *

Narcissism and hedonism are beguiling to the foolish, and vexing to the wise.

* * * *

Is humankind really any more than grubby vats of self-absorption?

* * * *

Ignorance without hesitation impales those daring, to question or impede or obstruct its narrow vision.

* * * *

Human vanity and greed are abominations.

* * * *

A forevermore eternal snooze works for me; once was enough, and one more than I recall asking for.

* * * *

Shoulda-Coulda-Woulda You be doing something else right now? No.

* * * *

Can there be any end to the muddied thinking of puddle magic?

* * * *

From gutters to penthouses, the delusions of grandeur in our kind abound around every corner.

* * * *

The harvest of guilt, is shame and remorse; forgive your Self, move on.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space, but through the play of the senses, as witnessed by the awareness You are.

* * * *

Doing the agape with your Self, is not of the narcissistic variety.

* * * *

Another day, wandering a mystery that does not give a rat's ass about your rumored existence.

* * * *

Cults and dogma, it is what we do.

* * * *

Nobody can see through your eyes; they have their own vision to discern.

* * * *

It is what it is; all beliefs about it are all but meaningless.

* * * *

The sands of time blow on and on and on, and there is nothing anyone can do to stop it.

* * * *

Whatever You do is your fate; there is no changing it, really.

* * * *

In the grand eternal now, You are that which was never born, that which can never die.

* * * *

Wisdom is the realization how little You know.

* * * *

Dogma is the charade of followers lacking the wit or will, to discern for themselves the totality within.

* * * *

Seeking approval is an unending lesson in futility and absurdity.

* * * *

But for a comma, a meaning was lost.

* * * *

If You cannot keep your passions in check, they will to bitter ends, perhaps likely delve.

* * * *

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.

* * * *

Curious how worked up some people can get, when You say things they do not want to hear.

* * * *

You cannot grab what is not there to grab.

* * * *

Knowledge will never reach a conclusion, for it is far too adept at creating itself anew.

* * * *

Pruning a tree or bush is challenging; how much more so, raising a child.

* * * *

Neither past nor future exist; nowness is your kingdom.

* * * *

Consciousness is the Bartertown of imagination; no stone will be left unturned under all its suns.

* * * *

Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

* * * *

Waking up to another day's dollop of mystery.

* * * *

An empty page is the most receptive ear; an uncarved block, a pièce de résistance.

* * * *

Compassion is not without consequences.

* * * *

Real gold is something money cannot buy, no matter how vast or magical the universe.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, grace; the many-splendored quality of beingness.

* * * *

... yesterday is today is tomorrow is forever ... repeat ...

* * * *

Creation and destruction are simultaneous in the timeless moment.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss; all You need do, is be still enough to discern it.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space; none can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told, or the greatest absurdity?

* * * *

What is jealousy but an abiding insecurity; a sense of ownership with a tinge of loathing.

* * * *

A world of grubs, haunting your dreams.

* * * *

How can someone be a racist if they consider themselves your equal?

* * * *

What vanity to think that You are enlightened, or can ever be free.

* * * *

The meek will always find one wolf or another, all too willing to gorge upon their gullibility.

* * * *

Much more important to have faith in your Self, than in what this mirage of a world thinks of You.

* * * *

Here it is; now go figure it out.

* * * *

In the ever-present, mind dissolves into immeasurable nothingness, to which attachment has no tether.

* * * *

Any rule of law is only as durable as the commitment to it.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

We all, small to great, must play whatever part, the given anatomy deceives us into believing.

* * * *

History is the lie that mind wrote.

* * * *

God loves dice, Mr. Edison, and they timelessly roll on and on, as the Fates ordain.

* * * *

You may value some distractions to others, but they are all still distractions, nonetheless.

* * * *

One who is right trumps gazillions who are wrong.

* * * *

Always best to be somewhere else, when shit is in gravity's embrace, or moving rapidly towards a fan.

* * * *

Why would You settle for a story when You are the truth, the life, the way?

* * * *

Do You really know anything?

* * * *

History is chock-full of origin stories; every one of them equally imagined.

* * * *

It is through imagination, that this universe is created; in your own image, so to speak.

* * * *

The surest way to self-sabotage is to feel sorry for yourself.

* * * *

The cosmos is but a distraction until You discern your true nature.

* * * *

Just when You think You have won the day, a new hydra appears.

* * * *

You begin existence with nothing, You leave existence with nothing, hold fast to the nothing between.

* * * *

Embrace the oblivion You are.

* * * *

The Eve Gene strikes again; nothing is never enough.

* * * *

Death will be like greeting an old friend.

* * * *

This dream is always in turmoil and conflict; to wander through it serenely detached is the challenge.

* * * *

The only real choice is choicelessness.

* * * *

No book has answer to the mystery You your Self must discern.

* * * *

It is the shadow of memory, the shadow of perception, that creates the shadow within.

* * * *

No deity has ever been more than an imaginary idol.

* * * *

History has never been fair.

* * * *

Allow detachment to reign; free your Self of the concerns of this world.

* * * *

Seeking the higher high can be a dangerous quest.

* * * *

Death is always on the hunt.

* * * *

Where are You in an empty mind, in a mind as still as a windless day?

* * * *

Sages point the way, but it is You who much journey it.

* * * *

What is stress, but fear, but dread, of failure and ruin and death?

* * * *

Still trying to find your face?

* * * *

There are moments when compassion may not be an option.

* * * *

Forever is yet another delusional timebound concept.

* * * *

If the moment cannot be filled, how can life be fulfilled, but through imaginary pretext?

* * * *

Stay limber, so You can bend over and under, and kiss your ass goodbye.

* * * *

The gibberish! The gibberish!

* * * *

What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

* * * *

How alone is alone?

* * * *

Death is the price all existence must pay for being born.

* * * *

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.

* * * *

Your limits are many.

* * * *

All forms are but the temporary illusions of imagination.

* * * *

You cannot learn what You do not take time to study.

* * * *

Detachment takes a great deal of practice.

* * * *

Vanity and greed are not proving to be a long-term survival strategy.

* * * *

A rock is a rock, until it is not.

* * * *

It is only we who applaud ourselves; it is only we who require it.

* * * *

Is it not an obvious revelation?

* * * *

Are we really-truly-positively sure everyone and everything is wandering the same moment?

* * * *

Life is entitlement, and everything it offers follows suit.

* * * *

You are an ocean without shore.

* * * *

Every mind but perceptions of a dreamtime past.

* * * *

Challenging to strive for, battle for, lobby for, something You did not care about in the first place.

* * * *

The difference between me and You is about zero clicks of nothing.

* * * *

This smattering of bilge will have to do.

* * * *

No fate endures forever; every strand of genetic coding, only plays out so long.

* * * *

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Is a world full, or a world empty, all that different?

* * * *

All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.

* * * *

The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.

* * * *

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.

* * * *

You imagination.

* * * *

There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

A no-holds-barred existence; what would that be for You?

* * * *

When what is, is all that is left to want, it will be, as always, ever present.

* * * *

So, this is what groveling looks like.

* * * *

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.

* * * *

If imagination wishes to survive itself, it had better wake up bigtime.

* * * *

Count yourself vain for as long as You think your Self You.

* * * *

Bask in your glory for as long as You can imagine it so, for someday You too will be goo and gone.

* * * *

Why would You wait for anyone else; especially, when there is no one else.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed, avaricious dogma.

* * * *

Mere words cannot for any actual change make; ‘tis in action and deed that all futures are spun.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory, in the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

* * * *

Religion is such a mockery, such a travesty, such a parody, of truth.

* * * *

Eternal life is in the perpetual birth and death of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

Why pretend to know what You cannot?

* * * *

The You in You, is the You in all; the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

History is a kaleidoscoping stream of ecstasies and agonies on its journey to oblivion.

* * * *

Believe what You want to believe, it matters not.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth, and even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, that my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.

* * * *

Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened, does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness, is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

Do You listen to your own advice?

* * * *

Survived yourself again.

* * * *

Call it consciousness, call it knowledge, call it cognizance, call it memory, it is all imagination.

* * * *

Without doubt, without critical thinking, what is there but a regurgitating automaton?

* * * *

Win some, lose some, maybe win more later.

* * * *

The cost-benefit ratio of existence skews a tad more negative with every passing year.

* * * *

Embrace the given moment; it is as close to eternity, as close to your Self, as You can ever be.

* * * *

The madness of zealotry is an unyielding force.

* * * *

Profound high jinks.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing, and the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you, does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe; from it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Another Buddha; kill it, holmes.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion; in every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever; need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Is it arrogant to discern it thus, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

Human silliness might be truly depressing, if it were not laced with so much absurdity.

* * * *

Timelessly transient.

* * * *

Choose yes, choose no, choose maybe, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget; if You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back, into whatever illusion your delusion inspires.

* * * *

Which modern time is not whatever moment the witness is witnessing?

* * * *

What is this monkey-mind need, to have all the answers to a mystery, that requires no solution.

* * * *

Duality, is a God out there watching you, and non-duality, the drop of God You are, looking out.

* * * *

So many words, so many works, so many teachings, to describe that which requires no description.

* * * *

Existence is suffering; no one get a free pass.

* * * *

Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same, is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Imagination only has – answers, solutions, explanations – to questions that never needed asking.

* * * *

Not everyone is intoxicated by this brief existence; for some, enough is enough, long before it is done.

* * * *

The Way is simplicity its Self; only You perceive it complex.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions; awareness is tranquility, through and through.

* * * *

Do not beg forgiveness, for every ill thing You have ever done; an earnest apology will do.

* * * *

Existence is the first and last entitlement.

* * * *

Too much knowledge is just more to forget; a busy mind is not necessarily a fertile mind.

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity, and would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

It took a while for the seed You call You to develop, and when it runs out of steam, where will You be?

* * * *

Most stop looking before they even start.

* * * *

A candle only passes on the flame to another; it is for wick and wax to sort out the details.

* * * *

Great wisdom is the distillation of a great deal of foolishness.

* * * *

The attitude to which You are most attached, is the well from which You daily draw water.

* * * *

Impossible to go through this mortal existence, without raining on many parades along the way.

* * * *

Another legend in his/her own lizard mind; any insect would no doubt think the same.

* * * *

The speeding bullet is but a moment away; how You react is the essence of your story.

* * * *

What here after, or here before, can there possibly be, when there has never been anything, but here now.

* * * *

Not only are they blobs, they are illusionary blobs.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain, when funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

Nobody can imagine anything the same; it is a solo act in every mind.

* * * *

Everybody wandering around imagining they know something.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not; such is the nature of the weather, too.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth; it is all speculation.

* * * *

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little, that it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

* * * *

Illusion makes for every variety of delusion.

* * * *

The mystery spawned You, and You created a vast universe; a partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

All mortals are shaped, by the forces of space and time, as figurines are by molds. Free will? How so?

* * * *

The aloneness in one, is the aloneness in all.

* * * *

Ultimately, all forms are but anonymous, vaporous ghosts in the mists of time.

* * * *

What mind-body can long abide sensory deprivation, without tumbling into unutterable madness?

* * * *

How many ways there are to die, is a list that technology daily lengthens.

* * * *

The jungle is still in all of us.

* * * *

Were choices, that were made all along the long winding trail, ever really choices at all?

* * * *

Do You really believe all your answers, all your conclusions, all your speculations, mean anything?

* * * *

All times are equally the same moment.

* * * *

What is any history, but a means to preserve, to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

You are herein introduced to your Self; from your Self to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really a choice?

* * * *

If You must hope for anything of this existence, hope for a quick, unexpected, painless death.

* * * *

Ain't it amazing how much You do not know, and yet the first and last knower all the while.

* * * *

How absurd must absurd be, before absurd wakes up to its absurdity?

* * * *

The Way is neither moral nor immoral; isness is not bound by any play of mind.

* * * *

No need to pray for this or that, or that or this; just accept what comes, and let go what goes.

* * * *

How can the mind that ever longs for certainty, ever concede to that which can never be known?

* * * *

Existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.

* * * *

No, it is not all about You; yes, it is all about You.

* * * *

Perhaps the only true act of free will, is giving your self over to the choicelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Human history is the synergy of the tribal mind evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Youth, where does it go; ask the fading rose.

* * * *

True religion requires no dogma; the true church requires no edifice.

* * * *

It is but vanity that sets will to endure so much; better perpetual torture than the feast of worms.

* * * *

What prosperity is there in preservation; destruction and mayhem fatten the Beast.

* * * *

Eternal life is being mindful, in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

The lazy mind is rarely a receptacle of doubt, or certainly of not more than the shallow sort.

* * * *

Hearts and minds, boys and girls, hearts and minds, You do not often win them over with a bludgeon.

* * * *

Everything is distraction from reality, only the ephemeral is real, in awareness, be.

* * * *

Discerning tabula rasa is as simple, as eternal, as it gets.

* * * *

What is real meditation, but the turning off, of time-bound imagination, for a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

Yet another generation, mindlessly swept up, in the clawing avarice, and blinding confines of time.

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious, the doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

The other cannot fill the void; nothing can.

* * * *

For every birth, a death; for every creation, a destruction; zero-sum at its finest.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity; in the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

Ponder anything however You will, words are but tonic to emptiness, through which they echo to and fro.

* * * *

No matter how small or huge it might be, it is every moment just as huge or small.

* * * *

You see what You are, You see what You are not, so it goes, no worries.

* * * *

When You use the word God, do You mean everything, including You?

* * * *

Imagination is just imagination is just imagination.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do, and how in quantum is it any different from You?

* * * *

What it is, is what it is not, same thing, same thingless.

* * * *

Intelligence is a quantum program, encoded by natural selection, witnessed by awareness.

* * * *

Curiosity is an insatiable beast, to which a serene mind, is final answer.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal, consciousness is indelibly linked, to the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

If there is such a thing as a perfect body, rest assured, it does not long stay that way.

* * * *

The many sounds, forged into every variety of concept, are but clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

Without a witness, there is no history.

* * * *

It is a perfect world, a perfect cosmos, but not perfect enough, for many, if not most.

* * * *

Why would your beingness, be any more, or less, than any other beingness, supreme or otherwise?

* * * *

How can You be sure of anything, really?

* * * *

You did whatever You did in this brief existence; own it, let go of it, find peace, cultivate contentment.

* * * *

Growing older is about different choices, many, if not most of them, not made by You.

* * * *

There You go again, rushing madly toward a time, that will arrive and disappear, before You know it.

* * * *

Perfection is at the stardust level; in the mundane zone, not so much.

* * * *

There is history everywhere in this world; only a relatively small scratch of it recorded.

* * * *

Creation and creator, how can they possibly be separate, but through imagination's endless confabulation?

* * * *

We are all on our own.

* * * *

All of eternity, is but one moment, one instant; it takes imagination a little bit longer to catch up.

* * * *

"How much more over the top can it get?" he wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Pretending there is precision in words, how absurdly wearing, just be.

* * * *

A little Kafkaesque Q&A, has a tendency, to transport one, to the edginess of no more tomorrows.

* * * *

Envy is the sidekick, the shadow, the minion, of all things covetous.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be, if there were no other, always telling You different?

* * * *

How immaculate the moment You are; only in imagination are You tainted.

* * * *

Who art thou? What art thou? Where art thou? When art thou? Why art thou? How art thou?

* * * *

No game is just a game; it is all a game.

* * * *

Where are birth and death, once all the passions, born of desire and fear, have consumed themselves?

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not play differently, to different audiences?

* * * *

There is life, there is no-life; imagination on, imagination off; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

That which knows all, knows nothing; that which knows nothing, knows all.

* * * *

We each get our own little bubble of time, an adventure to which each alone is privy.

* * * *

Those who are unborn, those who have died, are prior to and beyond the pretense of existence.

* * * *

So it goes, so it went, so it will go.

* * * *

And why is all that knowledge – so much of it, meaningless trivia – so important?

* * * *

Death is the endgame of every existence; no need for hope nor faith nor any creed.

* * * *

The mind incessantly seeks the equilibrium, the comfort zone, to which it is most attached.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught, nor can it be unlearned; it can, however, be soundly ignored, even forgotten.

* * * *

Do You ever appreciate something, as much, as when it is gone?

* * * *

You cannot long placate the pitiless, stand too close to a flame, You will be burned.

* * * *

Dissolve both within and without; discern the space that is neither-nor.

* * * *

Who-what- where-when-why-how would You be, but for Mother Nature, and all her machinations.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Do right and wrong, good and evil, life and death, really matter for more than a brief mortal while?

* * * *

The past is only reference; the future, only hope; only now is real.

* * * *

As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – all boil down to an insatiable greed for more.

* * * *

Peace is a noteworthy gift to your existence; all You need to do is stop torturing your Self.

* * * *

Only in awareness will the observer discern the truth of all things.

* * * *

A discerner of truth, can impart thousands of talks, and say essentially the same thing, thousands of ways.

* * * *

No black box stands long, against the eye of the discerning.

* * * *

So many things lost, so many things changed, with the advent of any new generation.

* * * *

Ugh, the things we do for the politics of acquaintanceship.

* * * *

The body is but a part, a fraction; You are whole, You are one, You are all, and none.

* * * *

Are You here now? Are You there now? Or are You everywhere and nowhere now?

* * * *

Through the part, the whole is discerned; through the whole, all possibilities are known.

* * * *

You are this, You are not this.

* * * *

To be born into existence, is to live in the realm of ecstasy and agony, from which the only exit is death.

* * * *

Feigning interest when You are not at all interested, ugh.

* * * *

The mind-body dream to which You are so attached, is nothing more than a, from-the-get-go, fabrication.

* * * *

In the struggle between imagination and awareness, is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness, still the imaginary mind, be here, be now.

* * * *

In conflict, there are no winners. only process, in which the king of the hill is ever-changing.

* * * *

What is popular may not be correct; what is correct may not be popular.

* * * *

What makes trivial pursuit so much more valued, than a mind, that runs silent, runs deep?

* * * *

What proposition could ever even begin to remotely please every mind?

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I; You, your Self, and You; we are very much the same; there is no other.

* * * *

The emotionally needy have an unfailing tendency, to suffocate all who attempt to placate their anguish.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation – ‘tis but the chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

Cause and effect: What difference, really, truly, when each is, every moment, becoming the other.

* * * *

What cannot adapt, what cannot abide, diminishes or perishes.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Everything has its little slice of now, which it must enjoy or endure, or perish in the attempt.

* * * *

When the Humpty-Dumpty of humankind falls, what will become, of whatever pieces remain?

* * * *

You are as well or ill, as You allow yourself to be; attitude is all.

* * * *

Nothing that anyone believes about it, truly matters.

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness, You truly are, have always been, will ever be, in the prior to mind.

* * * *

Victory and defeat, success and failure, right and wrong, good and bad, same thing, different daze.

* * * *

Imagination, has always believed itself, more real than it can ever be.

* * * *

Paying close attention to the cosmos without, leads to an equally sharper vision, of the awareness within.

* * * *

Drive to survive, and all arrive.

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

Like water that flows with the call of gravity, supply, will always seek a way, to meet demand.

* * * *

Melding with truth cannot be forced; effortlessness is the way to the Way.

* * * *

The predator’s fang and claw, the prey’s swiftness, and the untamed, brutish, Darwinian wild between.

* * * *

What is normal? What is not normal?

* * * *

Contentment is the final challenge of existence, and gratitude, the vehicle to that ethereal conclusion.

* * * *

It is all the same grist, grinding away in the same mill.

* * * *

No, that new technology is not going to save us; only further postpone the Malthusian inevitability.

* * * *

What need for the sanction of any other, once You discern the mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

How can a collection of self-replicating molecules – chemical reactions, organized matter – be called life?

* * * *

In consciousness, You are a human becoming; in awareness, You are a human being.

* * * *

Such a temporary thing, this body; was it ever really yours; how could it be?

* * * *

Love thy Self; absolute narcissism, with a uniquely quantum twist.

* * * *

Pointless, absolutely pointless; when did it ever really matter?

* * * *

All these voices telling You to be this or that; what is a Soul to do but put everything in its place.

* * * *

With so many deceits, truth has a rough time getting much attention.

* * * *

Until You discern the wonder, of the unfolding eternal moment, You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Who cares if You love each other; just getting along reasonably well, would be paradigm shift enough.

* * * *

Hard as it is to discern, hard as it is to accept, hard as it is to believe, all things are possible.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream, the dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Keep it humble.

* * * *

Yet another perception of your dreamtime growing distant in the rearview mirror.

* * * *

Be the moment, the awareness prior to consciousness, right here, right now, true Self, eternity, complete.

* * * *

Idolatry comes in every way, every size, every shape, every conception, imagination can devise.

* * * *

Do You really need to keep putting your Self through this?

* * * *

Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences, for which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind, dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

Every sentient creature, each very much timelessly alone, suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

What was never born never dies, what never dies was never born.

* * * *

Regarding human overpopulation, it is not just an elephant in the room, it is an elephant filling the room.

* * * *

What makes You so sure, even God does not know, how the fuck all this is happening?

* * * *

You want tranquility? Let go all passion, still the mind.

* * * *

Awareness is not at all concerned, with what part, what capacity, it is allotted, or for how long.

* * * *

How big is big, how small is small, and when it comes down to it, how tall are You tall?

* * * *

No one is forcing You to read this.

* * * *

So, You believe You know what normal is, and I suppose, You think You are, too, eh?

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us, for what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate, and that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute; be a lotus.

* * * *

It is this moment in which all decisions are made; it is only subjective patterning that sets any course.

* * * *

Always a good idea to allow the body to rid itself, of its poisonous sewage whenever the urge arises.

* * * *

The human paradigm is nothing more, than a streaming lineage of stories, born of imagination.

* * * *

It is only vanity, that believes anything matters.

* * * *

Why would You need the sanction of any other, to reside peacefully content in your own house?

* * * *

What a wretched species we can be, absurd beyond all bounds, exceedingly tiring.

* * * *

Try not to be too attached to labels; they are not real, nor are they You.

* * * *

What happened in those dark jungles of long ago, that shaped our kind into a cancer upon our Mother?

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You; all are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Freedom is a quality of mind, get off the trail, sculpt your own journey.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms, in which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

The world will do everything it can, to drag You back to its illusion, inspired by your delusion.

* * * *

How can You prove God exists, when You cannot really prove You do?

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget; if You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

Curious, the things we remember.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide; choose yes, choose no, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever; need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

Surely one must be agnostic, for if there is a supreme being, it is far greater than any thought.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion; in every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Your perfection is in everything imagined; your perfection is not in anything imagined.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe; from it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

What is power, what is fame, what is fortune, but enticing sirens to vanity's rocky shoals and cliffs.

* * * *

"Can it get any more stupid?" You ask; alas, the short answer is, "Yes, it can."

* * * *

It matters much less what is going on out there, once You discern what is not going on in there.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you, does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing, and the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness, prior to all conditioning, prior to all said and done, prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Sometime the mind imprisons, sometimes the mind frees; the awareness You are, every moment chooses.

* * * *

Did You really think there was another choice?

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness, is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened, does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth, and even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

The You in you, is the You in all, and the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

The mind is habit, habits can be changed, attention is required.

* * * *

Even the most well-intentioned, often find despotism hard to resist.

* * * *

Discerning how utterly alone You truly are, is the only means to the redemption of serenity.

* * * *

Life happens, death happens, so it goes.

* * * *

There is only one thing left not to doubt, and in that, the you that never was, becomes the You that ever is.

* * * *

To be still, to resist thought's rising, is the challenge, of those who give themselves over to quietude.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

Here You are right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

In but a twinkle of mind's eye, future morphs into past.

* * * *

An ever-expanding skillset, can be anyone's ticket, to an assured and beneficial and interesting future.

* * * *

If You are prone to disappointment, there will likely always be something just around the corner.

* * * *

You are first, You are last, and everything betwixt and between.

* * * *

This is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

The name is not the thing, the thing is not the name.

* * * *

The imaginary is not the real, nor the real, the imaginary.

* * * *

That there is a meaning, a purpose, to existence ... what an assumption ... and an imaginary one, at that.

* * * *

You are but an imaginary figment of the synapses, of a neuron matrix, of a quantum illusion.

* * * *

History is a compilation of imaginary nuances.

* * * *

What is death, but just falling asleep for the last time.

* * * *

Once You have tasted enough, the rest can be extrapolated.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.

* * * *

What can illusion offer, but illusion, to whatever the given mind projects.

* * * *

Orwell 101 continues in its accelerating-exponential way.

* * * *

Where would the chessmaster be on a real battlefield, filled with slaughter and mayhem?

* * * *

The wafting mystery, synthesized to its quantum level.

* * * *

Suicide is a decision no one comes back from.

* * * *

In or out, each and every breath, is the wind, wafting through the moment.

* * * *

The only one You are playing games with is your Self.

* * * *

What does disembodied, really mean, in the context of the momentary now?

* * * *

If You can think of it, it is pretty-darned likely, someone else has or will, too.

* * * *

I am talking about, whatever You have the capacity to hear.

* * * *

How can You not see, how can You not discern, what has ever been right before your mind's eye.

* * * *

No need to postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

Health is the only wealth; spend it wisely.

* * * *

In but a twinkle of mind’s – momentary, ephemeral, eternal – eye, future morphs into past.

Breadcrumbs

The nature of my small town rural youth,
Was filled with the perpetual stoic discipline of process.
A work ethic, that many in these our modern times, have been deprived.

Hours and hours of driving the tractor back and forth disking the orchard.
Hours and hours of grading peaches in the hot and dust and peach-fuzz.
Hours and hours of sitting at the drafting table drawing line after line.
Hours and hours of math problems working out each and every step.
Hours and hours of driving down every sort of road and motorway.
Hours and hours of trekking up and down knolls and mountains.
Hours and hours of getting through every variety of workday.

Existence is one step, one breath, one day, after another.

Process is all.

* * * *

Spent this life putting things behind me, that did not work, or no longer wooed.
Or, in the relatively unanticipated once in a while, was done with me.
Dying will only be the final curtain call before oblivion,
And when have I not been partial to oblivion?

* * * *

Regarding my tendency to wallow in dark repetitive thoughts,
Regarding the monkey-minded human paradigm,
I am always happy to be wrong.

* * * *

The one thing about which I am most pleased, most content, most adamant,
Is that fate did not have me bring any children into this absurdity.
I certainly would never choose to reincarnate into it,
So why would I do it to another innocent?
Thank the gods, this eye will not witness it much longer.

* * * *

These many straightforward, candid aphorisms,
Etch how I have come to see this indelible mystery.
And this long and winding soliloquy, has been set down,
To aid You, getting back to what You really are, and are not.
You are your own kingdom, your own house of worship,
Your own heaven and hell, and purgatory between.
It is up to You, and You alone, to figure it out.
It is a no-direction-known solitary journey.
And any realization, and any liberation,
Is for You, on your own, to harvest.

Where it begins, where it ends,
Will be forever unknown.
Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

* * * *

So many thoughts that none but me will likely ever read.
That will only be known if a rare few decide to preserve them.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

All this writing has been a pleasant distraction.

* * * *

What man would not envy the weaponry I have afforded myself?

* * * *

Another day on the rack of existence.

* * * *

This getting-old thing has sure gotten old.

* * * *

Count your Self lucky, I am not one of those charismatic leaders, trying to get into your mind or wallet.

* * * *

What does not fit like clockwork, in everything I have written?

* * * *

I quit.

* * * *

My gift to the unaligned.

* * * *

Always tweaking this little mein-kampf Gormenghast.
Sometimes, big tweaks, sometimes small.
And on and on, it goes, it flows.
Where it stops, ain't nobody knows.
This is the fate, the destiny, that harvested me.

* * * *

Don't need no readers.
Don't need no disciples.
Don't need no renown.
Don't need no fortune.
Don't need no dominion.
Don't need no schemes.
Don't need no nothing,

Except to be left alone.

* * * *

How fortunate my children are, that I did not bring them into this hellish paradigm.

* * * *

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for the as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

* * * *

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

* * * *

A curious pastime.

* * * *

My intention is to wilt into oblivion, relatively, happily unknown.

* * * *

A life spent slipping through the nets,
Of one adventure, one intrigue after another.
Only the Reaper can catch me now.

* * * *

We thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

* * * *

As honest a take as I can give whatever future is in store.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

All my too many thoughts are out there if anyone wants to read them, and if not, so it goes, I had my fun.
Nothing I, or anyone else, has ever said or written, is going to change the human paradigm.
13.8 billion years of natural selection will have great difficulty being undone.
And, as I often conclude, in my rather misanthropic rambles: I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

I always try to get their money's worth.

* * * *

Fortunately, for the world and all the innocents, I do not allow my rage to go blind.

* * * *

Still a work in progress.

* * * *

Any difference between Me and You is an imaginary assertion.

* * * *

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

* * * *

The only grubs that are not grubs (yet),
Are the few and far between that fall within the parameters,
Of my genetic predisposition for the female gender,
And still juicy and ripe enough for the taking.

* * * *

It is all distraction.

* * * *

I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

What a madhouse!

* * * *

I will be so glad to be done with this world and our kind.
My first and last hope, is that all the heaven-hell-reincarnation malarky,
Is as beyond-doubt unreal, as beyond-doubt unlikely, as it seems obvious to this mind.
Never need to see anyone, or be anyone, or anything, ever again.

* * * *

Odds are little or none of all I have written will survive my demise.
And do I give a rat's ass, whether-or-not the human paradigm survives itself?
Why would I? Hey, I'm just a scribe, man, and all this babble is what came to mind.
Would have been far easier to take more strolls, stare at more walls, and watch more movies.
But no, this inanity is what called, to such a degree, that carpal tunnel and stenosis are daily reminders.
And still, the thoughts keep bubbling up in the gray matter of this mind’s frame of reference.
As the idiom goes, there is no rest for the wicked; yes, one of my many demerits.

* * * *

My Self-appointed function in this relatively anonymous walkabout soliloquy.
Is to put into perspective all that humankind has created and destroyed,
And perhaps aid in setting a course for that which will follow,
Assuming there even is something that follows.
And if it never aids the unfolding debacle, so it goes.

* * * *

How sweet it is to not care ever again.

* * * *

Is there even one day that Donald Trump,
Does not enter our thoughts more than a few times?
Jesus Christ Superstar and the Beatles may well be less known,
And no doubt Buddha feels a pinch of envy.

* * * *

Do not for a second believe that imagination does not often have me in its clutches.

* * * *

Convince me otherwise, if You can.

* * * *

What will happen to all my stuff would be an interesting watch, but I doubt oblivion will allow it.

* * * *

An aging Scorpio with a broken stinger.

* * * *

From town crier to quantum crier.

* * * *

You call this a plan!?

* * * *

Hard to look back and see what an asshole I have so often been.

* * * *

My kingdom for another hour.

* * * *

If You have read much of this dissertation,
You fathom that I do not believe there is a separate God.
To me, it is all one; we are all God from the non-dualistic point of view,
And no religion our kind has ever conjured, in any geography, in any time, is necessary.
But, if there is a divinity that created us, to judge us, probably the only thing He/She/It is going to ask, is:
Why did You not just say no, why did You not just stop, take a deep breath,
And look candidly at the life You were living?

And discern how easily,
With just a few altered decisions,
It could have been so very, very different.

* * * *

This long and winding aphoristic soliloquy, and the ways and means it has been Johnny-Appleseed flung,
Has been a relatively non-invasive contribution, to see whether or not a grass roots stimulation,
Whether or not some sort of rational realignment with the natural order, is possible,
In whatever future past is on the horizon for the human paradigm.
Am pretty sure I will depart existence, with the absurdity,
Still brazenly ramping up its accelerating exponential.
Racing toward the Petri dish precipices, both seen and unseen,
And in all our folly, our madness, the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.

* * * *

What would it take for me to take down this digital tent,
And throw everything I have authored into some nearby landfill?
How attached am I to all the many thoughts this mind-body has rendered?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might in some imminent moment be known?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might make some difference to that dystopian dreamtime?
What would it take for me to sweep it back into the oblivion from which it emerged?
The ponder is oh so tempting, but one this vanity can easily transcend.
For good, for ill, the wretched impending is stuck with it.
Assuming, of course, that both somehow arrive.

* * * *

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

* * * *

Sometimes in awareness, sometimes in imagination, I wander through my dreamtime.

* * * *

Of what use was a business major without ambition?

* * * *

There will perhaps be time enough for these writings to be known,
After I contentedly merge back into the unborn-undying indivisible.

* * * *

My limitations are many and not far between.

Yes, I too, am just another earthly primate mind-body,
Trying to survive, to endure, yet another day.
Are all these writings anything more,
Than therapeutic yammer?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how am I,
But an apologist-defender-supporter-ally-protector-champion-advocator,
For the ineffable mystery of eternity.
For which it never asked.
Only allowed.

* * * *

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie.

* * * *

The one thing You can say about these many philosophical-mystical ponderings
– Agree with them, comprehend them, embrace them, or no –
Is that it is an entirely original work.

* * * *

Do I sound undeniably, irrevocably, indelibly, indifferently, ineffably, contentedly
– stoical, fatalistic, resigned, doubtful, accepting, skeptical, cynical, pessimistic, philosophical –
Well, duh, yeah, I be a joyful curmudgeon, a soliloquizing witness to the great mystery.

* * * *

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

* * * *

The imagination born of mystery,
Enticed me to scribe this, kept me in the game,
That all my tilling would never be known enough to be forgotten.
There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

* * * *

My brief existence managed to land in a zone, in a time, in an abundance of entitlement,
The masses have never experienced in all human history, and obviously never will again.

* * * *

Another timeless day of tap-tap-tapping out,
Paradoxical ironies and ironical paradoxes,
For a readership who will never read them.

* * * *

Were they ever to be known, there would be many who would quarrel with these myriad thoughts.
Some would probably be inclined to kill or torture me for my blasphemy against their imaginary deity.

And to all, I can only say, as can they to me: prove me wrong; a task the mystery does not allow.
And so, we wallow in our illusory minds, ever alone, imagining every variety of delusion.
And if they are right, we will all be cast into whatever it is they so ardently believe.
And if I am right, we will all disappear back into the unborn-undying abyss.
So, will I awaken in some heaven or some hell, or return to oblivion?
Hopefully, the latter, as one existence was one more than I ever asked for.
Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be stayin' … is in my list of standard ripostes.

* * * *

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

* * * *

In showing it the Way,
In articulating its weaknesses and failings,
I am perhaps proving to be one of imagination's greatest friends.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The meaning is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

* * * *

I, imagination.

* * * *

Oh joy and dang, another project to while away this mind.

* * * *

Some Leftovers and Soundbites find dual purpose,
Or even triple or four-ple or five-ple, as Breadcrumbs, Epitaphs, Ripostes, and/or Titles.
Milk 'em for all they're worth, I say, I say.

* * * *

Writing and editing all this has been very Sisyphean, indeed.

* * * *

Like Tarzan through the jungle; swinging from one sidebar to another.

* * * *

The eight ball mind languidly issues another witty from the abyss of imagination.

* * * *

Still trying to find my face.

* * * *

The truth will out.

* * * *

A well of lucidity.

* * * *

As this male grub-body has aged, the hunger for female grubs has greatly waned.

* * * *

So many books and movies I could have read and watched,
And mountains climbed, and trails and beaches walked,
Were I not destined to scribe this endless blather.
Many are called, but only jesters volunteer.

* * * *

Zen-ing away.

* * * *

All this is given to You as much as possible, without the burden of me or some cult following.
A very Johnny Appleseed undertaking, with seeds scattered willy-nilly serendipitous.
Will it work? Will it make a difference? Will it help steer the next epoch?
Or will it end up being never known enough to be forgotten?
I will never know.

* * * *

I see the Me in You and the You in Me; how is it You are so blind?

* * * *

I am – apologist, defender, supporter, ally, protector, champion, advocator – for the eternal mystery.

* * * *

A channel for babble.

* * * *

My smattering of bilge will have to do.

* * * *

Empty at last.

* * * *

Death will be like greeting an old friend.

* * * *

If there was anything that had ever hit the bottom of the bucket left to do, it was long ago done.

* * * *

Nicely done, Holshouser. Nicely done.

* * * *

One egg, millions of sperm vying to be the one, and it had to me.
Something wrong with those odds, when I can barely win a door prize.

* * * *

Would that I, were as silent, as serene, as these too many words suggest; indeed, I am just another lie.

* * * *

Peter Pan is dead! Long live Peter Pan!

* * * *

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

* * * *

Have absolutely no problem being ignored by the future past, I will neither witness nor endure.
Far easier to unobtrusively, anonymously, serenely evaporate back into the unknown,
Than it is to continue grappling with the absurdity, the insanity, the horror,
Imagination has so thoroughly wrought upon this pale blue dot.
My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

* * * *

Survived myself again.

* * * *

Do You listen to your own advice?

* * * *

My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

* * * *

Profound high jinks.

* * * *

Hard to let go, but not impossible.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

* * * *

Is it arrogant to discern it thus, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

My only pedestal,
My only podium,
My only stage,
My only stand,
My only platform,
My only dais,
My only pulpit,
My only lectern,

My only plinth,
My only support,
My only base,
My only perch,
My only foot,
My only roost,
My only foundation,
My only understructure,
Is a MacBook Pro keyboard.

* * * *

Used to be able to do so many things, but the body has moved on, declined on.

* * * *

Another project underway.

* * * *

This opus wrote itself, one ditty at a time, using me as its scribe, its tool, its foil.

* * * *

There is no subscription, there is no paywall, everything is free and clear.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

These fingers do not walk well across the keyboard anymore.
Is it worth all the pain and bother to wake up to another day?

Michael's Rabbit Hole

A Juggernauting Mirage

Neither forward nor backward, right nor left, up nor down, the eternal moment is,
Without order or sequence or arrangement or succession or classification.
Without beginning or end, or anything between and betwixt.
The continuum, the chaos, we call space and time,
Is all happening right here, right now.
Naught but quantum mirage.

Missing Out

How much You missed before You were born.
How much You will miss after You disintegrate.
How much You missed while You were alive.

The Journey of Tabula Rasa

An infant exits the womb, tabula rasa.
The growing child takes to it to zen mode.
At some point, You imagine an imaginary you.
And perhaps, if You are called, if You are steadfast,
Back towards the pathless zen, and maybe even,
If it truly calls You, tabula rasa, once again.
It is a quest few seek, much less attain.

The Unyielding Moment

My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as your moment, your right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as his moment, his right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as her moment, her right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as their moment, their right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as our moment, our right-here-right-now.
The eternal moment is playing out before the sensory field of every life form across the cosmos.

The Tribeless of One

Those thinkers, those mystics, those seers, those sages, who wander alone,
Might well be called the tribeless of one, a lost and unknowable tribeless, to be sure.
Solitary wolves, ensnared in the web of their minds, with all their philosophical assumptions.
Perhaps quite unable to get along for long, with all their legalistic gobbledygook.

The Fertile Soil of Critical Thinking

The seeds of doubt find home in the fertile soil of critical thinking,
And are squandered upon those who lack the infrastructure required.

Eternity's Faceless Observer

There is no time like the present,
Because time is just imagination pretending itself real.
And only the moment is both real and unreal.
Space-time is but quantum illusion,
And You, its observer.

A Pretty Darned Sure Bet

The human species generally loathes differences,
But familiarity, sooner or later breeding contempt,
Is one pretty sure catalyst, You can always count on.

Do Not Be Fooled

Do not be fooled by dishonesty, by falseness, by lying, by deceit, by insincerity.
It is easy to be beguiled by charlatans and swindlers and pretenders and quacks.

Answering the Call of Eternity

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

The Tabula Rasa of Eternity

Eternity is the tabula rasa, the clean slate of the ubiquitous moment.
You are eternity; You are the absolute awareness in all creation.
You are the one and only indelible moment eternity has ever been.
Discern the tabula rasa of a still mind; of mind, prior to consciousness.

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

An Absolute Aloneness

Every life form is unutterably alone for all eternity.
All equally created of the same unfathomable mystery.

How Quickly Everything Becomes Its Memory

How can there be any point, any meaning, any purpose, any raison d'être,
When the eternal moment passes far too quickly, for anything to land, much less stick?
Only memory, only imagination, allows the dream to play out the quantum illusion of space and time.

There is Nothing for Mind to Attain

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.
You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

The Eternal Weavings of Mind

Every mind instantly weaves the eternal moment into its imaginary frame of reference.

No Borders, No Boundaries

The quantum matrix has no limits, allows all things, is without precedent,
Is without any borders or boundaries of imaginary notion.
How quickly everything becomes its memory.

Existence is Process

The nature of my small town rural youth,
Was filled with the perpetual stoic discipline of process.
A work ethic, that many in these our modern times, have been deprived.

Hours and hours of driving the tractor back and forth disking the orchard.
Hours and hours of grading peaches in the hot and dust and peach-fuzz.
Hours and hours of sitting at the drafting table drawing line after line.
Hours and hours of math problems working out each and every step.
Hours and hours of driving down every sort of road and motorway.
Hours and hours of trekking up and down knolls and mountains.
Hours and hours of getting through every variety of workday.

Existence is one step, one breath, one day, after another.

Process is all.

Worth Being Tortured For?

Another working day.
Another holiday.
Another haircut.
Another shave.
Another manicure.
Another shower.
Another steak.
Another drink.
Another walk.
Another workout.
Another smog check.
Another invoice.
Another movie.
Another class.
Another concert.
Another bookstore.
Another shopping atoll.
Another argument.
Another injury.
Another death.
Another piss.
Another shit.
Another fuck.
Another routine.
Another tax filing.

… Another … Another … Another …

And what is the point of being tortured for all that?

Do You Want What You See?

In witnessing others,
You see what power does.
You see what fortune does.
You see what fame does.

Do You really want that for your Self?

A Biological Array

Amniotic fluid
Bile
Blood
Blood plasma
Brain
Cerebrospinal fluid
Chyme
Ears
Ear wax
Eyes
Feces
Glycocalyx
Hair
Interstitial fluid
Lymph
Mucus
Nails
Nerves
Nose
Organs
Phlegm
Pus
Saliva
Semen
Skin
Sweat
Synovial fluid
Tears
Tongue
Urine
Vaginal lubrication

Is this really what You are?

Seeking the Moderate Ground

The only way vanity and greed can be brought into more moderate ground,
Is if You rein in the imagination firing up the mind-body's potential passions.

The Awareness Permeating All

In the same way You would not say, You are a car driving about,
In the same way You would not say, You are a bicycle meandering along,
In the same way You would not say, You are a building standing on some corner,
In the same way You would not say, You are any vehicle, any medium, any intermediary,
You are not the mind-body from whence senses peer, the dreamtime to which You are so attached.
You are the ineffable, pure awareness permeating all things, witnessing all things.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

What the World Thinks of You

What others may or may not think of You, why would it matter?
And what control do You have over any other mind, anyway?
Rest assured, dreamtime forgets everything sooner or later.

Be Here Now

Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
Nothing to see.
Nothing to feel.
Nothing to taste.
Nothing to smell.
Nothing to hear.
Nowhere to go.
But right here,
Right now.

The Limitations of Debate

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

From All Across the World

As you walk down any retail isle anywhere upon this spinning pale blue dot,
Ponder all the time, all the decisions, all the inventions, all the labor, all the transport,
It took – oftentimes, from across the world – to get all those products to market.

Seek and You Shall Find

Seek and You shall find whatever You have the capacity to find.
More than a little likely something relatively close,
To the nature-nurture of origin.

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

A Solitary Soliloquy

So many thoughts that none but me will likely ever read.
That will only be known, if a rare few decide to preserve them.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

Same Old Assertion

Are the need, the want, the craving, for meaning and purpose,
Anything more than vanity and greed (a.k.a., narcissism and hedonism),
Playing out the same-old declarations, in any given mind-body,
On any given stage, all across this given pale blue dot.

The Eternal Intelligence in All Things

The natural selection of the mystery-given intelligence, the potential in every seed line,
Is how You are in the unfathomable, indivisible, right here, right now,
Playing out your version of the same eternal process.
Such is the nature of all creation.

Little Truths, Big Truth

In the endless expanse, there are an infinity of quantum-matrix truths,
But there is only one Truth, there is only one The Way It Is.
And it is not the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
It is the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
All relative, in the one and only.
The ethereal, in which illusion frolics.
The mystery, in which You, alone, ever are.

The Final Reprieve

These frail mortal bodies often end up becoming torture units.
The absence of pain can become the last consolation,
In the inevitable decline and fall of pleasure.
In the ecstasies and agonies of this brief existence,
The oblivion, the liberation, of death, is the final reprieve.

The Walking Dead

To quietly, anonymously meander as though dead,
As detached, as indifferent, as nondescript, as the long departed,
Is the grand challenge for those who long, who hunger, for the ultimate liberation.
Those who seek to merge, back into the eternal moment, they truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
That which is the ineffaceable, indivisible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable mystery.
It is the return to the awareness, to the tabula rasa, masked by imaginary notion.

A Smorgasbord of Veracity

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, a miscellany, a jumble, a mishmash, a medley,
For which few genuinely seek, for which few truly hunger.
Take it, or leave it, You decide.

An Imaginary Continuity

The ever-present mind-body,
Fabricates an imaginary continuity,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

Fabricating Divinity

To believe in a deity or deities,
You must first imagine divinity,
And then imagine it real and true.

The Given Limits

Any given life form's universe,
Can only be what its senses perceive.
The electromagnetic spectrum is like that.
Such is the quantum dreamtime for all creation.

Naught But a Brief Flurry

The evolution of consciousness, the theater of imagination,
Is but a biological phenomenon in the continuum of the quantum matrix.
Naught but a relatively brief flurry in the unfathomable vastness of eternity’s mystery.

The Great Irony, the Great Paradox

The reality, the truth, of most every quantum mind,
Is that most every neural network considers its version real and true,
And generally, a version much more real, a version much more true, than anyone else's.
It is the great irony, the great paradox, underlying all human consciousness,
Since its evolution in the jungles and savannahs of long ago.

A Very Deterministic Continuum

How deftly, skillfully, adroitly, nimbly, precisely, adeptly, neatly, dexterously,
The genesis, the creation, every moment progresses in its deterministic fashion.

The Challenge of Vulnerability

Retaining vulnerability in a dreamtime that requires so much armor,
Both physical and psychological, is an every-moment stoic challenge.

The Resonance of Commonality

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

Basking in the Freedom of Death

Death will alleviate the weight of all your woes, all your problems, all your suffering.
The only real question is, whether or not You undertake it before the final wheezing breath.
As Albert Camus wrote: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.

Heed the Wisdom of the Ancients

Religions across all times, all places, are for those prone to delusion.
Those wallowing in vanity and greed, those absorbed in narcissism and hedonism,
To play out the ceaseless, insatiable, childish hereafter fantasies,
Cautioned about in 1 Corinthians 13:11:

When I was a child,
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man,
I put aside childish things.

How many true believers will never realize,
Who or what that thinker was talking about?

Open Hand, Open Mind

The mind is akin to the monkey's fist and the baited coconut,
Wherein releasing whatever thought is at hand, sets it free.
Until the next thought garners the willy-nilly of attention.
The empty mind, the no-mind, is its own compensation.

The Hunger! The Hunger!

Is human existence, perhaps all existence, really about anything more,
Than consuming, devouring, whatever inclination and opportunity allow?

What Point, What Purpose, Really?

All these things You have done, this knowledge You have absorbed, this wisdom You have gleaned,
What point to it all, really, when the Reaper one day shows up at the final breath, and it is all erased.

To What Degree Does Anyone Awaken?

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

Detachment is the Work

To detach all the psychological traumas from all the physical traumas,
Is the inner work, the contemplation-slash-meditation,
Of those who would be liberated.

Like a Passing Cloud

In the ever-present eternal moment,
Of this ineffable kaleidoscoping quantum matrix,
You are born, You die, unborn-undying all the indelible while.
Like a passing cloud, with neither before nor after,
Dreaming through the spacious sky.

No Word is the Thing

Every idea born of the mind, every idea born of imagination,
Has never been real, has never been in this world,
As anything more than a concept, anything more than a notion.
Any manifestation, any appearance, any fruition, into the quantum dreamtime,
Has always demanded some form of exertion, some form of effort, some form of elbow grease.

The Quest for Rhyme and Reason

Ponder all the desire, ponder all the fear,
All the dread, all the anger, all the passion, all the everything,
That has played out in your allotted eternal moment.
Is there really any rhyme or reason to it?
And why need there be?

A Stoic Equanimity

Any existence is chock-full of ups and downs.
The challenge is to stoically endure them,
With as much equanimity as possible.

Attending the Ineffability

Morphing into the cosmic state,
Morphing into the quantum state,
Morphing into the pure awareness,
Is fully heeding the timeless moment.
Full attending the ineffability of eternity.

The Unreality of All Stories

Repeating it over and over, has never made any story real or true.

Same Mystery, Same Illusion

Every creature ever born occupies itself as fate has allotted its nature-nurture algorithm.
It does not really matter how, for ultimately it is all the same mystery, playing out illusion.

The Grand Schemeless of Mutation

Although one might not help but wish them well,
As far as continuity of the lineage of their genetic material is concerned,
Lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgenders, queers,
Are failed mutations.

The Truth of Awareness

Awareness knows no desire.
Awareness knows no fear.
Awareness knows no dread.
Awareness knows no anxiety.
Awareness knows everything.
Awareness knows nothing.

A Touchy-Feely Dream

For as long as you feel.
For as long as you see.
For as long as you hear.
For as long as you taste.
For as long as you smell.
For as long as You breathe.
For as long as You awaken.
For as long as You sleep.
Until death do You part.

Destined to Be Long Forgotten

Somehow, imagination got up and running, and has not stopped since.
And it will all be very quickly forgotten whenever extinction is achieved.
Do not be betting that human vanity and greed will long infect this dust ball.

The Chicken or Egg of Imagination

Does imagination spring from the persona, or the persona from imagination?

So What?

You are powerful, You are famous, You are rich ... So what?

The Choices We Make

Power can become a prison.
Fortune can become a prison.
Fame can become a prison.
Life can become a prison.
A free life is not for all.

The Allness of Awareness

The nothingness of awareness distinguishes all,
The nothingness of awareness realizes all,
The nothingness of awareness is all.

The Quest for the Nothingness

Who is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
What is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Where is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
When is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Why is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
How is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

The Consequences of Aging

What is the point of growing old?
Of enduring a decrepit body and mind,
That can no longer tolerate the hedonisms,
That make temporal existence worth enduring.
A body that can no longer do or remember squatola,
And is daily facing a swelling array of pains and bothers.

The twelve hallmarks of aging outlined in a paper by:
López-Otín, Blasco, Partridge, Serrano, and Kroemer,
Scientifically gobbledy-gooked into three categories:

Primary

… genomic instability …
… telomere attrition …
… epigenetic alterations …
… loss of proteostasis …
… disabled macroautophagy …

Antagonistic

… deregulated nutrient-sensing …
… mitochondrial dysfunction …
… cellular senescence …

Integrative

… stem cell exhaustion …
… altered intercellular communication …
… chronic inflammation …
… dysbiosis …

Naught but a Touchy-Feely Dream

So amazing what all life endures.
All for what sum totals nothing more,
Than touchy-feely, narcissistic hedonism.
An imaginary dream of beyond-epic proportion.

The One and Only Mystery

You are, the one and only mystery, the one and only truth, the one and only eternity.
Whether or not You see it, whether or not You agree with it, it is, in this eye,
The way it is, the way has always been, the way it will always be.

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes

If worldly success beckons you,
If narcissism and hedonism are your thing,
And your vanity and greed gush forth without bounds,
You have happened into the definitive matrix.
A Twilight Zone, with nary a limit.

Regarding God

That which is God is not alive; that which is God not dead.
That which is God is unborn; that which is God is undying.

The Burden of Proof

Is it on the agnostic/atheist,
To prove some deity does not exist,
Or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?
Dogma, faith, belief, conviction, hope, are not proof.
Nor are majestic houses of worship, nor copious congregations.

Is That Really What Is Happening?

Is what You think is happening right now, truly what is happening right now?

The Nothingness Prior to All

To be the nothingness prior to consciousness, to be the nothingness prior to imagination,
Is the challenge of the awareness, the challenge of the mystery, the challenge of the eternity,
That You truly are, that You truly have ever been, that You truly will ever be,
In the timeless, unborn, undying, right here, right-now moment.

The Question That Gets to the Root

Does imagination spring from the person, or the person from imagination?

The Blindness of the True Believer

The true believer is blind to truth.

The First, the Last

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.
You are the first, You are the last.
Everything and nothing, all the while.
A continuum, ever continuing.
The moment, unending.
Eternity, nowing.

The Quest for Nothing

Why the search for the nothingness prior to all the searching?
Cease all questing, be still, be silent – and voila! – there You are.
Perfect awareness, basking in its eternal right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn, undying, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, ineffable.

The Eternal Quest for Eternal Life

All have their very own right-here-right-now eternal moment, which some have called eternal life.
Only very persevering spirits, replete with every variety of capacity and limitation,
Give themselves over the doubt, to the focus, to the discipline,
That the solitary path less traveled requires.

A Solitary No-Direction-Known Journey

These many straightforward, candid aphorisms,
Etch how I have come to see this indelible mystery.
And this long and winding soliloquy, has been set down,
To aid You, getting back to what You really are, and are not.
You are your own kingdom, your own house of worship,
Your own heaven and hell, and purgatory between.
It is up to You, and You alone, to figure it out.
It is a no-direction-known solitary journey.
And any realization, and any liberation,
Is for You, on your own, to harvest.
Where it begins, where it ends,
Will be forever unknown.
Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

What is Deep? What is Not Deep?

How deep do your thoughts go, how deep can they go?

The Insatiably Curious Mind

The human mind is an ineffably, indelibly, insatiably curious mind,
And history, its long and winding trail, of astonishing ecstasies and horrific agonies.
How far and wide will it meander, before its inevitable extinction,
Is a story that will be witnessed, likely never told.

… nature is all … nature is that i am …

… I am nature … you are nature … everything is nature …
… nature is mystery's expression … everything is mystery's expression …
… there is no me … there is no you … there is no other … we are all that which is mystery …
… only imagination deceives you, blinds you, into believing otherwise …
… you are as free as you please, if you so choose …

The Ever-Evolving Web of Imagination

The limitations of mind were likely so much more obvious,
Before we devised all the concepts, all the sounds,
To cloak it in the miasma of imagination.

True Intelligence

What greater intelligence than one honed by nature?

On Living Forever

What is going to happen to all your all-powerful deities,
And all your paradises, and all your hells, and all your purgatories,
When our little star, devours our little dust ball, in that moment's future past.
Sooner or later, even your gods gotta die, and where will You be then?

Already All but Forgotten

Perhaps, try to grasp how little, anyone in your life, much less the world, thinks about you.
And whether or not, some deity or deities, masters of heavens and hells, do at all,
Is but imaginary conjecture of the delusional-beyond-absurdity variety.

No Hope for Reconciliation

What anything means to me, will very likely not mean the same thing to you.
‘Tis the nature of imagination, to imagine such impossibly different universes.

Thousands and Thousands

A picture may well be worth a thousand words.
But as many more are well worth ten thousand steps.
What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

The Give and Take

There is nothing to give.
Nothing is there to give.
I have nothing to give.
You have nothing to give.
We all give and take nothing.

The Unyielding Maw

Curiosity is an unending, cavernous yawn,
Filling the mind with every variety of trivia.

Define Limitation

Depending how You view your imaginary world,
The limitations of imagination are few and far between,
The limitations of imagination are many and not far between.
Give it up, for the anarchy, the quagmire, of this sensory dreamtime.

The Limits of the Accelerating Exponential

If there are other dimensions all about us, or in spaces and times, far distant,
It will likely never be for us to know, in any meaningful, delineating way.
Even with the discerning eye of science, we can just barely perceive,
Our smidgen of a 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And though technology accelerates exponentially every day,
It will never achieve more than the limits of imagination.

Just Let Go … Everything!

All the everything that You carry in your mind,
Might be much less a burden, much less a daily trial,
If You just assumed, none of it ever happened.
The tabula rasa is yours for the being.

Buzzing About

As a bee is to the scent of a budding flower,
The mind is to the dreamtime of wily imagination.
Buzzing about with a detached mind is ever the challenge.

All The Wolves in Your Midst

It is only desire and fear, vanity and greed, that make you, allow you,
To think, to hope, to believe, to pray, there is more than one existence.
That there is some deity or deities, on high, tabulating your every move,
With their heavens and hells and purgatories, their carrots, their sticks,
Promoted by some cult, cultivated by some charismatic middleman.
Rest assured, the only question, the only answer, is whether or not,
You are naive enough, heedless enough, inane enough, to believe,
All the deceptions, all the traps, all the bullshit, all the absurdity,
Laid down by all the predators wandering freely in your midst.

The Continuum to Entropy

The electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix, never stops its kaleidoscoping unfurling.
It is a dynamic that has been in kinesis since the big bang, genesis, label it what You will.
And will continue, on and on, until the continuum when/ifs to its entropic stateless state.

No Mercy

We are all at the mercy of the imagination roiling about in our craniums.

The Emptiness of Consciousness

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think You know,
Everything You think You have done,
Is absolutely meaningless to the moment,
Absolutely immaterial to the eternity You are.
Awareness is, free of all limits, free of all borders.
Free of all fabrications devised by the imaginary mind.

Slipping, Slipping, Into the Future

Imagination is always slipping in, to tarry in the given moment,
Fabricating space and time, and all its quantum-matrix fixtures.

Every Fate's Potential

Whether through contemplation or meditation or drugs or pure happenstance,
Discerning the ineffably indelible mystery of eternity in all creation,
Is the unborn-undying potential, for all whom fate chooses.

Unscripted Shakespeare

Male and female, of the monkey-mind genome, are entirely different, relatively specialized beasts.
With entirely different physiques, different brains, different minds, different perceptions,
Different operating orders, different functions, different lives, different worlds.
To come together, to fuse together, for however short, however long,
Well, each and every connection, is a stage play unto itself.
There is no plan, there is no design, just unscripted Shakespeare.

Discerning the Harmony

Are we all anything more than algorithms playing out our little parts,
Filling the existence with every distraction, every amusement,
To avoid the ‘tedious boredom’ of the eternal moment?
Few are inclined to discern the harmony of a serene mind.
A mind that has ceased pursuing the futility of vanity and greed.

The Ceaseless Delusions

All beliefs, all notions, all values,
Are but the ceaseless delusions of imagination,
Clinging to all the mind’s attachments to its sensory theater.
All the mind’s attachments to its imaginary self.

The Obliteration of Death

Death is the utter obliteration of imaginary self.
From oblivion to oblivion is the way of all dreamtimes.
There is no more, for any seed line, for any called into existence.
To let go, everything, is the greatest challenge, consciousness must endure.
Self is omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unborn, undying.
But little self is Shakespearian worms’ meat,
Of the ‘so it goes’ variety.

The Commonality of Creed

Google AI's answer to: What do most belief systems amount to?

Most belief systems amount to frameworks that provide meaning, structure, and social cohesion by attempting to answer life's big questions. Whether religious, philosophical, or cultural, they guide human behavior, influence social norms, and shape how individuals and groups understand the world and their place in it.

Shared Functions of Belief Systems

Across different cultures and eras, belief systems serve several core functions for individuals and societies:

Providing meaning and purpose: Many belief systems address existential questions about life, death, and the universe, which helps people find a sense of purpose.

Shaping morality and ethics: Belief systems often establish the fundamental principles of what is considered good and bad within a society. These ethical rules help regulate social behavior and maintain order.

Promoting social cohesion: A shared belief system creates a sense of community and collective identity among people, which can foster unity within groups. Collective rituals, myths, and traditions reinforce this social bonding.

Creating a worldview: Belief systems provide a framework for interpreting reality and understanding the unknown. This can explain natural phenomena, historical events, and a person's life experiences.

Influencing culture and politics: The values and tenets of a belief system can significantly influence a society's cultural practices, art, law, and political ideologies. In some historical cases, belief systems have been used to legitimize the authority of rulers.

Coping with uncertainty: By offering explanations for life's challenges, suffering, and death, belief systems help individuals cope with the fear and anxiety of an uncertain world.

Core Components

Many belief systems, whether religious or non-religious, are built on similar core components:

Beliefs/Worldview: The set of tenets that offer a coherent perspective on the universe.

Community: The group that shares and practices the beliefs.

Myths/Narratives: Stories that help explain and teach the belief system's core principles. These don't have to be factual to serve their purpose within the belief system.

Rituals: Practices and ceremonies that explain, teach, and reinforce the group's beliefs.

Ethics: The rules and norms for behavior.

Material Expressions: Objects, places, and art used in rituals or to represent beliefs, such as sacred texts, buildings, and symbols.

Emotional Experiences: The shared emotions common to the belief system, such as awe, devotion, or inner peace.

Sacredness: The distinction between what is considered sacred and what is profane.

Belief Systems in Conflict

While they can foster unity, differing belief systems can also be a source of conflict both within and between societies. When different systems hold fundamentally opposing values or ideas, disagreements can arise over issues like morality, governance, and social behavior. This can sometimes lead to social friction, persecution, and even violence.

Ultimately, most belief systems provide a common blueprint for understanding life, reinforcing shared values, and fostering a collective identity within a community.

The Nature of the Quantum Matrix

The continuum that is the mystery,
The continuum that sustains all existence,
The continuum that sustains all non-existence,
The continuum You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Is ever kaleidoscoping, is ever morphing, on and on and on.
When You finish your rice, it is time to clean your bowl,
And then, whatever is after that, after that, after that.
Nothing ever finishes, nothing ever can finish.
Even when death do You someday part,
Rest assured, it will all carry on,
In its unfathomable way.

The Labels! The Labels!

Do You really believe, labeling your imaginary self, this or that, means anything?

The Final Curtain Call

Spent this life putting things behind me, that did not work, or no longer wooed.
Or, in the relatively unanticipated once in a while, was done with me.
Dying will only be the final curtain call before oblivion,
And when have I not been partial to oblivion?

The Nondualistic Actuality

There is the nondualistic actuality,
And there is the vanity, the pride, about it.
Embrace the former; avoid the latter.

The Truth

Imagining truth, is never truth.

The Pig Likes It

As a pig likes it when you wrestle with it in the mud,
So too, imagination toys with minds giving it reality.
Ergo, the planet of the apes plays out Shakespeare live.

The Vagaries of Vanity

In the big picture of this vast ineffable, unchartable mystery,
How different is your play of consciousness, your imaginary existence,
From that of a jellyfish floating aimlessly in the waves, really?
Only vanity gives You pause to suppose otherwise.
Only the greed for more gives it wings.

That About Which I Am Most Content

The one thing about which I am most pleased, most content, most adamant,
Is that fate did not have me bring any children into this absurdity.
I certainly would never choose to reincarnate into it,
So why would I do it to another innocent?
Thank the gods, this eye will not witness it much longer.

Always Happy to Be Wrong

Regarding my tendency to wallow in repetitive cynical thoughts,
Regarding this monkey-minded human paradigm,
I am always happy to be wrong.

Every Mind

Every mind, a window to a self.
Every mind, a window to a world.
Every mind, a window to a cosmos.
Every mind, a window to the senses.
Every mind, a window to the moment.
Every mind, a window to the singularity.
Every mind, a window to the intelligence.
Every mind, a window to the imagination.
Every mind, a window to the awareness.
Every mind, a window to the mystery.
Every mind, a window to eternity.
Every mind, a window to You.

The Assumptions! The Assumptions!

All that we call human is based on assumptions.
Is existence anything but an imaginary assumption?

The Pharaoh Dilemma

Things getting lost or stolen or misplaced or broken,
Are just mini-deaths along the path to the finale of mortal fatality.
Despite all their pyramids and mausoleums and tombs and crypts and catacombs,
The powerful, the wealthy, the renowned, the masses, and those yet unborn,
Must at some point, when the last breath departs, leave it all behind.

Kurtz's Last Line

In Heart of Darkness, a critique of European colonial rule in Africa,
Joseph Conrad pretty much sums up the human condition,
With Kurtz's last line: The horror! The horror!

The Flaw of Imagination

Your perfection is flawed by your imagination,
Imagining it is a body, imagining it is a persona.

One Teacher, One Student

All teachers are ultimately the one and only teacher.
All students are ultimately the one and only student.

True Stories v. False Stories

Whether or not, any story, any account, is true or false,
Both are time-based fabrications of consciousness, of imagination,
And thus, naught but wafting currents in the illusory quantum space-time dream.
And humans, being such able storytellers, it can be all but impossible, to discern which is which.

The Sanctity of Grace

Contentment … true, unsullied, full-hearted, overflowing, eternal.
Have You embraced it yet, or are You so bound, so trapped, by the illusion of space and time,
That the inner guard, the inner controller, will not, at least occasionally,
Allow You a taste of the sanctity of grace.

The One Moment That Rules Them All

Analog or digital, the clocks tick,
The pages of calendars page after page flip,
But the moment is ever the same, all across the stage,
All across the very unique perceptions, each considers a cosmos.
Each and every one, naught but an imaginary perception.

Don’t Need No Nothing

Don’t need no readers.
Don’t need no disciples.
Don’t need no renown.
Don’t need no fortune.
Don’t need no dominion.
Don’t need no schemes.
Don’t need no trophies,
Don’t need no nothing,
Except to be left alone.

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

Eternity is the right-here-right-now-this-very-timeless moment.
All one needs do is still the mind, be the moment, the great all and nothing is,
And that quixotic thing called eternal life, is Voilà! theirs, in the given every-day mundane,
As it has ever been, as it will ever be, in this mortal dream of space and time.

Giving Over to Sovereignty

If You truly discern there is no other, discern there is truly naught but a vast ineffable oneness,
Why are You still justifying and rationalizing and apologizing for your existence,
To the other, who ultimately does not exist, any more than You do.
How challenging to participate, and yet remain aloof.
How challenging to give over to the sovereignty inherent in all.

Heaven or Hell, Your Choice

Heaven or Hell, You every moment choose to reside.
No need for some deity, or gaggle of the same, to decide.

The Never-Enoughers

Why is the moment not enough?
Why is the awareness not enough?
Why is the mystery not enough?
Why is eternity not enough?

The Holy Trinity

… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …

The Entitlements! The Entitlements!

How many conceptual arenas, we take for granted,
That ancestors in all times across the world,
Took many thousands of years to discover and create.
Discoveries and creations that we now embrace as entitlements.

The Timeless, Spaceless Awareness

Awareness is the emptiness, the nothingness, the vacuum, the ethereal constant,
Through which … earth, wind, water, fire … timelessly, spacelessly, kaleidoscope.

Quantum Everything

Quantum stardust.
Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
Quantum sun.
Quantum moon.
Quantum planets.
Quantum clusters.
Quantum universe.
Quantum perception.
Quantum archaebacteria.
Quantum eubacteria.
Quantum protista.
Quantum fungi.
Quantum plantae.
Quantum animalia.
Quantum everything.

A vast matrix of quantum design,
All kaleidoscoping through the ether of awareness.

The End Is Nigh

As lead pipes were to ancient Rome, plastic will be to the entire world.
Oil and electricity began their advent in the late 19th century,
And their juggernaut is racing down a dead-end road.
It all seemed so exceptionally remarkable in the early stages,
But has, in a little over a century, become an overwhelming leviathan.
Who can more than speculate the conclusion to a very punitive decline and fall.

Looking, Looking

Looking back, who-what-where-when-why-how, have You ever really been?
Looking to the fore, who-what-where-when-why-how, will You ever really be?
Looking right-here-right-now, who-what-where-when-why-how, are You really?

In This World!?

You were expecting consistency and rationality,
In a world ruled by irony and paradox?
How credulous can You be?

A Quantum Mystery

Quantum matrix.
Quantum illusion.
Quantum delusion.
Quantum dreamtime.
Quantum here-now.
Quantum mystery.

The Planet of the Blobs

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Naught But Empty Assertion

What life form can help but be, whatever its coding created it to be?
An algorithm that stretches back to the origins of life in the soupy mix of long ago.
To believe there is free will, is but the empty assertion of ignorance.

A Symbiotic Dance

Doubt and detachment have a symbiotic relationship,
In their amble, their dance, their dreaming,
Into the obscurity of oblivion.

A Solitary Walkabout

Everyone has a different world,
Everyone has a different universe,
Everyone has a different perception,
Just as real, just as imaginary, as yours.
We are very much, all alone, all together,
Wandering the same stage, in solitary minds.

Clearing a Toxic Mind

Full, focused breathing, with a pinch of detachment,
Is probably one of the better ways to clear a toxic mind.

The Everyday Horror Show

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

The Nature-Nurture All Abide

When You exited tabula rasa of the womb, innocence ran the show for a relatively short duration.
But very gradually, one onerous experience after another, scratched and sliced, and created the scar tissue,
The certain reactions – of the persona, of the character, of the identity – to which You are so attached.
It is the nature-nurture reality, that all life forms must endure, in whatever fate has been allotted.
And it will carry on – unabated, unrelenting, unyielding – until oblivion regains dominion.
All emotions, all passions, all feelings, all desires, all fears, all dreads, to the contrary,
The you, You think You are, is but an imaginary fallacy from the mind's get-go.

The Rule of Ignorance

If there is going to be any kind of future for the human paradigm,
It would agreeable if all of it were not ruled entirely,
By the ignorance of vanity and greed.

Fallacious Catechism

Fallacious tribal catechism strikes again.

Even One Blink

Even one breath, one swallow, one blink, different,
Would have spun a different fate for your entire cosmos.

Stay Humble

Stay as humble as your vain notions allow,
For You are truly no greater nor lesser than any other,
Across the farthest shoreless shore, of this most infinite mystery.

The Absurdity of All Religion

How self-absorbed the human species is, to think, to believe,
That some deity on high is so wrapped up in all their absurdities,
That he/she/it are so enraptured with their everyday boring blah-blah,
That he/she/it monitors and tabulates and judges their every single move.
Jesus, people, get over your imaginary, exceedingly preposterous bullpucky.

As Descartes Was to Doubt …

As Descartes was to doubting all things,
The next trick is totally letting go,
Of everything. unto Self.

The Migration of Mind

Every language has its migration.

An Ironic Deception

How long will we deceive ourselves,
Into believing, into hoping, that technology,
Can ever unscramble all the problems it has created?
That we can somehow backtrack to something less disastrous.

The Glitter! The Glitter!

You can have all your diamonds and your measly piles of gold.
They are only glitter in the quantum mirage, in the quantum dust pile.
Given value by minds that will never discern the mystery in which they flail.

… and then You did this …

… You were born …

… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …

The Lovers of Pain and Suffering

Mother Nature and Death are lovers, and do so enjoy inflicting as much pain and suffering, as possible.

The Absurdity of All Belief Systems

All belief systems end up being more than a little beyond absurd.
Why would eternity care whether or not You awaken to it or not?

Bask in This Moment

Bask in the very right-here-right-now,
Ever-present, unborn-undying, eternal moment,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Fin

The imaginary you is born just once.
The imaginary you dies just once.
Anything else is delusional.
Anything else is absurd.
Anything else is ludicrous.
Your life is but a brief dream.
Get over all your trifling notions.
Abandon your make-believe creation.
That very last rattle will be the end of you.

The Game of Charades

Measuring the measurable is the charade of the human mind.

Eternal Life Is in This Very Moment

Eternal life is in this very right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable.
The only You there is, there ever was, there will ever be.

The Gossip! The Gossip!

The world is filled with every sort of gossip,
Which You may partake, or not,
As disposition allows.

The Eternal Absoluteness

The timelessness,
The adroitness,
The deftness,
The perfection,
The dexterity,
The indelibility,
The precision,
The presence,
The swiftness,
The mystery,
The ineffability,
Of the moment,
Is eternally absolute.

No Two Alike

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

The Illusory Notion

You move, You stream, You flow, You course, You surge, You kaleidoscope, You dance, right along,
Through the eternal moment – ever untouched, ever untainted, ever unborn, ever undying.
Only memory, only imagination, journeys the perception of space and time.
Only memory, only imagination, cast it more than illusion.

The Choiceless Reality

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the big bang of genesis?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the first etching of life?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the natural selection since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the nature-nurture since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your awareness?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your existence.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your universe?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your geography?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your family?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your mind-body?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your intelligence?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your health?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your birth order?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your name?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your culture?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your ethnicity?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your gender?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your appearance?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your language?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your caste?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your economic level?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your values?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your beliefs?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your politics?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your capacities?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your education?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world view?

Where is the free will, where is the choice …
In your next breath, in your next heartbeat, in you next thought?

Even If You Knew Everything

Even if You knew the absolute truth of everything that lead up to this moment,
It would still only be the busy-busy of the ever-churning, imagination-ridden mind.
Naught but an evolutionary concoction, however its origin is deemed to have come about.

On Being You

What guilt, what remorse, should a lion have, for being a lion?
What guilt, what remorse, should a shark have, for being a shark?
What guilt, what remorse, should a piranha have, for being a piranha?
What guilt, what remorse, should a scorpion have, for being a scorpion?
What guilt, what remorse, should an eagle have, for being an eagle?
What guilt, what remorse, should a wasp have, for being a wasp?
What guilt, what remorse, should You have for being You?

A Centerstage Solo Act

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.
Dancing away, entirely alone, in their little speck of eternity.
To embrace the aloneness is to be free of the imaginary other.

The Stages of Existence

When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a newborn body, You play newborn.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a toddler body, You play toddler.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a child body, You play child.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a teen body, You play teen.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an adult body, You play adult.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an elderly body, You play elderly.
From newborn, to whatever end, there is agony, there is ecstasy, and the shadow of death,
Which must be endured, as stoically, as rationally, perhaps as detached, as the given mind allows.
There is only one exit in any existence, and any choice in the matter is very much nil-nada-naught-zilch.

Shakespeare Live

The entity You are so transfixed by, so devoted to, so attached to, so bound by, so imprisoned by,
Is really nothing more than a memory as soon as the timeless moment kaleidoscopes on.
And everyone wandering about playing their vain impromptu protagonists so real,
Makes for Shakespeare very much live across this whirling pale blue dot.

Moment You Are

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are,
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The world is naught but a quantum illusion, an imaginary perception.
The real You is prior to consciousness, prior to all appearances.
Prior to all attributes, all qualities, all traits, all elements.
There is no other; duality is but the mirage of mind.

Breathe It In, Breathe It Out

Breathe in the quantum nothingness, breathe out the quantum nothingness.

The Poof of Imagination

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

A Nomadic Existence

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

To Question, to Doubt

Settling for the idolatry of the ceaseless stream of fictitious deities,
Is the venue of all who lack the intellect, the critical mass,
To question until all questions run out of steam.
To doubt until the doubting is done.

The Intelligent Design

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?
You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.
Your access is this very moment.
Stilling the mind is all that is required.

The Infinite Web

The cosmos, the world, has a near infinity of ways,
To lure the imaginary mind into its ensnaring web.

An Undeniable Fact

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

A Deterministic Fate

All existence is caught in the seemingly endless wave of a very deterministic fate.
The most real way to live it out, is to just follow your nature, and wander the path of least resistance.
And, as stoically, indifferently, as possible, let it all go when the dreamtime is undone.

In Aloneness, Freedom

To embrace the aloneness, is to be free of the imaginary other.

Flickers of Perception

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

No Capturing Reality

Putting into words That which no word can capture.

A Blob of Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

This Life's Calling

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

The Tools! The Tools!

We are all tools of our own survival,
Of our own narcissistic-hedonistic Shakespeare,
Braiding the given perception, through which all life is cast,
In a garden that germinates, that naturally-selects, a so-called future-past,
In the timeless-spaceless continuum, playing out in an infinite, imagination-driven matrix,
That imagination has seamlessly usurped, and made into a dreamtime dominion,
Passing through the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness,
Passing through the abyss, through which all genesis flows,
Like clouds streaming through the eternity's sky.
The moment is all, the moment is one.

The Stories That Survive, and Thrive

Everyone's story is beyond-all-pales, absolutely, primo-unique.
But only a rare few, are storyteller enough, for us to learn their fable,
And pass it on, for as long as imagination dictates, it worth remembering.

The Eternal Quest

Enlightenment is the distillation of worldly, temporal experience.
Liberation is the attaining of the purest, most austere, state of consciousness.
What is the point of inquiring into Buddhahood, into Christhood, if You do not attain it?

The Quagmire of Idolatry

It is an ineffable, indelible, beyond-all-pales mystery.
To call it God – to deify it, to idolize it, to flatter it, in any way,
Is really nothing more than an endless quagmire of meaningless absurdity,
To which all are unique witnesses, in their very solitary quantum-matrix dreamtimes.

Zilch Nada Nothing

All those many thoughts You have about your imaginary self,
Your imaginary world, Your imaginary cosmos,
All total up to zilch-nada-nothing.

A Timeless Freedom

Eternity cannot be harnessed by a clock.

The Immeasurable Moment

Now is not a clock.
Now is not a watch.
Now is not a calendar.
Now is not any measure.
The moment is immeasurable.

Once Is More Than Enough

What is karma, but another word for consequence, upshot, outcome,
And every existence has its share, rippling and stumbling on down the line.
No need to imagine a slew of other lifetimes, for which You must supposedly pay.

Good Fortune From Afar

Someone always triumphs in the Great Game, the Game of Thrones.
Sit upon the mount until someone wrestles them off, one way or another.
Count yourself lucky if it is your good fortune to witness it from afar.

The Unlikely Vote

Regarding the greatness with which our kind cloaks itself,
How would our fellow earthling cast their vote,
Had they the unlikely opportunity?

Twisted Consciousness

What resides between good and evil,
But a gamut of consciousness,
A spectrum of imagination,
A continuum of perception,
Twisted in every feasible way.

How Quickly

How quickly everything becomes its memory.

The Deification of Revenge

We fabricated every form of deity to punish those we could not,
And heavens and hells and purgatories in the hope, in the yearning,
That there would be a reward for all our pain and suffering,
And an eternity of hellfire for those who wronged us.

The Nature of Tribalism

Such a tribal species we are, in which some win, some lose, and most get by, best they can.

Why Pretend?

Why pretend to know something, if you do not?
Why pretend to be something, if you are not?
Why pretend there is more, if there is not?
Why inwardly pretend anything at all?

Health, the Only Wealth

Your health is your greatest wealth,
And that, too, depletes, slow or fast,
As sure as the sand in any hourglass.

Blips of Meaninglessness

At the universal echelon,
All our conflicts and exertions,
All our pain and suffering and angst,
Are, at best, mere blips of meaninglessness.

Catch and Release

The trick to being in the moment,
The trick to being in the awareness,
The trick to being the eternal nowness,
Is simply releasing into the immeasurable.

The Great So It Goes

If You cannot discern it, fathom it, perceive it, for your Self,
No one on this whirling orb, is going to convince you,
To persuade you, to exhort you, to convert you,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.
You will be a done deal, forever and a day.

An Overwrought Dynamic

What is the human paradigm but an overwrought dynamic,
A garden world of imagination in exponential bloom,
That holds no sway over the mystery, whatsoever.

How to Solve a Problem

Glass half full.
Glass half empty.
Break the damn glass.
Problem solved.

Day or Night, Same Eternity

There is no day, there is no night, there is only now,
Lit or unlit, by a tilt, by a spin, round a ball of fire.

Through the Looking Glass

The only perfection anyone can lay claim to, is the one everything is,
Or nothing is, depending how one flips the mirror in the looking glass.

Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience

Omnipresence is to be fully engaged in the moment.
Omnipotence is to be tapped into the infinity, the totality of eternity.
Omniscience is less about knowledge, than it is about being open to all potentials.
About being the awareness, the invisibility, within all things,
In the moment that allows all things.

The Root of Absurdity

To want something,
To want anything,
From an illusion,
From a mirage,
From a dream,
And fear it, too,
And dread it, too,
How absurd is that?

A Dubious Assumption

Chronometers exist.
Sundials exist.
Clocks exist.
Watches exist.
Timers exist.
Calendars exist.
Almanacs exist.
Logbooks exist.
Diaries exist.
Chronicles exist.
Journals exist.
Timetables exist.
Planners exist.
Newspapers exist.
But the thing called time, they supposedly measure?
Well, that is a dubious assumption.

The Omniscient Mind

Omniscience is in the knowing, in the discerning, in the seeing, in the intelligence,
Of the given unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable moment.
It is not about the trivial pursuit of gathering knowledge,
About the illusion of this manifest theater.

The Fluke of History

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

The Mammalian Mutation

Emotional attachment is a naturally-selected biochemical blend,
That cultivated the familial and herd-slash-tribal alliances,
That enabled the survival of all mammalian lineages.
That long ago mutation is but one of the myriad reasons,
You are sitting there imbibing this stream of consciousness,
In your right-here-right-now shard of this inexplicable mystery.

Living and Dying in Oblivion

What dreams have been,
What dreams will some moment be,
Are all the same right-here-right-now dreamtime.
And all, naught but oblivion-to-oblivion delusions of imagination.
The oblivion between – obscured, cloaked, masked, concealed, muddled – by illusion.
An illusion made by however many senses and a processing unit,
In a vacuum of a mystery beyond all pales.

Is There More to It?

Is there really-truly more to this great mystery?

Some great philosophy?
Some great rationale?
Some great meaning?
Some great ethos?
Some great motivation?
Some great principle?
Some great overtone?
Some great plan?
Some great function?
Some great intention?
Some great aim?
Some great objective?
Some great design?
Some great consequence?
Some great worth?
Some great upshot?
Some great idea?
Some great subtext?
Some great significance?
Some great value?
Some great importance?
Some great corollary?
Some great connotation?
Some great inference?
Some great concern?
Some great nuance?
Some great requirement?
Some great point?
Some great implication?
Some great resolve?
Some great magnitude?
Some great moment?
Some great belief?
Some great outcome?
Some great inspiration?
Some great hope?
Some great purpose?
Some great raison d'être?

And even if there is, why would You need to care?

The Willy-Nilly Mind

The willy-nilly butterfly of consciousness,
Does not effortlessly reside in the stillness of the eternal moment,
Flitting on and on, ever consuming its sensory-inspired cosmos, unto the last wheezing breath.

The Truth of Oblivion

From oblivion to oblivion, and the oblivion between, cloaked by illusion.

The Long and Winding Illusion

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

The Great Humility

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,
Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.
Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

How Long Before It No Longer Matters?

Comedy or tragedy that it may seem now, how long before it no longer matters?

A Daily Certainty

The unsparing absurdities of consciousness, the unsparing absurdities of imagination,
With its more than infinite capacity for subterfuge and mayhem and chaos,
Is, sadly, a daily spectacle, a daily onslaught, a daily certainty.

Call It Whatever

Call it God.
Call it eternity.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it kaleidoscope.
Call it nonduality.
Call it continuum.
Call it streaming.
Call it creation.
Call it oblivion.
Call it genesis.
Call it cosmos.
Call it season.
Call it duality.
Call it space.
Call it time.
Call it You.
Call it epoch.
Call it infinity.
Call it mystery.
Call it moment.
Call it anything.
Call it everything.
Call it nothingness.

All the same, no difference, no matter.

The Challenge of Detachment

To discern it all illusion, is one thing; to detach from it, quite another.

No Mind Alike

Just because You or someone else imagines something, does not necessarily make it true.
Every culture has its storytellers of every ilk, all spinning their buzz,
Some bent on truth, some bent on untruth.
Sifting through it all, every mind, its own dreamtime.

The Path of Least Resistance

People tend to choose the path of least resistance,
Due to a combination of biological, psychological, and social factors,
All of which prioritize comfort, efficiency, and minimizing effort.
This tendency is deeply rooted in our evolutionary history,
And is reinforced by the way our brains are wired,
To conserve energy and seek immediate gratification.

The Life of Grub

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

The Relentless Rolodex

Memories, all the many perceptions of the given existence,
Virtuous or corrupt, sensible or insensible, are not something easily discarded.
Hence, the relentless rolodex, ever spinning on and on and on,
Through the quantum pathways, zippity-zip.

The So It Goes of It

All my too many thoughts are out there if anyone wants to read them, and if not, so it goes, I had my fun.
Nothing I, or anyone else, has ever said or written, is going to change the human paradigm.
13.8 billion years of natural selection will have great difficulty being undone.
And, as I often conclude in my rather misanthropic rambles: I will be glad to be wrong.

That Which Words Cannot Tell

We thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

The Grubs! The Grubs!

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

The Way of Modern Slavery

The one-percenters and their minions finally figured it out.
Why feed and house and clothe and chain and whip the slaves,
When You can pay a wage or salary, and proffer a few token gestures.
Advancements, titles, rewards, medical, retirement, labor unions, scholarships.
Let them feed and house and clothe and chain and whip themselves, however they will.
Keep them if they serve the ship well, and if not, well, throw them overboard.
There is generally almost always someone else to swab the deck.
As to quality of existence issues, let them eat cake.

You Do Not Have to Come Back

As challenging as it well is, to be so disciplined, to be so free of desire and fear,
So free of the narcissistic hedonism of the passionate monkey-mind,
No one can force You to respond with even one ripple,
In the neural network, in the quantum sea,
Of the mind in which You dwell.
You do not have to engage.
You do not have to come back.
The world will move on without You.

Noisy Mind v. Serene Mind

What is all the knowledge, all the noise of the world,
But a busy thoroughfare of minds ill at ease,
With the silence of a serene mind?

Devotees of the Promised Land

Has any on-high deity ever been as judgmental,
As all the minions who pledge their undying belief,
That only they are worthy of the promised land?

Dark Thoughts

No need to carry out your dark thoughts, if You can imagine them.

Filling v. Emptying

At what point does one's existence, become less about filling, than it does about emptying?

The Oblivion of Existence

Impenetrable
Impossible
Impractical
Inaccessible
Incomparable
Indestructible
Invulnerable
Irresolvable
Unachievable
Unapproachable
Unassailable
Unattainable
Unavailable
Unbeatable
Unchallenged
Unfeasible
Unmatched
Unobtainable
Unparalleled
Unreachable
Unrealistic
Unrivaled
Untouchable
Unviable
Unworkable

Dancing With the Devil

It may all be the pixie dust of illusion,
But it is the only pixie dust we know.
Dancing with the Devil, so to speak.

The Mystery is All

You are the mystery, the mystery is you, get over your imaginary self.

The Abyss of a Mystery

The reality we all orbit around, the reality of every moment,
Is that we are truly very much all alone in this abyss of a mystery.
And nothing is going to change that, and nothing we do, nothing we think,
Really means squat, in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Be ye saint or serial killer, no matter.

All for Illusion

All that desiring.
All that coveting.
All that wanting.
All that yearning.
All that craving.
All that obsessing.
All that aching.
All that envying.
All that longing.
All that aspiring.
All that wishing.
All that pining.
All that thirsting.
All that fancying.
All that hungering.
All that hankering.
All that demanding.
All that voraciousness.

All for illusion.

The Bubbles of Process

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

The Overwhelming Nature of Imagination

So much of everything, all imagined; who does not, at least occasionally, feel overwhelmed?

A Tralfamadorian Nod

Nature can be harsh and painful and deadly.
Any instant can bring forth a face-off with injury or death.
Darwin coined concepts like natural selection and survival of the fittest.
Others call it fate, destiny, kismet, upshot, fortune, providence.
Tralfamadorians sum it up with a ‘So it goes’ nod.

The Consumption! The Consumption!

Consumption is a great distraction, a great amusement.
Right up there in the nebula of power and fame and fortune.
And, of course, sex, however, whenever, if ever, opportunity strikes.

No Corner Untouched

Imagine the Darwinian purity of this spinning orb,
Before humankind migrated across it like a malevolent cancer,
Wreaking death and ruin, pain and suffering, in every nook and cranny.

Co-creators of an Imaginary Perception

Every creature that has ever existed, or will ever exist,
Has its own sensory perception, its own naturally-selected niche,
Which both creature and niche, have cooperated, have conspired, in creating.
Every single life form has been a co-creator in the genesis of this imaginary perception.

The Eternal Moment is All

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

The Distraction! The Distraction!

It is all nothing more than distraction,
Inspired by vanity and avarice,
Narcissism and hedonism,
Hubris and hunger,
Pride and greed.

A Rare Calling

Your attachment to your world, your cosmos, your perception
Draws You out again and again and again, ever again.

Your eyes, the sights.
Your ears, the sounds.
Your tongue, the tastes.
Your nose, the smells.
Your flesh, the touch.

To remain in the awareness is an every-moment challenge.
To be in the dreamtime, but not of it, is a rare calling.

What is Any Existence?

What is any existence but a long and winding series of womb-to-grave phases.

… a lineage born of mystery …

… here You are …
… a kaleidoscoping lineage …
… created of an unfathomable mystery …

… from the big bang of the singularity … what matter how it came to be … 13.8 billion years ago …
… an extremely hot, extremely dense point, rapidly expanding space and time itself …
… an ever-inflating cosmos, expanding and cooling and evolving …

… into the formation of subatomic particles …
… into the formation of protons and neutrons …
… into the formation of hydrogen and helium atoms …

… into gravity pulling together matter to form the first stars and galaxies …
… into between 200 billion and 2 trillion galaxies in the observable universe …

… into a small milky galaxy containing hundreds of billions of stars …

… and one of those stars, center of a solar system over 4.6 billion years old …
… a solar system that evolved from a collapsing cloud of gas and dust …
… a cloud, called a solar nebula, that flattened into a protoplanetary disk …
… in which planets, moons, asteroids, and comets formed from the remaining material …
… with ongoing collisions, gravitational interactions, and changes to planetary orbits …

… and on one of those planets, a pale blue dot, third from its star, 90 million miles distant …
… formed from dust and gas particles approximately 4.54 billion years ago …
… a planet with atmosphere and oceans and continents, driven by internal heat, gravity …

… emerged unicellular life (single-celled organisms) …
… that evolved into animalia (multicellular life) …
… that evolved into chordata (animals with backbones) …
… that evolved into tetrapoda (four-legged organisms) …
… that evolved into mammalia (milk-producing animals) …
… that evolved into primates (an order of mammals) …
… that evolved into hominidae (great apes) …
… that evolved into genus homo (contemporary humans) …

… 3.8 billion years of natural selection, and counting …
… 3.8 billion years for You to be right here, right now, this eternal moment …
… kaleidoscoping whatever destiny, whatever dreamtime, the singularity set in motion in the long ago …

… You are the singularity … You are the mystery …
… be the singularity … be the mystery …

A Philosophical Pipedream

A higher state of beingness, is the leap that consciousness, the leap that imagination,
Must somehow attain, if it is to survive humankind's naturally-selected origin.
And the likelihood of setting aside its survival-of-the-fittest paradigm?
Well, a few days-worth of headlines in these our modern times,
Makes for short work of that philosophical pipedream.

The Illusion of Time

Time is nothing more than a human concept, imparted reality,
By sundials, clocks, watches, calendars, and the like.
All inspired by the regularities of a cosmos,
That is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.

The Noise! The Noise!

The mind is a story.
It is all distraction.

Naught But Vibration

Words cannot but tell.

No Frames, No Boundaries

Why should You ever feel bound to any geography,
Or any world or universe or dimension,
Or any illusion, whatsoever?
Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

To Be in Eternity's Moment

As much as possible, focus completely on whatever the mind-body is doing.
That way, the willy-nilly mind, will perhaps dally less in the halls of memory lane.
And perchance much less in the absurdity of our kind's Shakespearian stagefest, as well.

The Freedom of Eternity's Moment

The world is awash in every manner of disharmony and distraction.
Only in the pure, still awareness of eternity's moment, is there true peace.
It is the eternal life, free of all the rancor of imaginary consciousness.
Free of the dreamtime illusion, to which humankind is so attached.

What Are You Really?

Are You this imaginary self, this attachment to the mind-body,
Or the indescribable, indivisible awareness, the unfathomable moment,
Through which it sprints willy-nilly, in whatever way nature-nurture ordains.

Like a Cat With a Mouse

Imagination is always just offstage, ready to pounce into any moment of inattention.

The Unbounded Mind

The universal mind,
Is a total mind, a whole mind, a complete mind,
A peerless mind, a matchless mind, an absolute mind, a sovereign mind,
Free of all constraints, all confines, all restrictions, all limits, all margins, all curbs, all boundaries.
Which leads to the question, where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

The Insanity of the Human Paradigm

The entire human paradigm, this Shakespearian theater inspired by imagination, is unutterably insane.
What is called sanity, what is called normal, what is called rational, what is called sensible,
Is nothing more than being able to function reasonably well in the absurdity.

The Failure of Science

Science, despite all its noble, rational efforts,
Has failed to convince a paradigm programmed by 13.8 billion years of natural selection,
In large part shaped by superstition and fallacy.

The Cradle of Time

There is no past, there is no future, without imagination, imagining it so.

Pausing the Willy-Nilly

What a challenge to not allow imagination to wander willy-nilly,
Into all the identifications with the mind-body perceptions of a so-called lifetime,
And all the memories it so easily dredges into an illusory reality,
That is not, was not, and will never be.

Eye Wide Open

You are like any theater or film actor, who plays a part,
Knowing full well, any given centerstage moment, that s/he is not that role.
So here now You are, playing on cue, the script that your nature-nurture programing summons forth.
Whether or not, You have realized the centerstage clarity, simplicity, lucidity, eloquence,
Is how cognizant of this illusory quantum dreamtime, You are, or are not.

The Ageless Moment

The mind stamps perceptions with times and dates,
But are any, however so-called old, however so-called young,
Really at all that different, in the timeless moment that does not truly exist?
Even just a moment ago, is the same as the moment of genesis,
The moment it all began, in the way back when.

The Worm Within

Between that mouth and anus, the worm is still in play.

How Long Is a Moment?

... an iota of a smidgen …
... a smidgen of a jot …
... a jot of a speck …
... a speck of a scrap …
... a scrap of a particle …
... a particle of a bit …
... a bit of a speck …
... a speck of a grain …
... a grain of a scintilla …
... a scintilla of an iota …

… is how long the moment is not …

On Being You

To be the You, You truly are,
The quantum mind must pacify its self,
The five senses be witnessed without attachment,
And eternal awareness, resume its ever-present sovereignty.

A World of Idolatry

Why in any deity's arbitrary name,
Would You ever embrace any idolatrous religion or cult,
Imagined, concocted, fabricated, manufactured, by the human or any other mind?
Free your Self from all the baseless absurdity that binds You.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

The True Eye

Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

Another Day

Another day, staring into the abyss.
Into the beginning of all ends,
The end of all beginnings,
And all the in-betweens, too.

You Are It, It Is You

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

The Neutrality of Awareness

As You would a vehicle, shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there, ever-present.
What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, than the awareness permeating all?

Why Believe Anything Imagined?

Why believe things You have never seen?

Why believe in any deities?
Any superstitions.
Any fallacies.
Any delusions.

Any sasquatches.
Any vampires.
Any pookas.
Any ghosts.
Any aliens.
Any angels.
Any demons.
Any tooth fairies.
Any Easter bunnies.
Any Santa Clauses.

Any fantasies.
Any apparitions.
Any specters.
Any assumptions.
Any spirits.
Any phantasms.
Any visions.
Any bigotries.
Any notions.
Any deliriums.
Any injustices.
Any mirages.
Any prejudices.
Any fixations.
Any judgments.
Any distortions.
Any figments.
Any illusions.

All are imagined.
The mind is but a story.
It is all distraction.
Free your Self.
Let them go.

A Veiled Mystery

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?
How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?
Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.
Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.
A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

Naught But a Frame of Reference

It is through your frame of reference that You perceive your cosmos.

Attaining Eternity

To attain eternity, the mind must become:
Very still.
Very quiet.
Very spaceless.
Very timeless.
Very here.
Very now.

A Visualization of God

Herein is visualized an awareness.
… Omniscient … Omnipresent … Omnipotent …
Prior to and beyond, any and all conceptual contrivances.
So infinitesimally to infinitely, ephemerally, unfathomably immense,
As to indivisibly permeate the indelible quantum sea,
Without bounds, without judgment.

You are it, it is You.

Quantum Illusion, All

The cosmos is a quantum illusion, the world is a quantum illusion, You are a quantum illusion.
Everything You believe, everything You think You know, is a quantum illusion.
And yes, alas, these many thoughts are a quantum illusion, too.

Nothing is as it seems.

Why Me, God? Why Me?

Why me, God, why me? Why me, God, why me? Please, God, why me-me-me!?
The lamenting refrain since the mind's self-absorbed beginnings.
The ascent of imagination in the jungles of long ago.

Just a Grub

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

Same Mystery for All

All creation is of the same mystery.
Only imagination, imagines otherwise.

Threading Your Way Through Infinity

You are the current issue of 13.8 billion years old programming.
The long and winding of your thread of natural selection since genesis.

No Thing Left Unnamed

Anything not having one name or another in the ever-roiling dreamtime of the human mind,
Will not likely agonize without for long, once targeted for use or abuse,
Or even just the idle distraction of frivolous curiosity.
And that having little or no purpose, having little or no meaning,
Can simply be ignored or tossed or destroyed, and without further ado, forgotten.

The Singularity You Are

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum matrix.
You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

Ever a Mystery

The ears hear the mystery.
The eyes see the mystery.
The skin feels the mystery.
The nose smells the mystery.
The tongue tastes the mystery.
The mind discerns the mystery.
Yet the mystery remains a mystery.
The one in all, and the all in one.

Cousins of the Puddle of Origin

Just because your most recent ancestors came out of a noteworthy geography,
Does not mean all did not come out of the same puddle of origin,
Long before there were any brain cells to recall it.
All life has far more in common,
Than all the many differences we imagine.
Than all the many differences we ceaselessly squabble over.
Than all the many differences driving all life into a dark and foreboding future.

The Mystery of Intelligent Design

Was life born 13.8 billion years ago when the cosmos burst forth?
Was life born 4.6 billion years ago when the solar system began its whirl?
Was life born 4.54 billion years ago when the earth formed into the pale blue dot?
Was life born 3.8 billion years ago when the first single-celled organisms began to replicate?
Or has what we call life, what we call existence, always been but an unborn-undying quantum illusion?
An illusion witnessed by an ineffable awareness, witnessed by an inexplicable intelligence,
Permeating every aspect, of the mystery, which, by design, can never be known.

On Your Own, for All Eternity

What permission, what approval, what sanction, what consent, what affirmation,
Can be given for this unfathomable insight into which You inquire?
There is no other, You are on your own, for all eternity.

Heavens, Hells, and the Perditions Between

Some minds manage to realize heaven.
Some minds are shackled in unutterable hells.
Some minds wander the byzantine labyrinth between.

True Faith

Have faith that Mother Nature will do everything that she possibly can,
To diminish and annihilate You, every moment of your eternal existence.

The Imaginary Mind

The only heaven, the only purgatory, the only hell, is the one the given mind imagines.

No Exit From the Théâtre de L’Absurde

Always beyond the pale astounding, how more is never enough for so many.
Wealth is a state of mind, and so many with so much, seem to live such impoverished lives.
The quest for power and renown orbits in the same bankrupted emptiness.
How the masses rank them high, is a théâtre de l’absurde.
Only the departed are allotted true peace.

Shadows Across the World

What demons all shades of gray lurk in so many minds.
What tyranny the mentally unstable cast upon the world.
And there being no resolution, it must simply be endured.
13.8 billion whirls of natural selection will not be annulled.

The Story of Existence

What is heaven but unending oblivion?
What is hell but the absurdity of madness?
What is perdition but the pendulum between?

Witness to a Dream

Whether You are a monk in a cave, or a householder in a mansion,
The quantum dreamtime ever kaleidoscopes the same eternal moment.
Your destiny is already here and gone, but it is You who must witness it.

You Can Only Be What You Are

A vision of the mystery, so infinite, so infinitesimal, it cannot be imagined, You can only be it.

A Means to an End

It is not You who does anything.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that is the doer.
You, the real You, the awareness permeating all creation, is but eternal witness.
Eternal observer, perceiver, to everything under every sun, in every space, every time, every dimension.
In every point and particle, in everything known, in everything unknown.
The mind-body is but a means, a vessel, a vehicle.
You are that which is God.

As Illusionary as You

The illusory quantum matrix is not the creation of aliens or other supreme beings,
Because they would be as much fabrications as all we dreamers of space and time.

The Ever-Spinning Imagination

The universe spins.
The earth spins.
The mind spins.
All in your imagination.

Truth is Truth

Truth is truth, neither objective or subjective.

Put No God Before Self

There is absolutely nothing, in any ancient writings worth their salt,
That will in any way, validate the idolatry, of any form, of any concept.

The Reality of the Human Paradigm

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but …
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.
Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

A Vast Sea of Relativity

The quantum matrix is a vast sea of relativity.

A Question of Values

Jiddhu Krishnamurti once said, "Do whatever amuses You,"
Which means one thing to a saint, and another to a serial killer.

That Which Some Call God

You are a drop, a shard, of that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are the mystery of awareness, the ether of eternity.
You are that which some call God.

The Regrets! The Regrets!

How likely is it that probably almost every two-legged who has ever existed,
Has a fairly lengthy list of regrets, of many things they wish they had never done or said.
Assuming, of course, they, from the ultimate view, ever really did or said anything in the first place.

What So Many Will Endure

For as long as the forebrain is a-synapsing, many will endure myriad tortures,
And beyond that, others will perhaps take it upon themselves,
That to which they feel most obligated.

The Trickster

Gravity fools the sensory mind-body into believing,
It is not floating in the motionless abyss,
Of the awareness You truly are.
The quantum cosmos is but a trickster,
Holding You hostage to imagination's binding veil.

A One-Way Show

One thing that can be said about the continuum called space-time,
Is that that it is a one-way, here-now, kaleidoscoping quantum show.

True Grit

True grit is the courage and resolve, the strength of character,
The determination, the steadfastness, the tenacity, the doggedness, the firmness,
To hold fast, to cling, to hang on, to grasp, to grip, to clutch, to clasp, to stick, in a difficult situation.

True Grit II

... grit ...
... is a four-letter noun ...
... that implies ...
... that suggests ...
... that infers ...
... that hints at ...
... that points toward ...
... that indicates ...
... that denotes ...
... that entails ...
... that involves ...
... that means ...
... the courage and resolve ...
... the strength of character ...
... the determination ...
... the steadfastness ...
... the tenacity ...
... the firmness ...
... the doggedness ...
... to hold fast ...
... to cling ...
... to grip ...
... to grasp ...
... to hang on ...
... to clutch ...
... to clasp ...
... to stick ...
... to keep hold of ...
... in a difficult situation …

The Kaleidoscope of Perception

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

At some point in the given moment, it makes more sense to just let it all go.
To put everything possible aside, to stop imbibing all the gossip and absurdity,
And just sit, peacefully staring into space, when not taking long solitary walkabouts.
To simply be as nothing, to simply be the momentary awareness, is the first and last step.

Life is Like That

Sometimes You hit a home run.
Sometimes You hit a triple; sometimes, a double; sometimes, a single.
Sometimes You get walked; sometimes You hit a foul.
Sometimes You even strike out.

Life is like that.

To Be In the World, but Not of It

What does it mean: To be in the world, but not of it?

It is a mind that is prior to consciousness.
It is a mind filled with awareness.

A still mind, a silent mind,

It is a mind that sees the world.
It is a mind that hears the world.
It is a mind that tastes the world.
It is a mind that smells the world.
It is a mind that feels the world.

Yet remains a mind untouched by the world.
Yet remains a mind unconcerned about the world.
A mind filled with the awareness that is prior to the world.
A mind permeated with the awareness that is prior to all creation.

A mind given over to the mystery, to the unknown, to the no-mind, prior to all.

All You Need Do

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.
All any seeker need do, is wipe away the mitote – become so totally attentive to the given moment,
That the big dream, the fog of perception, the many voices, the many influences,
That are constantly speaking, making it difficult to see clearly,
Suspend their cacophony, are shuffled offstage,
And the quantum mind-body unleashes into all eternity.
The eternity that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

A Spoonful of Caution

A spoonful of caution, of restraint, in the younger moments,
May well save You a great deal of vexation in the older ones.

Oh Where, Oh Where

Where does the drop end and the ocean begin?
Where does the ocean end and the drop begin?

Nothing to Justify

No point justifying your existence.
No point anyone trying to justify their existence.
No one has ever asked to be born, to live out an existence.
And all must die, to discern it all nothing more than a fluke-ish dream.

A Most Serious Observation

Duality v. Nonduality: Seriously, can there really any question in a critical thinker's mind?

We Told You So

It is getting rough, and only daily rougher for more and more little folk,
And ‘We told You so’ is not going to stop the crashing wave.
The baby boomers caught the upsurge at its peak,
And the millennials and their progeny will get the crash.

Nothing New, Nothing Old

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

Awareness, Witness to All

It is only an illusionary quantum dust ball,
Spinning in an illusionary quantum dust cloud.
The eternal mystery of awareness, witness to it all.
Spaceless, timeless, unborn-undying, indelible, ineffable.

The Journey Through Illusion

How to negotiate, how to navigate, how to traverse, an illusion,
Is a – conundrum, challenge, enigma, puzzle, riddle – for any seer.
Ergo, every form of absurdity, some very light, some exceedingly dark,
In all geographies, across all times, no individual or culture exempt.

The Faceless Breath

The most important thing in your existence, is your next breath,
Which gives You yet another opportunity, another chance, another opening,
To perchance see, to perceive, to discern, to comprehend, to realize, your own faceless.

Ever Mysterious, Ever Free

When You no longer identify with the mind-body's dreamtime, what is left but the awareness.
Pure, simple, indelible, spaceless, timeless, ephemeral, unfathomable,
Indivisible, infinite, infinitesimal, ineffable,
Ever mysterious, ever free.

The Roots of Hell and Damnation

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?
Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?
We may exclaim them loving and wise and all-knowing and all-accepting,
But whoa, whoa, whoa – unhappy perdition and every imaginable hell –
Unto those many who do not make the thumbs-up-thumbs-down cut.
If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

The Source of Continuity

Without imagination, where can continuity reside?

What It All Boils Down To

The human paradigm boils down to me-myself-I narcissistic vanity,
And must have it right now, more-is-never enough, hedonistic greed.

The Journey Ahead

Try as many now on the upside of daisies might, there is no undoing the world our kind has fashioned.
The journey the future has in the making, is likely replete with every dystopian horror imaginable.
And those who will be born into it, will have no choice, but to endure it as stoically as possible.

No Rest for the Wicked

Odds are little or none of all I have written will survive my demise.
And do I give a rat's ass, whether-or-not the human paradigm survives itself?
Why would I? Hey, I'm just a scribe, man, and all this babble is what came to mind.
Would have been far easier to take more strolls, stare at more walls, and watch more movies.
But no, this inanity is what called, to such a degree, that carpal tunnel and stenosis are daily reminders.
And still, the thoughts keep bubbling up in the gray matter of this mind’s frame of reference.
As the idiom goes, there is no rest for the wicked; yes, one of my many demerits.

My Donation to the Future

My Self-appointed function in this relatively anonymous walkabout soliloquy.
Is to put into perspective all that humankind has created and destroyed,
And perhaps aid in setting a course for that which will follow,
Assuming there even is something that follows.
And if it never aids the unfolding debacle, so it goes.

Pretenders, All

Does an ant pretend to be an ant?
Does a salmon pretend to be a salmon?
Does an elephant pretend to be an elephant?
Does a salamander pretend to be a salamander?
Does an alligator pretend to be an alligator?
Does a butterfly pretend to be a butterfly?
Does an eagle pretend to be an eagle?
Does a germ pretend to be a germ?

Does any creature pretend it is what it is?

As for human becomings, we well know our forebrain paradigm.
Pretenders, all, each and every one, in every way, in every size, in every shape.
Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.
Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self, in which our kind harbors?
The unborn-undying moment is home to all sentience, home to the instinctual roots,
And only the delusion of imagination pretends otherwise.

Involuntary Incarceration

No one asked to be here.

No one was asked if they wanted to be born, if they wanted to die.
No one was asked if they wanted to suffer the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

No one really knows squat about who.
No one really knows squat about what.
No one really knows squat about where.
No one really knows squat about when.
No one really knows squat about why.
No one really knows squat about how.

We are all just faking it, playing our little part, the best we can.

Some awaken to it, to varying degrees, in various ways and means.
Most, still very much in the very deep, delusional slumber of imagination,
Play out the dreaming, so that the chosen, are able to realize the eternal eye within.

What, Pray Tell, Will You Do?

… when your family has failed You …
… when all your leaders have failed You …
… when all your faith systems have failed You …
… when all your economic systems have failed You …
… when all your sociological systems have failed You …
… when all your consumption has failed You …
… when there is nothing left to believe …
… what, pray tell, will You do? …

You Are Your Own Law

To assert You are your own law, is not an arrogant declaration,
But a statement of fact, regarding the values, the tenets, the principles,
To which You in all your attachment to your imaginary character, subscribe.
And everybody else doing the same; it is the way all minds work; no point debating it.

Eternal Witness to the Quantum Theater

The awareness You every moment are, and are not, is eternal witness to the quantum theater.
It has no stake in it, makes no judgment of it, plays no part in it, is ever-present in every moment of it.
Human imagination, with all its dualistic notions, founded upon its sensory-based stream,
Has made-up, has spun, all the deities, all the heavens and purgatories and hells.
There is no other, but each mind must discern its source to realize it.

The Truly Indifferent

Very challenging to remain indifferent in the day-to-day existence,
Unless complete isolation and staring at walls is an endurable state.

Just Ain't Gonna Happen

Your world, your universe, even your God,
Will never align with what You think it should be.

To History, or Not to History

History has arrived with every story imaginable.
Imbibe it however You will, or not, You decide.

A Spaceless-Timeless Dream

The world, the universe, the quantum mystery,
That the ever-present awareness You are, and are not, perceives,
Is but a spaceless-timeless dream which kaleidoscopes about You every moment.
A temporal dreamtime illusion, to which the moment only subscribes,
For as long as the given neural pathways manage to fire.

The Bait and Switch of Organized Religion

All religions, all cults, all sects, all factions, all creeds, are rife with guiles,
That guarantee every variety of reward in some after-life fantasy,
For all the sacrifices, all the burdens, all the payouts,
You must endure and carry and forfeit,
In the right-here-right-now.
The ultimate scam,
Since we will never know when.

Even Just

Even just one left instead of right,
One yes instead of no, one less instead of more,
One happenstance flutter of a butterfly's wing across the world,
Would have created an entirely different destiny.

Why Should You Be?

Jesus was never a Christian, why should You be?
Siddhartha was never a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was never a Taoist, why should You be?

Michael was never a Michael-ist, why should You be?

Nobody was ever the label their thoughts inspired, why should You be?

The Every-Moment Reality

There is no beginning without an end; there is no end without a beginning.
And where does either exist in the ungraspable timelessness of the eternal moment?
Clock hands, digital displays, calendar pages, blind humankind to the every-moment reality,
Of the analog underpinning that is imbued in every quantum particle of this unfathomable dreamtime.

A Preordained Mystery

Whatever the dimension, the mystery, the awareness, requires a vehicle to come into existence,
And sentience, to come unto consciousness, and perhaps intelligence, to perhaps come unto realization.
The fate You are stoically enduring, the for-good-or-ill role, into which destiny has cast You,
Began with a preordained throw of the dice in your mother's fallopian tube.
And there You are, naturally-selecting, right here, right now,
Until that moment, when the Fates call You home.

A Temporary Perception

The world, the universe, the life, You perceive, is only as important as You imagine it.
And only for as long as the mind-body is walking on the upside of daisies to imagine it.

What Goes Up, Must Come Down

There will inevitably come a time when all that humankind has fostered,
The pinnacle, the zenith, the summit, the peak, the apex, it has reached, will collapse.
What goes up, must come down, is an unescapable, unwritten natural law, as sure as gravity itself.
All these thoughts are for that anarchistic moment, that for-the-rest-of-time dystopian epoch,
For the descendants, the inheritors, with the will and wit, with the grit and gumption,
To survive and abide the chaos of the crashing wave, that vanity and greed,
False deities, false leadership, false values, false so many things,
Have taken our kind, and that of our fellow earthlings,
And our once-upon-a-time garden world.

The Consequences of Home Invasion

Home invasion is home invasion is home invasion.
If You expect that residents are not going to do whatever it takes to repel You,
You are seriously delusional, and likely to suffer for it, no matter how long it takes, even a millennium.
Sooner or later, You will more than likely be forced to depart, to retreat,
With your tail between your legs.

The Illusion-Delusion

All must act, in order to survive, in order to participate, in their shard of the dreamtime.
And all will act according to their nature-nurture conditioning.

According to the choices they never had.

Their awareness.
Their universe.
Their world.
Their geography.
Their existence.
Their mind.
Their body.
Their vision.
Their hearing.
Their smelling.
Their tasting.
Their feeling.
Their family.
Their gender.
Their birth order.
Their culture.
Their ethnicity.
Their socioeconomic level.
Their intelligence.
Their language.
Their name.
Their education.
Their interests.
Their beliefs.
Their religion.
Their politics.
Their perceptions.

No matter how complex it all seems, free will is an illusion-delusion.

The Need to Know … Everything

What is this need to know to the infinitesimal level, but imagination's inability to still itself.

The Endless, Endless, Endless Questions!

250 Philosophical & Thought-Provoking Questions That'll Get Your Wheels Turning
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/04/225-philosophical-thought-provoking.html

Parade Magazine
https://parade.com/1185047/marynliles/philosophical-questions/

By Maryn Liles

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Philosophical Questions

1. Is happiness just chemicals flowing through your brain or something more?

2. Can we really know everything?

3. What is the meaning of a good life?

4. Is there a God?

5. What in life is truly objective and not subjective?

6. What is consciousness?

7. Is there inherent order in nature or is it all chaos and chance?

8. Is there an alternative to capitalism?

9. Is it more important to be respected or liked?

10. Are we in the Matrix?

11. Have we become less happy in this age of technology?

12. What is mathematics?

13. Are humans obligated to better themselves?

14. Is there a meaning to life?

15. Is having a big ego a negative or positive trait?

16. Is there absolute mortality?

17. Is the most important purpose in life to find happiness?

18. Do we have free will?

19. Does life require a purpose and goal?

20. Would you kill 10 people to save 100?

21. What is happiness?

22. How can people believe in truths without evidence?

23. Is it easier to love or to be loved?

24. What is time?

25. Do acts of kindness have a motive?

26. Is mind or matter more real?

27. Is love simply a physical desire or something more?

28. Where do thoughts come from?

29. Does evil come from within? If so, why?

30. What is beauty?

31. Are people in this current generation less or more sensitive than people from past generations?

32. Where were people before they were born?

33. What is true friendship?

34. How does gravity work?

35. Can achieving nothing make a person happy?

36. Does the Law of Attraction exist?

37. Have gadgets and apps taken away emotions?

38. Does observation alter an event?

39. If everyone spoke their mind, would this world be a better place?

40. Where does the universe end?

41. Is there a perfect life?

42. What is infinity?

43. Why do we strive for perfection if it is not attainable?

44. Does sound happen if nothing is present to hear it?

45. Does utilizing time properly make our lives meaningful and happy?

46. Is it more important to be liked or respected?

47. Can life be meaningful without friends?

48. Where does the soul live?

49. How do you know if you love someone enough to marry them?

50. Is there a reason for life?

Philosophical Questions That Are Thought-Provoking

51. Do numbers in a bank account make people happy?

52. What will happen at the end of the world?

53. Is living life to the fullest possible?

54. Can spirituality make you a happy person?

55. What is education?

56. Are highly intelligent people less happy than individuals with average intelligence?

57. Is there a supreme power?

58. Is there an absolute way to attain a happy state of mind?

59. How did the universe begin?

60. Does living your life for others make your life have meaning?

61. Can we have happiness without sadness?

62. Do knowledge and understanding make you content and happy as a person?

63. What are numbers?

64. Does fate exist?

65. When does consciousness begin?

66. Does an ideal government exist?

67. Is life all a dream?

68. Does life have a reason?

69. If everything evolved from amoebas, how does the world still have amoebas?

70. Are there limitations on free speech?

71. The structure of DNA appears to be intelligently designed, what are the implications?

72. Do aliens exist?

73. Are we a minuscule part of intelligent life in the universe?

74. Is trust more important than love?

75. Why do we do things we do not like to do?

76. If lying is wrong, are white lies okay?

77. Do atheists make their own gods?

78. How should people live their lives?

79. Can artificial intelligence be creative?

80. If judgment is for God, why do we pass judgment?

81. What is intelligence?

82. Can religious beliefs affect scientific thinking?

83. What is intelligence?

84. Will a world without reliance on modern technology make any progress?

85. Do we have a soul?

86. Is human potential capable of anything?

87. What do people strive for after enlightenment?

88. Is death a new beginning?

89. What defines you?

90. Why does God not intervene when evil takes root in people?

91. What happens after we die?

92. Does belief make God exist?

93. Isn't one person's terrorist another person's freedom fighter?

94. Will robots take over the world in the future?

95. How much control do you have over your life?

96. Does the path to salvation lie within us?

97. How do you know your perceptions are real?

98. Are we the biggest threat to humanity?

99. If money cannot buy happiness, can you ever be truly happy with no money?

100. Do parallel universes exist?

Philosophical Questions That Will Challenge Your Mind

101. What role does honor play in today's society?

102. How does one find purpose in life?

103. Is a family still relevant in the modern world?

104. If aliens attack, what will we do?

105. What is true love?

106. Do guns protect or kill people?

107. What is true strength?

108. Will racism cease to exist?

109. How do you know that your experience of consciousness is the same as other people's experience of consciousness?

110. Why is beauty associated with morality?

111. Who decides what morality is?

112. Why do we respect the dead more than the living?

113. Is a "wrong" act okay if nobody ever knows about it?

114. Does God have supreme power?

115. What is the difference between living and being alive?

116. Will the world be a better place if caste and religion cease to exist?

117. Who defines good and evil?

118. What's more important: doing the right thing or doing things right?

119. Why do people fear losing things that they do not even have yet?

120. Do we love ourselves more in the virtual world and less in the real world?

121. What makes a good friend?

122. Is humanity doomed to head in a destructive direction?

123. Do you make your own decisions, or let others make them for you?

124. Should full access to the internet be a fundamental right?

125. What is reality?

Philosophical Questions to Spark Meaningful Conversations

126. Is peace the only way to stop a war?

127. What is the truth?

128. Can memories be erased?

129. What makes you, you?

130. Is religion conceptualized by one's own belief system?

131. What things hold you back from doing the things that you really want to?

132. Will the world come to an end by human hands?

133. What is true happiness?

134. Intelligence or wisdom, what's more important for a better world?

135. Where is the line between insanity and creativity?

136. Is true beauty subjective or objective?

137. What one piece of advice would you offer to a newborn infant?

138. What is the extent of freedom human beings should have?

139. Does nature shape our personalities more than nurture?

140. What is the meaning of rich and poor in the modern world?

141. To what extent do you shape your own destiny, and how much is down to fate?

142. Do we control technology or is it controlling us?

143. If you could choose just one thing to change about the world, what would it be?

144. Is it worse to fail at something or never attempt it in the first place?

145. What exactly is self-esteem and where does it come from?

146. Will a curb on buying guns and arms reduce the number of shooting sprees in the world?

147. Is the way we compensate people for their jobs ideal, or should we have some way of ensuring that people are paid appropriately?

148. Do we change when we have power?

149. Can a person be "educated" without a formal education?

150. Will technological advances wipe out humanity?

Philosophical Questions That Are Intellectual

151. What are dreams and why do we have them?

152. Does understanding philosophy lead to progress?

153. Will it ever be possible to travel through time? Space?

154. Is there a species more advanced than humans in the universe?

155. Is defining people according to race a social construct or a biological category?

156. If all the currencies in the world did not have monetary value, would our world be a much better place?

157. Is there a difference between fair trade and free trade? What is it and which is of greater importance?

158. Is it possible time is being altered right now?

159. Is the preservation of a country's culture a good reason for limiting immigration?

160. Why do we throw away food when we know people are dying of hunger?

161. Does the English language make us feel superior to other countries?

162. Which is more important, justice or mercy?

163. Will artificial intelligence help increase human lifespans in the future?

164. Is it always good to have choices?

165. Does awareness of consciousness have benefits?

166. Is torture ever justified?

167. Do thoughts have a pattern?

168. When you are driving and see one shoe on the side of the road, what do you think happened to the other one?

169. Will stricter laws make a better world?

170. Should we limit the amount of money people can earn and save to avoid an unequal distribution of wealth?

171. Are we losing our right to privacy?

172. Since the birth rate is down in the United States, should people be required to have at least one child?

173. Is limiting immigration to developed countries right?

174. Does democracy work for every country?

175. Does faith make belief stronger?

Philosophical Questions That Are Mind-Bending

176. Should people have the right to live and travel anywhere they wish with no state or country boundaries?

177. Why can't every person be a genius?

178. Should people be allowed to sell their organs and should organ donors be financially compensated?

179. Is there freedom in creativity and art in the modern age?

180. Should the government make organ donation compulsory?

181. Do the simple things become complexities when we try to attain perfection?

182. Should governments have penalties for those who live unhealthy lifestyles?

183. Will concepts and theories in regard to religion becoming obsolete come true?

184. Is love different from sexual desire? Passion? How?

185. Is blind belief prevalent more among holy, spiritual and pious people?

186. Is there a cause for every event?

187. Can dreams be associated with the unforeseen future?

188. Do wars ever solve the problems of countries and governments?

189. If we live in a civilized world, why do we see so many distinctions between rich and poor?

190. Can some things exist that aren't in time?

191. Do computers have the ability to be creative?

192. Does luck exist?

193. What rights, if any, do animals have?

194. Are clowns funny or scary?

195. Are there universal human rights? What are they?

196. If time travel is possible, would we have met time travelers already?

197. Are emotions rational or irrational?

198. Does an afterlife exist?

199. Do you think anyone has actually met their true soulmate?

200. Can we know about happiness without knowing about sadness?

Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

201. Does time have a beginning or an end?

202. Are people born evil? Or do they end up doing evil things as a result of early childhood experiences or other external factors?

203. Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder?

204. Are we morally obligated to help others?

205. Is world peace achievable?

206. Are people natural-born leaders, or do they develop the traits over time?

207. What harsh truths do you prefer to ignore?

208. Is suffering a necessary part of the human condition?

209. What would you genetically change about humans to make them a better species?

210. How much does language affect our thinking?

211. If you could press a button and receive a million dollars, but one stranger would die, would you press the button?

212. Has social media been a net positive or a net negative for our society? Why?

213. Is existence necessary?

214. Do the cosmos have a purpose?

215. If humanity were put on trial by an advanced race of aliens, how would you defend humanity and argue for its continued existence?

216. What's the difference between justice and revenge?

217. If babies are considered innocent, when do people cease to be innocent?

218. Where does your self-worth come from?

219. Why are drugs banned but not harmful food additives and alcohol?

220. Is it ever okay to share a secret?

221. How long will you be remembered after you die?

222. How likely do you think it will be that humans last another 1,000 years without killing ourselves off?

223. Would you want to know you are going to die beforehand or die suddenly without warning?

224. Does the study of philosophy ever lead to answers or simply more questions?

225. Can we know anything for certain?

226. Are morals subjective or objective?

227. Do we have a moral obligation to future generations of humans?

228. Is it possible to achieve total equality in the world?

229. What does it mean to be human?

230. What does it mean to be free?

231. Will artificial intelligence ever become self-aware?

232. Are our choices predetermined?

233. Is there a limit to human knowledge?

234. Is it possible to be truly objective? Why or why not?

235. Is happiness sustainable?

236. Is there a difference between knowledge and wisdom?

237. Is suffering necessary for personal growth and development?

238. Can science and religion coexist?

239. Should humans be responsible for the actions of others?

240. Is progress possible without change?

241. Can society function without laws?

242. Is a universal definition of “justice” possible for the world?

243. How do personal beliefs (biases) shape our understanding of truth?

244. Do societal norms impact personal freedoms?

245. Can philosophy help resolve global conflicts?

246. Can happiness be measured?

247. Are humans a product of their experiences?

248. Are there absolute truths in the world?

249. Do memories influence our identity?

250. Is there a limit to human creativity?

The Dance of Creation and Destruction

In all creation, there is destruction, and in all destruction, there is creation.
Yet, is do either have any actuality, when comprehended from the quantum baseline?
That which is spaceless, timeless, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable.
This world, this cosmos, is a grand quantum illusion, a Shakespearian théâtre absurde.
To which, despite all assertions to the contrary, You are solitary witness.

The Eternal Beingness

You are a sovereign, absolute eternal being.
The mortal challenge is to be the timeless beingness,
The timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, You truly are,
Instead of the imaginary one You pretend to be.

Unwrapping Your Mind

You imagine so many things,
And not one of them is ultimately real.
Not one of them is ultimately true.
To unwrap the mind around it,
Is to let go of everything.

The Mystery Behind Every Face

The same unfathomable, ineffable mystery is behind every face,
Ever witnessing whatever dreamtime, into which it has been inexplicably cast.
All creatures, small to great, equally play out their nature-nurture part.
Whatever role the genetic lottery's natural selection has ordained.
It is an indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum reverie,
The totality of That which can truly be called God.
In which, despite any and all appearances,
Are one in the same for all eternity.

The Distillation of Perception

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

What is Real? What is Not Real?

All things are as real as imagination makes them.

The Planet of the Grubs

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Run Silent, Run Deep

How pointless holding on to this world, and its incalculable absurdities.
Find peace in your Self, and run silent, run deep, in the eternal moment.

This Very Singular Moment

Eternity is happening this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, spaceless-timeless moment.

Self-Absorption Across the Board

No one wants to know You in the way You do in your imaginary existence.
Everyone is too busy in their own self-absorbed dreamtimes,
To bother more than superficially about yours.
And, no doubt, You about theirs.
The drive for recognition is meaningless.

The Dystopian Driver

Curious how so many have faith that technology will save us,
When it has really played the greatest role in taking us down.

A Koan for All

Why is it, that neither You nor anyone else,
Nor any other creature, small to large,
Have ever seen their own face?

The True Root of All Evil

Money, in all its many forms, is not the root of all evil.
Vanity and avarice are the makers and shakers of that dynamic.
Money is merely the ways and means in which Mammon is worshipped.

A Kaleidoscoping Wander

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

Viva la Revolución!

Consciousness requires a great change, a revolution, if it is to survive.
In its Darwinian-rooted urges, imagination has taken our kind down a dead-end road.
Vanity and greed have bent a reality, where we either somehow awaken, or endure agonizing destruction.
All indicators are that we our well on our way to extinction, because the naturally-selected inclination,
Appears incapable of mutating into the state of pure awareness, of God Consciousness, we truly are.
We resolutely, blindly cling, to so many narcissistic absurdities, so many hedonistic distractions,
That only an absolute and horrifying collapse, will perhaps awaken whoever survives, if any.
And odds are, they, too, will not discern the illusion, and will carry very much the same.
It will merely be the same-old-same-old, playing out on a very much smaller scale,
In a world very likely grown incredibly inhospitable to mammalian life forms.
Whether or not, or for how long, any survive, is for other eyes to witness.

Looking Forward, Looking Back

Free will only seems like free will at the time.
Looking back, was there ever really any choice?

The Truth of History

All histories vary in their accuracy,
Based on who is narrating it, and why.
And no matter the motive, all remain stories,
And no story can ever snare the timeless moment.

Wake Up! Wake Up!

Are You an arm, a leg, a hand, a foot, a torso, a head, a face, a mind,
Or a mysterious, ineffable awareness playing an imaginary protagonist;
Centerstage, in an extemporaneous, choiceless, Shakespearian performance.
A beyond-all-pales reverie, in which only a rare few awaken to its greater reality.
And even they are challenged to remain awake, when mesmerized by its illusory veil.

A Gift to the Impending

What would it take for me to take down this digital tent,
And throw everything I have authored into some nearby landfill?
How attached am I to all the many thoughts this mind-body has rendered?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might in some imminent moment be known?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might make some difference to that dystopian dreamtime?
What would it take for me to sweep it back into the oblivion from which it emerged?
The ponder is oh so tempting, but one this vanity can easily transcend.
For good, for ill, the wretched impending is stuck with it.
Assuming, of course, that both somehow arrive.

The Ghost of Future Past

The imaginary You is but a manifest ghost of imagination's future-past.

The First Stone

Pretty good odds that any first-stone-thrower is a hypocrite.

The Silent Mind

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind 'gets' or 'does not get',
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the 'belief' systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

On Trying to Wake Up a True Believer

To believe any true believer, can succumb to doubt, can awaken to a greater vision,
Is not likely a sound wager, and may well get somebody knocking at your door,
Offering to sell You the Brooklyn Bridge, with an especially special discount.

Coulda? Shoulda? Woulda?

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

Solace for Ignorance

Religion is salve for the undiscerning mind.

The Nothing! The Nothing!

Yet another dreamy day of nothing done, nothing undone.

History's Bill of Goods

The history of the cosmos, the history of the world, the history of the human paradigm,
Is an ever-kaleidoscoping bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

The Boiling Point

The human paradigm boils down to vanity and greed.
The human paradigm boils down to narcissism and hedonism.
The human paradigm boils down to self-interest and more is never enough.
And how likely is it to ever come to any happy conclusion?

The Rare Mind

It is the rare mind,
That is not rushing, rushing, into the future,
Missing, missing, the present.

No Happy Ending

Alas in this mortal theater,
That there is no happy ending,
Other than the ending itself.

As It Seems

Nothing is as it seems.

An Accidental Tourist

What is so wrong, so disturbing,
About being just a naturally-selected,
Unintentional, accidental, random, chance,
Very much all alone, happenstance of eternity?
An accidental tourist, out and about for a worldly tour.

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

You are a direct line, an unconditional line, to the eternal You … There is no other.
All divisions, all boundaries, all partitions, all borders, are imagined.
All You need to do, is dial into this moment's awareness,
And You will be everything there is to be.
Eternal life is right here, right now.
Dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

The Universal Mind

Do You realize your cosmos, your world,
Is entirely playing out in your mind.
That You are the universal mind.

Pay Attention

Miss the moment, You miss everything.

A Critical Friend

In showing it the Way,
In articulating its weaknesses and failings,
I am perhaps proving to be one of imagination’s greatest allies.

A Great Deal of Imagination

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

Whatever It Is, You Are

Whatever the mystery is, You are.
Whatever the unfathomable is, You are.
Whatever the moment is, You are.
Whatever the awareness is, You are.
Whatever the ineffable is, You are.
Whatever the eternal is, You are.
Whatever the all is, You are.
Whatever the indelible is, You are.
Whatever the ineffaceable is, You are.
Whatever the entirety is, You are.
Whatever the matrix is, You are.
Whatever the quantum is, You are.
Whatever the infinite is, You are.
Whatever the infinitesimal is, You are.
Whatever the sum is, You are.
Whatever the witness is, You are.
Whatever the right here is, You are.
Whatever the right now is, You are.
Whatever the synergy is, You are.
Whatever the serendipity is, You are.
Whatever the whole is, You are.
Whatever the totality is, You are.
Whatever the intangible is, You are.
Whatever the everything is, You are.
Whatever the boundless is, You are.
Whatever the nameless is, You are.
Whatever the inexplicable is, You are.
Whatever the unborn is, You are.
Whatever the undying is, You are.
Whatever the indivisible is, You are.
Whatever the spaceless is, You are.
Whatever the timeless is, You are.
Whatever the absolute is, You are.
Whatever the nothing is, You are.
Whatever the creator is, You are.
Whatever the preserver is, You are.
Whatever the destroyer is, You are.
Whatever the omniscient is, You are.
Whatever the omnipresent is, You are.
Whatever the omnipotent is, You are.

Whatever God is, You are.

My Johnny Appleseed Experiment

This long and winding aphoristic soliloquy, and the ways and means it has been Johnny-Appleseed flung,
Has been a relatively non-invasive contribution, to see whether or not a grass roots stimulation,
Whether or not some sort of rational realignment with the natural order, is possible,
In whatever future past is on the horizon for the human paradigm.
Am pretty sure I will depart existence, with the absurdity,
Still brazenly ramping up its accelerating exponential.
Racing toward the Petri dish precipices, both seen and unseen,
And in all our folly, our madness, the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.

A Doubtful Eye

The eye that seeks truth to whatever end, is a doubtful eye.

Is a questioning eye.
Is a skeptical eye.
Is a cynical eye.
Is a dubious eye.
Is a sensible eye.
Is a vigilant eye.
Is a judicious eye.
Is a tentative eye.
Is a cautious eye.
Is a patient eye.
Is a coherent eye.
Is a rational eye.

An eye that will go whatever end is required,
To discern the most truthful truth the mystery allows.

Goals! Goals! Goals!

Racing clocks, racing calendars, racing everything and everyone.
Goal after goal after goal, and ever something more after every finish line crossed.
The process, the course, the ways and means, often nothing more than time-wasting distraction.
And in the kaleidoscoping of each and every one, the unmoving moment presides.

Consciousness and That Which Is Prior

Awareness is prior to all things imagined by consciousness.

Pride
Love
Hate
Anger
Fear
Dread
Anxiety
Regret
Agony
Ecstasy
Greed
Envy
Lust
Gluttony
Judgment
Envy
Sloth
Sports
Entertainment
Hobbies
Recreation
Amusement
History
Math
Science
Art
Music
Humanities
Business
Psychology
Religion
Philosophy

… et cetera … et cetera … et cetera …

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all things mind.
Everything else is the huff and puff, the churning, the roiling, of imaginary notion.
Imagination has it meaning, its purpose, in the illusory dreamtime,
But it is not the baseline, for those who question.
For those who see the unseen.

Here You Are Now

… here You are now …
… here You are now …
… here You are now …

The Free Mind

There are many loaded words – God, Brahman, Allah, Krishna, Buddha, Tao, et cetera –
But in the essential quantum matrix reality, they mean nothing.
They are only words.
They are only sounds given concept,
To which attachment need not be given in a free mind.
When You listen to a language You do not know, words You do not understand,
What attachment do You have, can You have, to what sounds to your ear like nothing more than babble?
Do You really believe your language, your linguistic repertoire, sounds any different,
To the ears, of all the many across the world, who do not know it?
The human paradigm is a chaotic sea of vibration,
It always has been, it always will be.
And the only resolution?
A silent mind.

Preposterous

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

Judgment Day

If You have read much of this dissertation,
You fathom that I do not believe there is a separate God.
To me, it is all one; we are all God from the non-dualistic point of view,
And no religion our kind has ever conjured, in any geography, in any time, is necessary.
But, if there is a divinity that created us, to judge us, probably the only thing He/She/It is going to ask, is:
Why did You not just say no, why did You not just stop, take a deep breath,
And look candidly at the life You were living?
And discern how easily,
With just a few altered decisions,
It could have been so very, very different.

Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Nature

Physics is the underlying form.
Chemistry is the unifying force.
Biology is the foundation of life.
Nature is the expression unfurling.

Gaia Undone

What a silent garden it must have been,
Before consciousness took root,
And imagination blossomed.

No Matter

It did not matter then.
It does not matter now.
It will not matter when.

Slice It, Dice It

No matter how You slice it,
No matter how You dice it,
The entire human paradigm,
Boils down to vanity and greed.

Of Angels and Demons

If angels and demons must be conceived,
Surely they are the imagination within all.

The Mind-Body Dream

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

The Critical Thinker

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

Hold Fast to Nothing

You begin existence with nothing,
You leave existence with nothing.
Hold fast to the nothing between.

The Price of Existence

Death is the price all existence must pay for being born.

A Lesson in Futility

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

A Mysterious Ether

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

The Uniqueness of Existence

In every sentient being that has ever been, or will ever be,
A unique existence, a unique perception, a unique universe, a unique everything.
All equally real, all equally unreal, as the eternal moment ordains.

A Hard-Learned Lesson

Seeking the approval of others is an unending lesson in futility.

Our Self-Absorbed Worlds

Your little corner seems so real to You but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can You truthfully disclose, You do not feel very much the same, about them?

The Eye of the Frame of Reference

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

Discerning the Eternal Moment

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.
It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You and You are it; there is no other.

The True-Believer Lucifers

It is the true believers who separate themselves from God,
Who abide in the hellscape of imagination.
Lucifer is their name,
And dualistic notion, their game.

Of Health and Well-Being

Regarding health and well-being,
What seems so minor in younger daze,
May well loom very large in the later ones.
Moderation in all things is the way.

Wakey! Wakey! Wakey!

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.
If imagination wishes to carry on, it had better wake up a la bigtime.

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The entire cosmos is an illusory quantum matrix, as are all sentient beings that perceive it.
The amorphous intelligence, is the indelibly ineffable eternal awareness, within all creation.

The Mystery Within All Creation

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

The Kaleidoscoping Quantum

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

All That Remains

And that moment, forever gone, too.
And that moment, now but the vaguest of memories.
Until it, too, is forever lost and forgotten.
Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

The Book of Destiny

The Book of Destiny will conclude with a last scrawl and a sigh.

Mad Hatters Across the Board

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

The Absurdity of Measuring the Immeasurable

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,
Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.
Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

Imagination's Usurpation of Sentience

Everyone telling You there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep You in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

The Nature of Eternity

As new as it is old, as old as it is new.

The Myth of Origin

Were we made in the image of God? Or the imagination of God?

A 0.0035 Percent Cosmos

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

Rider Through the Storm

There is nothing You are meant to be.
There is nothing You are supposed to be doing.
There is only what You are; there is only what You are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The You this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Drip … Drip … Drip …

The rigors of life wear all down as water does rocks and mountains.
The quantum matrix is an ever-changing dynamic no mind can halt.

The Cacophony! The Cacophony!

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

The Nature of a Man

If You want to discern what manner of man You are dealing with,
Put a sword and shield in his hands, and send him out into the arena.

The Limits of Imagination

The world, the universe, You imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

The Nature of Detachment

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

Change or Die, Your Choice

If consciousness, if imagination, if dreamtime,
Wants to survive its illusion-delusion,
If it fancies sticking around,
It had better wise up.

The Nature of Contentment

Contentment with less is more.

A Concoction of Imagination

All history is the concoction of imagination.

You Are What You Eat

Try paying more attention to what You put in your mind-body than how it tastes.
Appeasing the taste buds only goes as far as that wormhole just beyond the tongue.

A State of Mind

The five senses and mind offer You an entire world and a vast cosmos, in which You are but a speck.
Disregard the senses, still the mind unto its sentience, and You are all of it.
To which quality of mind are You called?

The Shadow Within

It is not how others think about You that torments You.
It is how You think they think about You that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, You must accept your Self, You must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

Embrace the Aloneness

Instead of running from the loneliness, try embracing the aloneness.

No Owning It

The eternal moment.
It is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours.
Yet, You it, all the while.

A Dreamless Slumber

What is death but falling into a dreamless slumber,
From which You will never awaken in that form again.
Heavens and hells, and reincarnation, are but limited visions,
Misapprehensions, misconceptions, of what is really going on here.
You have never been the mind-body, or any other appearance or attribute.

The Quantum Sands of Mystery

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

Just Be You

Just be the breath.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.
Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

Every Mind Its Own Palette

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

An Idiot's Tale

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.
All our music.
All our arts.
All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

The Terror! The Terror!

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

Problem Solver? Or Problem Maker?

The mind can be a problem solver.
The mind can be a problem maker.

The Everything of Time

Everything makes time.
Everything takes time.
Everything fakes time.

The Paradox, the Irony

It is whatever You think it is; it is not whatever You think it is.

A Gift to Your Self

Unless You have managed to wheedle your way into power and/or fame and/or fortune;
Or have some troll who has found motive to haunt your continuing existence;
Or have family and friends and tribal connections of a clannish sort;
Odds are, all your good and foul deeds, will go largely unnoticed and unpunished.
Anonymity is a gift to your Self, if You have the wit to eschew the delusion of self-importance.

The Joyful Curmudgeon

Do I sound undeniably, irrevocably, indelibly, indifferently, ineffably, contentedly
– stoical, fatalistic, resigned, doubtful, accepting, skeptical, cynical, pessimistic, philosophical –
Well, duh, yeah, I be a joyful curmudgeon, a soliloquizing witness to the great mystery.

The Abyss! The Abyss!

A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

The Daily Ascent

Whether miserable or cheerful, whether grousing or whistling,
‘Tis yet another Sisyphean day of pushing that rock up the hill.

No Contest

How so many opt for a story, for a myth, for an idol,
Over the one and only eternal moment they are,
Is absurdity beyond all comprehension.

The Choiceless Moment

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

Analog Language Adrift in the Digital Age

Clock face
Hour hand
Short hand
Minute hand
Long hand
Second hand

One hour
12 hours
24 hours
60 minutes
60 seconds
60 ticks

O’clock
Five past
Ten past
Quarter past
Twenty past
Twenty-five past
Half past
Twenty-five to
Twenty to
Quarter to
Ten to
Five to

Half-hour
Quarter-hour

Clockwise
Counter-clockwise

AM (Ante Meridiem)
PM (Post Meridiem)

Digital: 7:05
Wording: It's 5 past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven oh five.

Digital: 7:15
Wording: It's quarter past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven fifteen.

Digital: 7:30
Wording: It's half past 7.

Alternative way: It's seven thirty.

Digital: 7:35
Wording: It's 25 to 8.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty-five.

Nope, Nope, Nope

The eternal moment.
It is not yours.
It never was yours.
It never will be yours.
Suffer your way to nirvana.

Lost and Gone Forever

Another moment come and gone.
Did You give it your fullest attention,
Or were You off day-dreaming, yet again?
Another recollection, another vague perception,
Lost and gone forever, either way.
So it goes.

Merrily, Merrily, Life Is but a Dream

No, You did not change your destiny, You did not alter your fate.
It might have seemed like a whole new direction in the epiphany You perceived,
But the big picture reality, is, You only continued wandering down the same sands-of-time path.
The dreamtime, from beginning to end, is free will looking forward, fate looking back.

An old – old being what it is – American folk song, sings it as it is.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

Regarding Jesus

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The significance is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

Of Imagination and Awareness

Imagination is the doer, in all that is done, and all that is undone.
And momentary awareness, is but timeless witness,
To the kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.

The Nature of Responsibility

You cannot be responsible for anyone or anything other than your Self.
And even that can be very troublesome more than several times a day.

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

What a dominant force all our creations, all our manipulations, play in the human paradigm.
From fire and sharpened sticks, to everything we surround ourselves with, to live and work and entertain,
In this our modern industrial-technological, beyond-all-pales, mad-mad-mad, muddle of a world.
And all the clocks and calendars that tick-tick-tick every moment in our dreams of time,
Send us rushing, racing, every which way, throughout all our days and nights.
Ever scurrying to keep up with all the absurdities our minds embrace.

An Original Work

The one thing You can say about these many philosophical-mystical ponderings
– Agree with them, comprehend them, embrace them, or no –
Is that it is an entirely original work.
Every single aphorism, a sculpting of its own.
Life's distillation, coupled with an inclination for wordplay,
And a time-sharpened skillset with word processing and its motley widgets.
What will come of it, is unknowable, and of little concern, for process was reward enough.

Of Human Inspiration

What in any deity's name is so inspiring about human vanity and greed?

Of Hell and Heaven

The real hell all must overcome, is the one in their minds.
What is heaven, but the neuron trail, at peace with itself.

The Quiet Revolution

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

Total Recall

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

Realign or Die

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

The Tiller of Destiny

Whether You never see it,
Whether You see it only once in a while,
Whether You see-hear-touch-taste-smell it all the time,
Why would it be relevant to anyone but You?
Destiny is tiller for every witness.

A Dream That Never Happened

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything You have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

The Absurdity of Irony and Paradox

Right here, right now, this very moment, eternity permeates the core of your beingness,
And You settle for story after story, that have no reality, whatsoever.
The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

The Unfathomable Silence

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

The Voiceless Voice

Learn to trust intuition's subtle epiphanies.
It is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

And the Point, Again?

What point to judgment, once You see everything the same mystery.

The Great Deception

The imagination born of mystery,
Enticed me to scribe this, kept me in the game,
That all my tilling would never be known enough to be forgotten.
There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

The Unpretentious Existence

How much more agreeable, how much less disagreeable, an unpretentious existence.

The Rest of the Pie

If humans only perceive 0.0035 percent of this unfathomable mystery,
That some ivory tower sorts call the electromagnetic spectrum,
What the heck is going on in the other 0.9965 percent?

Mind's Hell, Mind's Heaven

When who becomes what,
When what becomes where,
When where becomes when,
When when becomes why,
When why becomes how,
When how becomes when,
Minds succumb to every hell.
Minds succumb to every heaven.

Be Mindful, Pilgrim

It only takes one inattentive, one unlucky, one fated moment,
To forever change, forever alter, forever downsize, any given dream.
So, pay attention, Pilgrim; be mindful, if You prefer a less painful existence.

Naught But a Concoction

You and your world and your cosmos, are nothing more than a concoction of sensory perception.

All You Really Know

You know a great deal about the world, the cosmos, the quantum illusion, your mind-body perceives,
But about the mystery – the unknowable, the enigmatic, the inexplicable, the inscrutable,
The impenetrable, the indescribable, the unfathomable, the ineffable –
You beyond all doubt, know absolutely nothing.

The Unambiguous Mind

There is most certainly an intransigent degree of peace,
And contentment and certainty and hope and unassailability,
In the unambiguous, infallible mindset, of an earnest true believer.
The critical thinker must work far harder to achieve,
That sure-footed level of absurdity.

The Silence of Peace

… peace … peace … peace …

The Truth of Nothing

Nothing new, nothing old, nothing all the same.

The Mystery's Apologist

Who-what-where-when-why-how am I,
But an apologist-defender-supporter-ally-protector-champion-advocator,
For the ineffable mystery of eternity.
For which it never asked.
But did allow.

The Freedom of This Work

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

The Ultimate Belief

The only sure thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

Imagination's Projection

You have never existed.
Imagination imagined that You did,
But that was a projection, to which it is prone.
And You will not die, either.

No Boundaries Known

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

Buddha's Answer to the Pain of Existence

Human existence is a trail of every imaginable ecstasy and agony,
Every passion to which these mortal coils are susceptible.
Buddha's First Noble truth: Existence is painful.
The second: Unhappiness is caused by selfish craving.
Third: Deliverance from pain is found through non-attachment.
And fourth: The Eightfold Path … Practice wisdom, morality, meditation.

The Eightfold Path
Right views
Right intention
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

The Five Hindrances
Sensuality
Ill-will
Lethargy
Worry
Indecision

Seven Factors of Enlightenment
Mindfulness
Investigation of existence
Persevering effort
Enkindle rapture
Maintain calm
Concentration on right values and things
Equanimity; good grace toward what life has in store

Ten Contemplations
Impermanence
Absence of a permanent self or soul
Profane nature of physical world
Danger or disadvantage
Abandonment
Detachment
Cessation
Distaste for external world
Impermanence of component things
Mindfulness of in-breathing and out-breathing

The Opium of the Masses

Distraction – diversion, recreation, amusement, activity, meaning, purpose – is the opium of the masses.
Whether it be religion or politics or money or news or sports or food or drugs or technology,
Or anything else the human paradigm has conceived to fill its insatiability,
All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

The Vision in Which You Harbor

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.
You are as self-absorbed and terrestrial,
Or as Self-absorbed and undying,
As the vision in which You harbor.

Just Another Lie

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie,
Babbling about nothing.

Are You, you? Or Are You, You?

This is your one and only moment.
Are You the space and time imaginary You?
Or are You the spaceless-timeless awareness You?

One Eye to Rule Them All

There is only one eye, and it is the ineffable mystery of awareness permeating all creation.

The Mind's Eye

The paired lobes of the soft nervous tissue immediately behind the skull's forehead, are the mind's eye.
The part of the brain concerned with behavior, learning, personality, voluntary movement.
The coordinating epicenter of sensation and intellectual and nervous activity.
The quantum storm, electromagnetic grid, Shakespearian player,
Of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

An Imaginary Marathon

Even though space and time are really nothing more than an imaginary constructs
The human mind mindlessly, irrationally, absurdly, races it, from womb to grave.

A Dreamtime in the Abyss

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion,
In the ineffably spaceless, timeless abyss of eternity.

The So It Goes of the Ever-Changing

Adaptation is about letting go of things that no longer exist,
And discerning what is really happening in the right-here-right-now.
All simply a matter of doing the good old 'so it goes' shrug.
Of dealing with it, of getting over it, of moving on.

The Dragon of Disquieting Imagination

A streaming state of mind is much easier when You are totally immersed in some worldly activity.
It is when You are all alone, undistracted, that the dragon of disquieting imagination raises its head.
Self-controlled attention to the ever-present, timeless moment, can be a challenging thing to muster.

No Solution Required

Be content to consider this inexplicable mystery, a mystery that needs no solution.
Nor any of the incalculable absurdities our kind has devised to worship and fear and dread it.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, prior-to-consciousness, spaceless-timeless awareness, of all eternity.
You are it, it is You, a wakefulness that pervades all creation, and the abyss in which it frolics.
What more realization, what more insight, what more understanding, is necessary?
The momentary challenge is to be as present, as here now, as possible.
As deeply silent as the mind allows in any given moment.

The Only Resolution

Still working all that blather in your head out? All that mind-body conditioning.
All that crap that rolodexes round and round like a rat on a rat wheel,
Regurgitating over and over and over and over and …
Well, silence is the only resolution.
And that takes some very resolute attention.

The Smoke of Sanity

Imaginary as the human paradigm is, all come up with their own unique way,
To keep their mindset, their attitude, their conviction, their headset,
In one dimension of balance, of centered-ness, or another.
Obviously, some are much better at it than others.
So-called sanity is about being somewhat functional,
In whatever absurdity is playing out in the given theater.

The Metaphors! The Metaphors!

God did not kick us out of the Garden; it was a voluntary departure, a voluntary quit.
A cloaking of, a blindness to, a denial of, the instinctual nature, the instinctual patterning.
Brought on by imagination's fabrication of knowledge, its embracing of knowledge.
Any creation story, no matter how redeeming, is nothing more than a metaphor.

The Beholder's Eye

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty, but an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist, but in the eye of one beholder or another.

The Finger-Wagging of Ethics

The Ancient Greeks made a big thing of ethics way back when,
And we have been wagging our fingers at each other ever since.

The Nth Degree

Anything can be rationalized to one nth degree or another.

The Ghosts of History

The ghosts of history swirl in every mind.

The Comprehension of History

It is challenging to understand, to grasp, the nature of history,
Until You have at least a modicum of it in your frame of reference.

The Good Student

Pain is the teacher, and it is the rare student that does not require more than a few whippings.

Ethics: For Those Not in the Game

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
Athenian historian and general
History of the Peloponnesian War

Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Seneca (4 BC – AD 65)
Stoic philosopher of Ancient Rome
Statesman, dramatist, satirist

No Fate the Same

Some conquer the world.
Some conquer themselves.
Some follow one or the other.
Some perch on couches or barstools.
And the rest do, whatever they do, as they can.

The Insatiable Mind

The five senses are extensions of the mind, and it is insatiable.

The Tiller of the Mystery

Natural selection is the tiller of the mystery, the ferryman of destiny, the harbinger of fate.

The Silence of Eternity

To comprehend what You truly are, have always been, will ever be,
You must unwrap the mind into a totality, so vast, so empty, as to be unfathomably incomprehensible.
It is the You You are, before all befores, after all afters, and during all durings.
The unutterable silence of eternity is deafening.

Goals v. Process

Another timebound goal come and gone, and timeless process ever the same.

The Dreamtime of Mind

You are not anything that You pretend to be,
You are not anything that You imagine your Self to be.
The human paradigm is nothing more than Shakespearian theater,
Being played in the imaginary dreamtime of your mind.
Something spun from nothing is still nothing.

Idolatry v. Realization

Idolatry is much easier than realization.
Worshipping an idol, a symbol, an idea, is far simpler,
Than effortlessly being what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this bogglingly ineffable magical mystery theater.

A Window Like No Other

My brief existence managed to land in a zone, in a time, in an abundance of entitlement,
The masses have never experienced in all human history, and obviously never will again.

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

The Usurper's Trek

Self-importance is a long and winding Yellow Brick Road.
A twisting, turning, entangling, bottomless rabbit hole,
Down which imagination, the usurper, easily treks.

The Soundless Silence

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

You Are It, and It, You

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

One Step at a Time

You cannot take the second step, until You have taken the first.
You cannot take the third step, until You have taken the second.
You cannot take the fourth step, until You have taken the third.
You cannot take the fifth step, until You have taken the fourth.
You cannot take the sixth step, until You have taken the fifth.
You cannot take the seventh step, until You have taken the sixth.
And You cannot take the last step, until You have taken all prior.

Eternity's Dictation

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

The Blue Pill Path

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Everything the Same Mystery

All groupthink aside, see it or not, accept it or not,
Everything across the universe is the same mystery,
None greater, none lesser, in any way or shape or form.

How Small the Human Mind

What is enlightenment? Does such a thing even exist?
And is it really anything but a never-ending awakening,
To how immense, how unfathomable, a mystery it truly is,
And how infinitesimally small humankind inevitably makes it.

Mystery's Nature

Nature is the unfathomable mystery's expression.
The world is nature, the cosmos is nature, the mind-body is nature.
The world is the mystery, the cosmos is the mystery, the mind-body is the mystery.
And scientific method is the most rational means to investigate this kaleidoscoping quantum mirage.
To consider yourself separate from the world, separate from the cosmos,
Is the ever-ironical-paradoxical, absurd fallacy of imagination.
All demarcation, is illusion-delusion of the first order.
And the awareness You are, witness to it all.

Place Your Bets, Ladies and Gentlemen

Were they ever to be known, there would be many who would quarrel with these myriad thoughts.
Some would probably be inclined to kill or torture me for my blasphemy against their imaginary deity.
And to all, I can only say, as can they to me: prove me wrong; a task the mystery does not allow.
And so, we wallow in our illusory minds, ever alone, imagining every variety of delusion.
And if they are right, we will all be cast into whatever it is they so ardently believe.
And if I am right, we will all disappear back into the unborn-undying abyss.
So, will I awaken in some heaven or some hell, or return to oblivion?
Hopefully, the latter, as one life was one more than I would have ever sought.
Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be stayin' … is in my roster of standard ripostes.

Suicide Is Painless, It Brings on Many Changes

Would You endure all the pain and bother of your brief mortal existence,
If You were strapped to a table, and someone else was inflicting it?
Why wait for a declining body to make the inevitable decision?
Why put family and friends and acquaintances, or yourself,
Though having to deal with all your endgame suffering?
Give them the blessing of their own time and your treasures.

The Promise of Tomorrow

How can You promise any tomorrow, when You are not yet there to answer for it?

The Analog Mind's Wander Down the Dead-End Road

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

The Mystery's Trickster

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,
That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

Fate's Unfolding Moment

The challenge with destiny is not knowing what it is,
And having to play it out one moment at a time,
In whatever way natural selection ordains.

Where Doubt Ends

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.
Forget until there is nothing left to remember.
Timeless, ageless, changeless, immutable awareness,
Is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

Ahooga! Ahooga! Ahooga!

Ahooga! Ahooga!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Theories and conjectures being formed and launched without firm evidence!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Ahooga! Ahooga!

The Wall of Futility

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

The Ultimate You

In the ultimate aloneness, You are.
In the ultimate singularity, You are.
In the ultimate entirety, You are.
In the ultimate indivisible, You are.
In the ultimate infinity, You are.
In the ultimate infinitesimal, You are.
In the ultimate ineffable, You are.
In the ultimate indelible, You are.
In the ultimate mystery, You are.
In the ultimate absolute, You are.
In the ultimate detachment, You are.
In the ultimate intangible, You are.
In the ultimate spaceless, You are.
In the ultimate timeless, You are.
In the ultimate awareness, You are.
In the ultimate serenity, You are.
In the ultimate silence, You are.
In the ultimate emptiness, You are.
In the ultimate fullness, You are.
In the ultimate pointless, You are.
In the ultimate unfathomable, You are.
In the ultimate unborn-undying, You are.
In the ultimate omnipresence, You are.
In the ultimate omniscience, You are.
In the ultimate omnipotence, You are.

Only your attachment to your mind-body, your world, your cosmos, limit your vision.

Everyone's a Critic

So many of our two-legged genetic predisposition, perhaps all, rapidly or gradually transform into critics
– Detractors, opponents, enemies, censors, criticizers, faultfinders, knockers, decriers, denigrators –
As if all our judgments mean anything in the grand scheme of all things ineffably indivisible.
As if all our judgments are anything more than insignificant monkey-mind squabbling.
To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.
To be truly all-accepting, would indeed require, an incredible realization.

Shut the Fuck Up

When it comes to defining this mystery,
Claim anything, maintain anything, argue anything,
And You will always be wrongo-bongo.

Just Another Day

Just another day for all the retired, generally tired folk.
Not much need for clocks or calendars at that juncture of the game.
You eats when You are hungry, sleeps when You are tired,
And putters about in the moment between.

Parochial v. Cosmopolitan

The parochial mind is one having a limited or narrow outlook or scope.
A cosmopolitan mind is familiar with, at ease, in many different countries and cultures.
Provincial, conventional, limited, restricted, narrow-minded, unsophisticated, short-sighted, close-minded,
Narrow-minded, inward-looking, naive, insular, myopic, blinkered, hidebound, jerkwater, petty.
Versus, broad-minded, unprejudiced, tolerant, knowing, aware, seasoned, liberal,
Expansive, sophisticated, experienced, worldwide, global, universal.
There is a spectrum, of course, for we are all ultimately,
The same narcissistic, hedonistic primate,
We were in the jungles of old.

Need We Ask Anyone to Tell Us These Things?

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

The Frankenstein Mind

What relationship, what bond, can a digitalized mind have,
With the analog universe from which it materialized?
How will the natural world manage to hold out?
How will it survive so much obliviousness,
Of the implacable rubrics of the game?
How will it endure a mutant mind,
No analog garden can forever sustain.

A Mysterious Abyss

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss,
Through which creation and destruction frolic.

No Matter What

The point is not whether You are a flawless ethical being.
The point is that You are immaculate, no matter your moral character.
No matter your ethnicity, your tribe, your mind-body, your gender, your anything.
You are that which is timeless, spaceless, indivisible, unknowable, indescribable, unfathomable.
To believe otherwise, is to live the falsehood, the deception, of dualistic notion.

The Algorithm of Genesis

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

And There You Are … Bam!

Gaze at the farthest star your mortal eyes can muster.
Close your mind, open your inner eye, and there You are.

Just Another Primate

My limitations are many and not far between.
Yes, I too, am just another earthly primate mind-body,
Trying to survive, to endure, yet another day.
Are all these writings anything more,
Than therapeutic yammer?

A Beyond-All-Pales Absurdity

That You take your imaginary self
– The mind, the body, the world, the universe –
So seriously, as to suffer so much ecstasy, so much agony,
Is but an exceedingly, beyond-all-pales absurdity.

The Fogbound Miasma of Duality

Duality is the – miasma, mist, fog, haze, cloud, murk, pall, film – of consciousness.

Process Always Trumps Goal

It is the timeless process that is important; the goal, a momentary pfft of it.

Complexity v. Simplicity

So much complexity about something so simple.

Dreamweaver

Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

The Futility! The Futility!

Another timeless day of tap-tap-tapping out,
Paradoxical ironies and ironical paradoxes,
For a readership who will never read them.

Time to Cut All Ties

Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

Be the Empty Sky

Let your mind, let your spirit, be as empty, as vacant, as void, as the sky.
Dispel all thoughts of your imaginary self; become the timeless awareness.

The Maha Mauna (Great Silence)

Clearly discerning the right-here-right-now eternal moment's mystery for what it is,
Is not a matter of belief, not something that can be rhetorically jousted.
It is plainly, it is simply, it is forthrightly, a Self-realization,
And the greatest of doubts is required to fathom it.
And one either has the doubt, or does not.
Either has the resolve, or does not.
Either has the grit, the gumption, or does not.
Either surrenders to eternity's silent calling, or does not.
And whoever imparts the awareness, can do no more than point it out,
And serenely meander on, very much alone, in the maha mauna of his own dreamtime.

The Cosmos and You

Are You experiencing the cosmos, or is the cosmos experiencing You?

When Doubt Grows Wings

Remember this work if your doubt ever grows wings.

The Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Seeds of Existence

How amazing is it, that You with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here You are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable inexorable fate.

The Fruit of the Garden

How tranquil the minds of our ancestors must have been,
Before imagination usurped the timeless awareness,
And shaped a world corrupted by self-interest.
Before imagination plucked the fruit of the garden,
And gradually spun knowledge into the massive leviathan,
That we, with little caution, spur on, in the given modern moment.

A Free and Clear Mystery

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.
You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.
You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All You need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

The Nature of Contentment

The departing challenge for all, in this ineffable quantum dreamtime theater
– All the effort, all the suffering, it has taken to persevere the long and winding journey –
Is to be content, to be satisfied, with whatever You have done, with whatever You have not done.

contentment | kənˈtentmənt |
noun

a state of happiness and satisfaction.

contentedness, content, satisfaction, fulfillment; happiness, pleasure, cheerfulness, gratification, gladness; ease, comfort, restfulness, well-being, peace, equanimity, serenity, tranquility, placidity, placidness, repletion, complacency.

Are You?

The Truth of Intelligence

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

In the Once Upon a Time

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Unborn, undying, You are, You are,
In the once upon a time.

Nothing Ever the Same

What is there, what can there be,
But what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it.
And no vision, no mind, no world, no cosmos, ever the same.
Every sentient being, small to large; all of the same aloneness, for all eternity.

Imagination's Tool

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.
How imagination uses You is just another tale quickly done.
A fiction, to which You are witness, as wit allows.

The Nature of the Buddha Mind

The Buddha mind is a liberated mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is an unconditional mind.
The Buddha mind is a still mind.
The Buddha mind is a seamless mind.
The Buddha mind is a free mind.
The Buddha mind is an attentive mind.
The Buddha mind is an acute mind.
The Buddha mind is an aware mind.
The Buddha mind is a composed mind.
The Buddha mind is an absolute mind.
The Buddha mind is a boundless mind.
The Buddha mind is an immeasurable mind.
The Buddha mind is a limitless mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinite mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinitesimal mind.
The Buddha mind is a unified mind.
The Buddha mind is an aimless mind.
The Buddha mind is a timeless mind.
The Buddha mind is a serene mind.
The Buddha mind is a sovereign mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is a no-mind mind.
The Buddha mind is an unoccupied mind.
The Buddha mind is a pointless mind.
The Buddha mind is a spaceless mind.
The Buddha mind is a peaceful mind.
The Buddha mind is a matchless mind.
The Buddha mind is a meaningless mind.
The Buddha mind is the cosmic mind.
The Buddha mind is a mind immersed in eternity.

The Absoluteness You Are

You all alone, before dreamtime began, after dreamtime ends, and all the dreamtime between.

The Entitlement of Imagination

Human primates imagine themselves highborn and deserving,
But what nobility is there in narcissism and hedonism?
What nobility is there in arrogance and avarice?

The Idolatry of Imagination

All human religion is the idolatry of imagination.

Mammon Rules

The Ocean of Consumption
The Mountain of Consumption
The Forest of Consumption
The River of Consumption
The Valley of Consumption
The Desert of Consumption
The Oasis of Consumption
The Hill of Consumption
The Marsh of Consumption
The Canyon of Consumption
The Glacier of Consumption
The Bog of Consumption
The Tundra of Consumption
The Plateau of Consumption

Whatever the metaphor, Mammon rules,
Those who cannot restrain their narcissistic-hedonistic bent.

The Challenge of Detachment

All have their own interpretation, their own construct, of everything.
Every mind, every sensory set – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden flesh – is entirely unique.
Hard not to get drawn into believing it all real, when You are playing it all real.
Hard to remain detached, when your world draws You so.

For Every Ever

A quantum mind-body synced with a quantum world,
A quantum cosmos, a quantum mystery, a quantum illusion.
Witnessed by You ever present, unborn, undying, eternally alone.
For every ever, sentience; for every ever, consciousness;
For every ever, imagination, manages to endure.
It is but a dream to play as best You can.
Hopefully, it is not a nightmare.
At least, not too often.

Best Friend, Worst Enemy

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.
And imagination, the surreal trickster of either.

The Rippling of Destiny

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted You have shaped your world,
Whatever You say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

On Being Acclaimed or Ignored by the Future Past

Have absolutely no problem being ignored by the future past, I will neither witness nor endure.
Far easier to unobtrusively, anonymously, serenely evaporate back into the unknown,
Than it is to continue grappling with the absurdity, the insanity, the horror,
Imagination has so thoroughly wrought upon this pale blue dot.
My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

That Which Requires No Description

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

The Nature of the Automaton

Without doubt,
Without skepticism,
Without critical thinking,
What is there but an automaton,
Mimicking, reciting, echoing, spewing.

To in Any Way Imagine Your Self Separate

To in any way imagine your mind-body, your Self, in any way separate
– from this moment, from this right-here-right-now, from this one and only eternity –
How irrational, how ludicrous, how absurd, how meaningless, how insane, how stupid, is that?

Likely in Here Somewhere

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

The Nature of Death

What is death, what is demise, what is passing, what is ruin,
But dissolution, annihilation, expiration, extermination, extinction.
A world, a cosmos, a quantum mirage of space-time, undone,
Of everything the body's sensory-mind has imagined.

What Can Illusion Offer?

What can illusion offer, but endless temporal ecstasies,
What can illusion offer, but endless temporal agonies,
Of every variety imagination is capable of concocting.

Every Moment but a Memory

How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

You Are the Mystery of Eternity

You are the mystery of eternity.
Sit back, and serenely witness the illusion,
Playing out before the given senses of the mind-body,
In which You dwell for a relatively brief window of dreamtime.

The End to All Naming

Anyone who – labels, brands, regards, describes, portrays – themselves anything,
Is well on the way to pretty much missing the entire raison d'être,
Of everything that these writings have pointed to.

The Maelstrom of Vanity and Greed

What a huge burden, what a huge bother,
To be caught up in the vanity-greed maelstrom,
Of power and/or fortune and/or renown.

Embrace the Given Moment

Embrace the given moment.
It is as close to eternity,
As close to your Self,
As You can ever be.

The Real Work of Awakening

Much easier, to follow, to worship, some idolatrous trope,
Than it is to put in the real work, and awaken to your Self.

Black and White v. Shades of Gray

Alas for the many who deeply yearn, deeply long, for a black and white dream,
That the ineffable mystery is permeated with the shades of gray of irony and paradox.
The subtleties, the nuances, the intricacies, the restraints, the fetters – of the ultimate reality,
Are not for the un-doubters, the sheeples, the true believers, sprinting down the road more traveled.

Naught but Ephemeral Imagination

Call it consciousness,
Call it memory,
Call it knowledge,
Call it reflection,
Call it belief,
Call it opinion,
Call it conception,
Call it thought,
Call it cogitation,
Call it sketch,
Call it estimation,
Call it outlook,
Call it view,
Call it perception,
Call it scheme,
Call it hypothesis,
Call it impression,
Call it model,
Call it plot,
Call it blueprint,
Call it idea,
Call it meditation,
Call it contemplation,
Call it idolatry,
Call it theory,
Call it cognizance,
Call it deliberation,
Call it plan,
Call it rumination,
Call it introspection,
Call it design,
Call it notion,
Call it reminiscence,
Call it musing,
Call it recollection,
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it anything You please,
It is all naught but ephemeral imagination.

And in All These Truths, so Are You

I am mystery.
I am totality.
I am That I Am.
I am Self.
I am God.
I am awareness.
I am timeless.
I am eternal.
I am spaceless.
I am moment.
I am infinite.
I am infinitesimal.
I am complete.
I am nothing.
I am everything.
I am ineffable.
I am indivisible.
I am indelible.
I am unfathomable.
I am creation.
I am preservation.
I am destruction.
I am unborn.
I am undying.
I am omnipresent.
I am omniscient.
I am omnipotent.
I am eternity.
I am mystery.

And in all these truths, so are You.

In Every Mind Wandered

In every mind, in which You have ever wandered,
In every mind, that has ever witnessed your presence,
You have performed very different, very impromptu parts,
As assigned by the frames of reference of the given beholders.

The Highest State

You have your own dreamtime.
He has his own, and she, hers, and others, theirs.
None, ever even close to being alike, and judgment, what is the point?
Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same,
Is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

Mitigating the Suffering

The sweet.
The sour.
The bitter.
The good.
The bad.
The ugly.
Taking things as they are,
Mitigates the suffering of existence.

The Limits of Mind

Science has limits.
Mathematics has limits.
Language has limits.
History has limits.

All things imagined have limits.

Of Duality and Nonduality

Duality, is a deity, a God, out there, watching you.
And nonduality, the drop of God, the drop of mystery,
The drop of eternal awareness, You are, looking out.

Both the First and the Last

When imagination is set aside, and eternal awareness takes the helm,
Each and every moment, is, simultaneously, both the first and the last.

The Illusion of Delusion

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back,
Into whatever illusion your dreamtime delusion inspires.

No Free Passes

Existence is suffering; no one get a free pass.

Re: The Big Questions

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little,
That it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

The Unknowable Moment

Eternity is right here, right now, this very moment.

It cannot be seen.
It cannot be touched.
It cannot be tasted.
It cannot be smelled.
It cannot be heard.

It cannot be known by any creation, ever fashioned in its clear awareness.

The Surest Means

Meditation and contemplation are the surest means to discerning this great truth.
To wallow in the dogmas and idolatries, so many consider religion,
Is to entirely miss the mark, of the all, You truly are.

Answering the Beast

Curiosity is an insatiable beast, to which a serene mind, is final answer.

A Rock and You

What does a rock perceive,
What does it do,
And how in quantum,
Is it any different from You?

So Many! So Many!

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

The False Gods of Duality

Duality is a deity, a God, out there somewhere, watching you.
And nonduality, the droplet of God, the droplet of mystery,
The droplet of eternal awareness, You are, peering out.
One is founded on the delusions of vanity and greed.
The other is without any foundation, whatsoever.

Not Good Odds

Estimates indicate that more than 99.9%,
Of all species that have ever lived on Earth,
Totaling billions of species, are now extinct.
Which means, of course, odds are not good,
For most everything You daily witness.

On the Nature of Time

Who can say, whether or not,
The entirety of all creation, has simultaneously happened,
This very instant.

Re: The Expanding Universe

Knowledge appears to make the universe expand further and further,
But how can You expand that, which never existed in the first place?

Quantum Programming

Intelligence is a quantum program, encoded by natural selection, witnessed by awareness.

Imagined Answers

Imagination only has – answers, solutions, explanations – to questions that never needed asking.

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

A Goldilocks Balancing Act

Caring too much.
Caring too little.
Caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right.
A Goldilocks balancing act for all.

The Way of Idolatry

Idolatry comes in every way.
Idolatry comes in every size.
Idolatry comes in every shape.
Idolatry comes in every conception.
That the wiles of imagination can devise.

An Abundance of Predators

Every variety of predator in this planet of the apes dreamtime.
You cannot be too careful, too cautious, too vigilant, too mindful.

The In-the-World-Not-of-It Conundrum

Hard to be in the world, in the cosmos, and not of it.
Imagination is just way too good at sucking the mind back into its dreamtime.
Even sitting alone in a cave would probably not deter it.

What More? What More?

You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to know?
What more do You need to see?
What more do You need to hear?
What more do You need to taste?
What more do You need to smell?
What more do You need to touch?
What more do You need to become?
You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to be?

Be

Be the moment.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness.
Be right here, be right now.
Be your true Self.
Be eternity.
Be complete.

Naught But a Collection of Memories

What do you feel any passion about,
What do you feel any ecstasy or agony about,
But a collection of memories, that are entirely imagined.

Awakening the Eye in All Who Would See

My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

Avoid the Martyr Thing

Try not to get beaten up and/or crucified.
Martyrdom is neither pretty, nor necessary.
Take time enough to become a garden statue.

Rest Assured It Can Happen

If it has happened anywhere across the world,
In any moment the eternal continuum brandishes,
Rest assured it can happen in your neck of the woods.

Naught but Projection

All thoughts about anyone, about anything,
In your touchy-feely, dreamtime cosmos of a world,
Are but projections of your narcissistic-hedonistic imagination.

A Riposte to the Absurdity

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

What could be more enlightened, what could be more liberated,
Than an openness to all possibilities, an acceptance of all possibilities.

Regarding Remorse

Of remorse for harmful acts, intentional or otherwise,
All one can really do is apologize, and never do it again.

Right Before Your Eyes

How can You not see, how can You not discern,
What has ever been right before your mind's eye.

As Hard as It Is

Hard as it is to discern,
Hard as it is to accept,
Hard as it is to believe,
Hard as it is to imagine,
All things are on the table.
Quantum knows no bounds.
Awareness, even fewer.

Un Théâtre Magique

Welcome to my little Magic Theatre.
A theme park, filled with irony and paradox.
Built for all who feel the call of their eternal nature.

The Human Lineage

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.
And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.
And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if, before and after, have any reality.

The Cosmic Deception

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

Truth Can Never Be a Lie

Just because someone conveyed a lie, and spread it far and wide, has never made it true.

Illeism

Illeism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illeism

Illeism (/ˈɪli.ɪzəm/; from Latin ille: "he; that man") is the act of referring to oneself in the third person instead of first person. It is sometimes used in literature as a stylistic device. In real-life usage, illeism can reflect a number of different stylistic intentions or involuntary circumstances.

Accordingly, in certain Eastern religions, like Hinduism, illeism is sometimes seen as a sign of enlightenment, since through it, an individual detaches their eternal self (atman) from their bodily form; in particular, Jnana yoga encourages its practitioners to refer to themselves in the third person.

Known illeists of that sort include:

Anandamayi Ma (1896–1982)
Buddha sometimes referred to himself as either "The Buddha" or "The Tathagata."
Sathya Sai Baba (1926–2011)
Mata Amritanandamayi (born 1953)
Swami Ramanagiri (1921–1955)
Swami Ramdas (1884–1963), Indian saint, philosopher, philanthropist and pilgrim
Rama Tirtha (1873–1906), Indian teacher of Vedanta
Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary of Osho
Jesus Christ is found referring to himself as "Jesus" (as well as the "Son of Man"), as in John 17:1–3

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: *A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history*

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

The Order of the Star in the East was founded in 1911 to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher. Krishnamurti was made Head of the Order. On August 3, 1929, the opening day of the annual Star Camp at Ommen, Holland, Krishnamurti dissolved the Order before 3000 members. Below is the full text of the talk he gave on that occasion.

Krishnamurti Online: Truth is a Pathless Land
http://www.jkrishnamurti.org/about-krishnamurti/dissolution-speech.php

Jiddu Krishnamurti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jiddu_Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, “What did that man pick up?” “He picked up a piece of Truth,” said the devil. “That is a very bad business for you, then,” said his friend. “Oh, not at all,” the devil replied, “I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: “What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you.” If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You

are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have

been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided

to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

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Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
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Of Noise & Silence
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The Call of the Eternal
The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs (a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
History, History & More History
Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.

I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.